THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A[illegible] Weekly
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AUGUST 18, 1917 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IN THIS NUMBER: MARY ROBERTS RINEHART—CHARLES E. VAN LOAN GRACE ELLERY CHANNING—STEWART EDWARD WHITE—FORREST CRISSEY

Phez

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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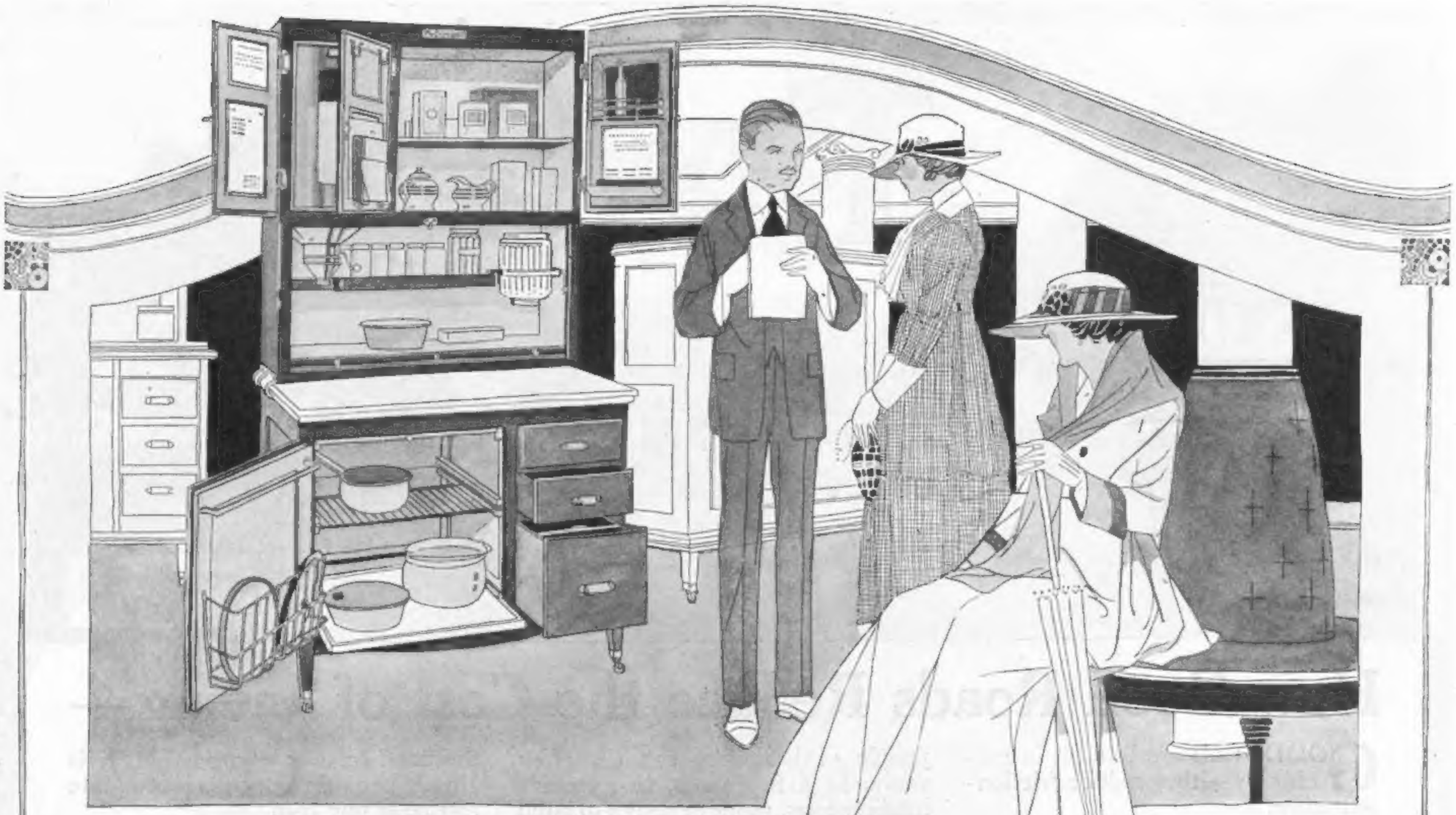
Chicago Road, Porter County, Indiana. Treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1916.

Brighton Road on the Lincoln Highway, Ben Avon, Pa. Constructed with "Tarvia-X," 1914.



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Made only by McDougall Company, Frankfort, Ind., U. S. A.

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THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

PHOTO. BY TRACY MATHESON AND WALTER HOSS

Mrs. Rinehart at the Rifle Range, Officer's Training Camp, Fort McPherson, Georgia

ONE summer afternoon not so very many months ago, going down the main street of the small suburban town in which I live I happened, quite accidentally, on a band of men in uniforms. Now at that time the American army uniform was a rare sight, and sixty uniforms were enough to draw a crowd. I stopped also. Here were many of the men I knew, young men and men not so young, khaki-clad, a trifle sheepish, and not in very straight lines, trying hard to be oblivious of the rather outspoken comments of their friends and neighbors.

Yet they were grimly earnest, determined and, as we now know, farseeing. Convinced of our ultimate entry into the war, they were giving up voluntarily their summers at the sea and the mountains; their motors and golf; even, for a time, their families—to form the nucleus of what is now our very splendid system of training officers for war.

They were of all ages, all sizes. Some looked hard and fit; others were flagrantly in need of girth control. Most of them were office men, a trifle soft in spite of golf and riding. There was a sprinkling of college boys, too, of clerks and, shoulder to shoulder with them, men of no occupation save the management of inherited wealth.

They differed greatly, but two things they had in common—conviction and vision. Conviction that we were facing war, and vision to plan ahead to meet that war.

Dancing Partners Learning to be Soldiers

THERE was no band. The absence of music gave the little assembly an even more businesslike appearance. There was not even a flag in sight. Now in our village we are accustomed to bands and flags with our soldiers, and this absence of martial panoply set us thinking. The men stood there, silent and serious. And after a time it began to rain. They stood there in the rain. We civilians scurried for shelter, but the men in uniform stood still.

All at once, then, we saw them as a class apart. Rain did not concern them any more—or bands—or the tariff—or automobiles—or even we ourselves, who had been a part, perhaps, of their daily lives. They were detached. Not a class apart, but an ideal apart. They were for the nation. We were for ourselves.

Then, at last, they got their rifles and marched to the railroad station. There were empty chairs at the country-club dinner dance that night and for a good many nights that followed. Not war as yet, but the thought of war had reached our little community.

The opinion of the village was divided. Some were thoughtful; others smiled. For still war seemed far away; a broad ocean separated us from it. We brought in other men and had our dances as usual. In the daytime some of us sewed for the Red Cross or rolled bandages—busily, it is true, but always with a feeling of detachment. It was not yet our war. And somewhere, off in another state, the men who had gone were struggling with close drill formations, with canvas cots and early hours and long hikes with heavy rifles, and in their few hours of leisure looking and planning ahead for the rest of us.

Then, weeks later, back came our warrior contingent. They marched better, they were sunburned and very, very straight, and whereas they had been military before, now they were militant. They had brought back a new spirit with them. Each man immediately became the nucleus round which formed groups that talked war and preparation for war.

And they began, too, to spread the doctrine of individual responsibility. They called it universal military training. Even their small experience had shown that when the crisis came inevitably there would be many who would have bought a piece of ground or five yoke of oxen or have married a wife. And they had learned, painfully, that a million untrained men springing to arms overnight—if they did spring, which was doubtful—would very surely be more of a military liability than an asset to the country. This matter of fighting was a highly technical business.

Gradually these men in our village began to leaven the community loaf and its loafers. At dinner tables we took to wondering what our individual parts would be in case there was trouble. They brought home to us somehow as nothing else could ever have done our individual responsibility—the problem of leaving the office or the mill or the home, the changing of our lives from a peace to a war footing.

All over the country the same thing was happening. We were waking up as no magazine and press propaganda could ever have wakened us. Our young men came home from the links and broached at the dinner table the question of going to Plattsburg next year, and we women had to pretend to eat calmly on, and that Plattsburg was only a new game, like golf or tennis, and intended solely to put a man in fine physical condition.

But we knew. I think we always knew.

Target Practice and Bandage Rolling From Coast to Coast

LIFE went on as before, however, save for a few minor changes. Here and there out in the country rifle ranges sprang up like mushrooms, and otherwise peaceful-looking young men were to be seen, pistol in hand, hunting a hillside on which to fasten a revolver target. Women who had always stood by on the Fourth of July with a basin of carbolic solution and a roll of bandages found themselves, to their own great amazement, purchasing rifles for Christmas and birthday presents, and were cordially invited on bright sunny mornings to see how near they could come to the center of a tin pan nailed to a tree.

When I wonder, as I sometimes do, over the calmness with which the American people took the declaration of war, I remember all this, and I know now that it was

Here are Demonstration Trenches Built for Practice at an Officers' Training Camp "Somewhere in America"

because, potentially, war had been at our doors since the first volunteer training camp was held.

But we were not the only ones who were watching this subtle change. The War Department was watching, and it was learning this: That a high average of intelligence, grim earnestness and an intensive form of training could in three months do marvelous things. It could not turn out trained army officers in that time, but it could teach the fundamentals of warfare; it could show men how to cooperate, to work together; it could give discipline and organization. It could even, in a certain percentage of cases, teach men to control other men. For that was our problem.

Before this war is over we shall probably have two million men in Europe. We may have more. And every thirty-two men of that two million will have to have a platoon leader. That means sixty-two thousand five hundred men who will be responsible for their platoons, who must know not only how to drill and train them but how, when once they have reached France, to take their platoons forward, dispose them properly in the trenches according to the new and complicated laws governing trench warfare; and, having placed them there, how to keep them fed, clothed and warmed, give them proper hours of rest and of labor, and teach them to repair trenches and to dig new ones. In addition these platoon leaders must supervise the care of the wounded and, when the moment comes, must lead their men to the charge.

A Wonderful Body of Men

TO DO all this these sixty-two thousand five hundred officers-to-be must be not only soldiers but bookkeepers, trained nurses, cooks, diplomats, sanitarians, carpenters and engineers. If they are in the cavalry they should know how to shoe horses. If they are in the artillery they must do the impossible with their guns.

The intensive training of those early camps had shown the way. Enormous expansion had to be handled, and quickly. Sometimes we think our Government is slow, and rather often it is. But there was no waste motion over the expansion of our army system. Those of us who had feared a repetition of the politically raised and politically officered regiments of the Civil War drew a long breath of relief.

Washington had watched the early experiments, had realized their value, and was now ready to go into the business of training officers by the wholesale. Because of necessary haste the system was not and is not now perfected. There are changes to be made before the second lot goes into training. There are weaknesses and even injustices, as we shall see. But no minor defects, no failure to allow for the human equation, can alter the essential fact that in this new system of intensive training we have taken a tremendous stride forward, an advance untouched by politics, clean as our army is clean, and of vital interest to every man, woman and child in the nation—because an army is only as strong as its leaders.

To realize what this means to us it is necessary to understand the quality of the men who have volunteered for the training—their quality and their feeling of grave responsibility. The prevailing note of the camps is seriousness. The men are almost too intense, too anxious. And we must also realize the attitude of our army officers toward these men—of responsibility, respect and admiration.

"Never in the history of the world," said one gray-haired army officer to me, "was such a body of men gathered together. Our best—our very best!"

And they are. Like that wonderful first army of England which flung itself, without hope, against the German hordes, there is nothing better in the land. They are practical idealists, gentlemen in the best sense of the word, patriots and soldiers. Not because so many of them are college men, not because every single family of fighting tradition in the east and the west, the north and the south is represented, are they distinct. It is because they represent that highest order of patriotism which, having much to lose, sacrifices it all willingly for a great cause. Not because they are volunteers, but because they are pioneers, taking on their shoulders willingly new and great responsibilities, offering all they have—their lives—to the service of their country. To watch them is both inspiring and depressing. There are few smiles among the civilians who gather in the evenings at retreat in the different camps when that wail of the bugle, which once meant defeat on the battlefield, now signals only the end of day and the slow descent of the flag. Because we must face this squarely: These men are not going to drive their men forward from the safety of distant shelters. They are to lead our new army in all that the word lead implies. They will go forward with their men; and a certain percentage of them will not come back.

And they are our best.

So, when we go together, as we shall, on our tour of certain of these camps, let us remember this: The men are right; the system of expansion is right; the Government is both right and wise. Like all onlookers, we shall find some things to criticize and some to suggest, but never for a moment can we impeach the foundation on which this new structure of ours rests so securely.

The Government's first move was to call for volunteers for Reserve Officers' Training Corps. It had already made out a schedule of lessons and drills. As rapidly as possible, round the nucleus of army posts in various parts of the country, well equipped with permanent buildings, it erected cantonments to shelter the new candidates, as they are called, for the service. And then it got to work.

Signal Flag Drill at the Training Camp for Officers at Plattsburg

For the last month I have been visiting these camps, sometimes in the South, where from rifle range and parade ground the heat rose in dizzying visible waves; sometimes in the more bracing breezes of the North. I saw them in rain and shine, early in the morning and late at night, from reveille to taps. I have even eaten with the men, and been so flattered at the invitation that I was fairly tongue-tied.

And, though I am a civilian and a woman, in the end I had a rather clear perspective of the system and its workings, of the places where it is strong, of its occasional weaknesses. I had gained it from men whose business is war, from the student officers themselves, even from some of the very fathers of the training-camp idea. The system is still in its formative stage, and now if ever is the time to institute changes. We cannot take a chance with these men. Our entire military success, perhaps our national existence, hangs on them and their training.

The Essentials of the Camps

JUST so long as we are willing to progress, to rectify our early errors, to refuse to crystallize until we have reached as near perfection as possible—so long shall we be able to combat a nation long trained in the things we are learning so hurriedly.

Physically the camps have many resemblances. A parade ground, bounded by the permanent brick buildings of the army post; long frame cantonment barracks for the student officers, built in rows with tidy company streets between them, with mess halls and kitchens; a post exchange and a Y. M. C. A. hall—these are common to all. Common to all, also, are soldierly neatness and a sort of erect decorum and order. But most common of all—yet never common really, because of what they stand for—are the constantly moving figures of men in khaki.

They are on the parade ground, drilling in close-order formations; on the rifle range, lying flat and sighting along the barrels of their rifles while other men in khaki sit at desks behind them recording their ignominy or success, as the case may be. They are in the rifle pits, drawing down and inspecting targets and pasting bits of paper over the hits, or waving flags back and forth over their heads in what I suppose is a fashion intelligible to someone, but entirely lost on me. And they are changing guard, and are horribly self-conscious about it too.

Because if anyone thinks that changing the guard is a simple matter of walking up with the fresh men and tapping an officer on the shoulder and saying "Beat it, old man! We're here," he has a lot to learn.

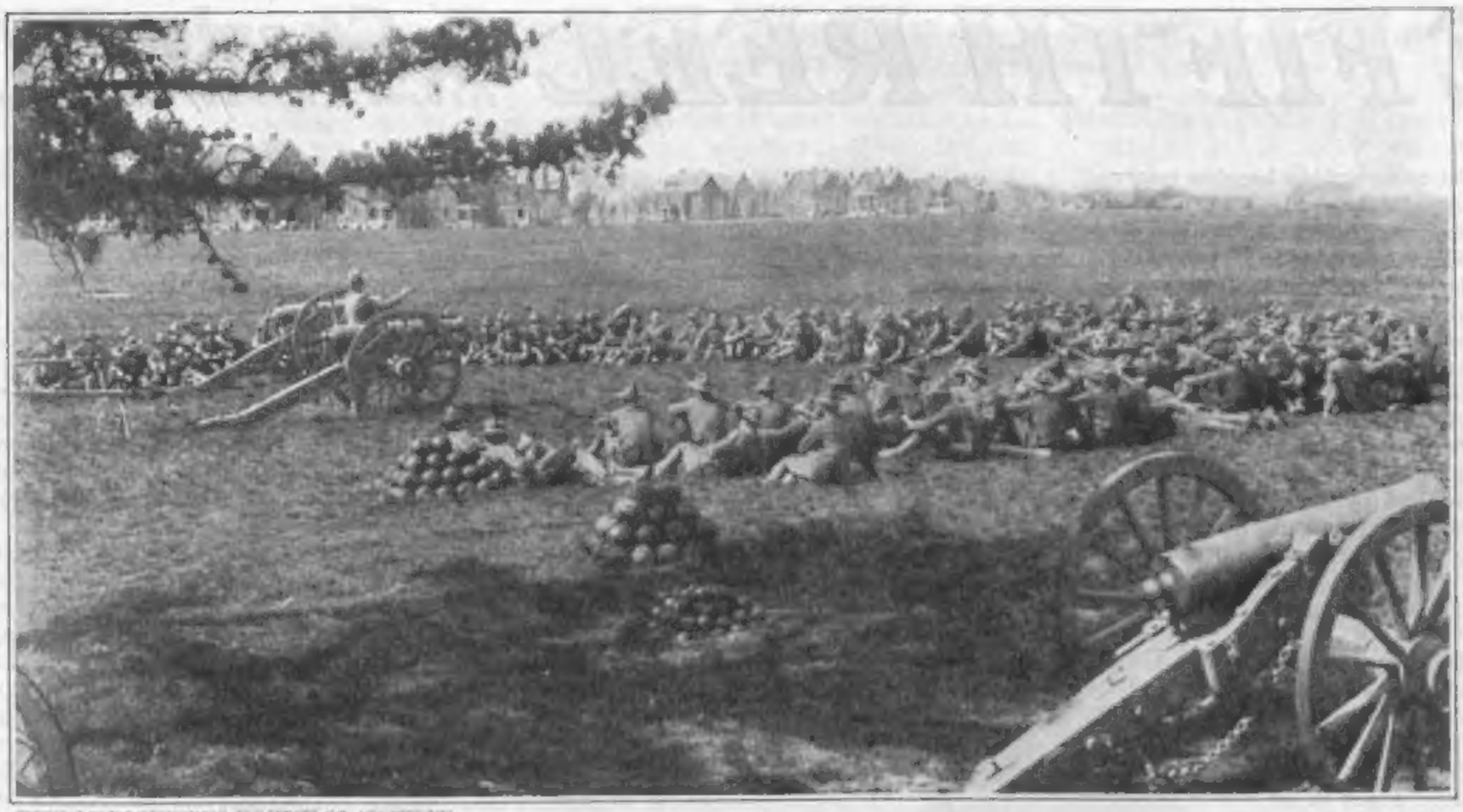
Changing guard at its best requires a band and a bandmaster who can lead a sort of grand march, with fancy figures, round the parade ground. But I should think the band would be useful, because every now and then a new student officer gets a trifle nervous, and the band serves

Sergeant Billy Lynch, All-Round Harvard Athlete, Teaching Charlie Brickley and Sam Felton Bayonet Exercises at Soldiers' Field

to distract the visitors until things get going again.

So men in khaki are everywhere, as I have said. And they are always in movement, except when they are at the conferences or classes, which we are coming to later. Always they are intense. Even when they sing they do not particularly relax at it. They do sing, especially when they are marching on their hikes or coming in from the rifle range.

They sing The Long, Long Trail, and Kaiser Bill, and Over There, and a number of other popular war songs. They do sing, and they do not complain. It is a point of honor not to kick.



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Future Officers at the Plattsburg Camp Receive Instruction on the Regular Army Post Parade Ground

But with the permanent barracks and the new frame ones, and the neatness and the moving khaki figures, resemblance among the camps ends. Sometimes the parade ground is a tiny scrap not large enough to enable all the men to assemble for retreat. Fort McPherson, at Atlanta, Georgia, particularly suffers greatly from the lack of sufficient ground.

And again, the new barracks, built hastily and according to each commanding officer's interpretation of his instructions, differ greatly. Generally speaking, they answer every purpose. Some of them, however, have only half as many windows as others, and the men suffer for lack of ventilation. Some have double-tier bunks, which allow for more floor space between the beds and make for order, while taking little from comfort. Others have long rows of canvas cots. Some are meticulously tidy. Others are not. All that I saw were electric lighted and built on company streets that were carefully sewered. Some had study halls for those two hours of night study, from seven to nine, so difficult for weary men. Others had none, and the student officers lay at night in their bunks or on their cots, and were quite as likely as not to drop asleep over their books.

Lack of Ground

OWING to their construction these low barracks are extremely hot, and those putting up any new cantonments for the new army should take this into consideration. Especially is this true in the South. Plenty of air space, plenty of exits for the men in case of fire—in one camp the guard walks all night with fire extinguishers—and abundant shower-bath space are most essential to the comfort of the men.

After visiting a number of camps I came to the conclusion that they were of two sorts: There was the camp where the commanding officer laid particular stress on the camp housekeeping—and in such camps frequently the emphasis was laid on the theoretical part of the work rather than on the practical; and there was the second sort, where the kitchens did not bear close inspection and where the menus were poor and ill-arranged, but where the men were getting most excellent physical and all-round training. The truth is, probably, that it is difficult to expect the executive officers of these camps to be both good housekeepers and good fighting men.

However, here and there are camps—and how I should like to name them!—where the maximum of efficiency is shown in comfort, cleanliness, food and instruction; where the men, conscious of being well looked after, well fed and well ordered, worked with a surprising snap and vigor. For efficiency is a contagion that spreads from the top down.

Perhaps the greatest handicap some of these camps have is a lack of ground round them. Our army posts have never been placed for strategic reasons. Indeed, it is difficult sometimes to understand how they happen to be where they are. Strategically useless, difficult of access, some of them lacking shipping and transportation facilities to a marked degree, our War Department has inherited them from the selfish instincts or poor judgment of past authorities, and now is handicapped at a critical time.

At the best they were built to accommodate small numbers of men and needed little space. Cities have grown out toward and round them. Even those situated in the agricultural districts are surrounded by cultivated fields, and this year there is little waste land in the country. The result is small opportunity for the cross-country fighting and maneuvering, which are so essential. Army officers are confronted with the problem of maneuvering their men on macadam roads.

In this particular Plattsburg is singularly fortunate. With an enormous parade ground, with sixteen hundred acres of Government reservation and with many square miles, immediately adjacent to the post, of unfenced, slightly rolling territory, sandy enough to drain quickly, there is space round Plattsburg to maneuver many regiments.

Unfortunately the winter in Northern New York is cold. But for at least seven months of the year Plattsburg—with its magnificent equipment, which has involved enormous expenditure; its rifle range second to none in the United States; its bracing climate and its great frontage on Lake Champlain—is undoubtedly one of the best locations in the country. Even though the autumn in Plattsburg is cold it should, it seems, be preferable to the rainy autumn of the South.

Unfortunately for the comfort of our candidate officers, this spring was unfavorable. Heavy rains alternated with violent heat. Fort Niagara, draining badly and handicapped for space, was a swamp most of the spring and conditions were uncomfortable. Reginald Wright Kauffman, the author, who was stationed at Niagara, burst into song over weather conditions there. I found this poem of his in the Y. M. C. A. building there:

AN OLD SOLDIER

Talk not to me of Valley Forge and frozen heroes there,
Of icicles suspended aglitter in midair;
Oh, speak not of that water as the dampest ever seen;
I slept at Fort Niag'ra in the May of '17!

The troops of old Napoleon from Moscow to Paree
Had something on the Esquimos, but not a thing on me;
Those Russian snows were warming, those Russian fields were green,
Compared with Fort Niag'ra in the May of '17!

Oh, May it is a balmy month, sometimes—perhaps—somewhere,
With underwear all fluttering and rose scents in the air;
But if you want to see it as it nowhere else is seen
Just come to Fort Niag'ra in the spring of '17.

At Fort McPherson the rifle range lies in a muggy valley surrounded by hills, intolerably hot, and probably swampy during winter rains. But even at that it is at least near the camp. In several of the camps it is necessary to march the men to a rifle range at a considerable distance and there keep them for a week's training instead of spreading the range work through the entire course. Yet we must use what we have, in the emergency.

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The Candidate Puts in an Idle Afternoon Squinting Along the Barrel of a Rifle

Cement Barracks

AT FORT MYER experiments have been made in cement and sheet-iron houses. The sheet iron, however, proved intolerably hot in summer and will probably be very cold in winter. Cement barracks have been shown to be admirable for the purpose, but are not quickly constructed. Someone has said that when the men at Fort Myer get a bit downhearted they look across the parade ground at Arlington Cemetery and cheer up. I do not know the truth of this, but if cemeteries offer any consolation, there is hardly a camp that does not border on one. Here and there the men, finding them cool, used to gather in some friendly God's acre and hold classes, until scandalized commanding officers took the matter in hand.

You see, though I have been most awfully careful always to speak of these splendid candidates as men, quite a lot of them are really boys. That is one of the things that hurts, when the real significance of it all crops up through the panoply and glory

(Continued on Page 33)

THE FIFTH REEL

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A FAT swarthy man sat on one of the benches reserved for extra people out of employment and enviously surveyed his more fortunate fellow artists, costumed and grease-painted for the day's toil. It was early morning, and the space between the administration building and the main stage was filled with soldiers and sailors, policemen and pirates, cow-punchers and capitalists, and straw-colored blondes in rich profusion.

"An Injun with a scalping knife could go into that bunch and collect enough Pickford curls to stuff a mattress!" mumbled the swarthy man. "Where do they all come from and how do they all get jobs? Every actor in the world is working but me; and by the looks of it I ain't ever going to work any more." Suddenly his eye brightened; he had caught sight of a brisk, plump little man, heading in his direction. "Mister MacWade, I believe?"

The plump little man halted, grinning. "Why so formal, Sam?" he asked.

"Oh, I dunno," replied the swarthy one; "but you're so darned busy these days that you ain't got no time for us common people any more."

"Your modesty is refreshing."

"Huh!" grunted Sam. "I got to be modest. I'm broke! I ain't worked in two weeks. I'm just about as desp'rate as John Wesley Anson was. I'd go as far as he did to land on somebody's pay roll again."

The director glanced at his watch.

"How far did John Wesley go?" he inquired. "I don't seem to recall the name."

"You wouldn't," said Sam. "Wes was before your time; and he never was in pictures. He was one of the boys that just naturally couldn't stand civilization. That was what drove him out of Oklahoma."

"As bad as that?"

"Not specially bad—no; but tough; oh, awful tough! You see, Davy, they put up a telephone line about a hundred miles north of the ranch where Wes was punching cattle, and after that he couldn't sleep good nights. He claimed the telephone line shut off his air. Then they built a barb-wire fence a hundred miles south of him—and there was his pers'nal liberty all shot to hell. He didn't feel free to ride round and visit his neighbors. Wes said it was just the same as being in jail, hemmed in on two sides like that; so he got him a locoed pinto pony, with one white eye, and pulled his freight for Arizona, where things was still wild in them days. Away over in the White Mountains he run onto an ole prospector and told him what he was looking for.

"'I got to find me a tough cow outfit,' says Wes, 'because I'm tough by nature and I got to work with tough people. I can't stand civilization.'

"'If that's the case,' says the burro varmint, 'keep going due west till you hit the Flyin' H outfit, on Cherry Creek. That's the toughest ranch in the country, and the toughest man is always elected foreman. The one they got now come into camp riding on a panther and leading a mountain lion for a pack horse. Yes; the Flyin' H ought to suit you bully.'

"Well, Wes thanks the ole feller and strikes out, and in a week or so he hits the Cherry Creek country. The Flyin' H boys was camped down by the creek, and he found 'em about dusk. Wes remembers how the foreman made his entrance, and he sure wants to qualify for a job of some kind; so he piles off and goes prowling through the rocks and the cactus till he finds what he's looking for.

"The first the Flyin' H outfit sees of him, he comes whooping into camp, holding a rattlesnake close under the gills and using him as a whip, rattles flying every which way.

"Wes rides right up to the fire, stands Mister Pinto on his hind legs, does a fancy dismount, chucks the snake up in the air, grabs him by the tail as he comes down and pops his head clean off."

"Some entrance!" murmured the director.

"Yeh; but listen: Wes walks over to the fire where the gang is eating supper. There was beans in one of the pots—them big, brown Mexican beans—so hot that everybody was cussing the cook for leaving 'em on the fire so long. Wes shoves his bare hand clear to the bottom of the pot, scoops out a mess of frijoles, and downs 'em without batting an eye. Then he picks up the coffeepot, with the steam oozing out of it everywheres, and tilts about half a gallon of Java into his system. Melted lead wouldn't have been any hotter, and Wes drank from the spout. By this time he has an audience; the whole outfit is watching him, plenty interested; but nobody says a word. It ain't polite to ask strangers who they are and where they're from—especially in Arizona.

"Silly!" Cried the Girl. "Of Course It Would be Proper! Wait Till I Tell My Mother"

"Next thing, Wes goes poking round till he finds him one of them big barrel cactuses, with spikes on it two inches long and sharp as a needle. He tears it out by the roots, rolls it up to the fire and sits on it while he twists a cigarette. He takes a couple of drags to get it going good and then swallers it, fire end first.

"'Yow—ee-e-e!' he howls. 'I'm a tough man and I can't help it none! I was born in a race-hoss stall down in Tennessee, hatched out by a ole blue game hen, and my daddy was a ring-tailed wolf! Ropes won't choke me, bullets won't dent me, snakes won't bite me, fire won't burn me, and cactus won't scratch me—that's how tough I am!'

"He sizes up the gang and picks out the hardest looking *hombre* in the bunch. 'Be you the foreman of this here outfit?' asks Wes. The man gets up and takes off his sombrero.

"'I was,' says he; 'but you is!' And that," concluded Sam, "was how far John Wesley Anson went to get him a job. He was desp'rate, Davy. I'm desp'rate too. They've had me polishing benches for two weeks; and if I don't work soon I got to quit the cafeteria habit—that's all. How about it?"

"I'll think it over," said MacWade noncommittally.

"And that John Wesley Anson story don't get me a thing?" wailed Sam. "Not a thing?"

"It might, if I was sure I could use you in this next picture."

"Use me? And I've played everything you ever asked me to—from cannibal kings to Mexican bartenders! Versatile—that's my middle name. But don't go away. Stick a minute. I see I got to dicker with you. I'll sell you some information for a week's work—information that concerns you."

"Studio gossip, eh? Sam, I thought you knew better than that."

"This ain't no studio gossip. It's the real thing. You better be looking round for a new leading man. You're going to lose Jerry Fairfax. That's news, ain't it?"

"It's news," said MacWade; "but it's not true."

"Bet me that it ain't!" said Sam eagerly. "Bet me a week's work! I dare you!"

"Why," said David, "it's ridiculous on the face of it. There hasn't been a bit of trouble. Jerry hasn't said a word to me about quitting the Mammoth."

"Oh, he won't quit the joint; he'll just switch directors. Go to work for somebody else. Shouldn't wonder if it was because you got him all jimmed up by that elephant. Maybe he's done taking chances."

"But that didn't amount to anything," argued MacWade. "He was up again in two days, as good as new. He finished the picture—worked with the elephant, and all. Jerry's no quitter."

"No; but he's to quit you. Believe it or not, it makes me no never minds. What's more, Jerry ain't the only one. You got a swell chance to lose your leading woman."

"Jean? Nonsense!"

"Yeh; that's what I say, Davy. It's nonsense to offer a little doll-faced girl a hundred and fifty dollars a week, while a sterling actor like me ——"

"Who's going to offer her a hundred and fifty a week?"

The question cut sharply through Sam's complaining whine.

"Oh! Kind of interested now, ain't you?" said Sam with a tantalizing grin. "Couldn't hardly get a rise out of you about Jerry; but mention Miss Campbell, and ——"

"That'll do!" ordered David sternly. "Cut the comedy!"

"The comedy is cut. No offense meant, Davy. Here's the straight stuff. I been round these different picture studios a lot the last two weeks. Yesterday I was over to the Alta outfit and I got an earful of business conversation. Joe Meredith—he's directing features for the Alta—was talking to Cooley, the business manager. Me, asleep in the back seat of an automobile—asleep all but my ears; see? Meredith wants Miss Campbell—says it's an outrage the way she's wasted here, when, with good direction, she can be developed into a star ——"

"Joe always did hate himself," sneered MacWade. "Everything he knows about the moving-picture business he learned from me. But go on, Sam."

"Well, that's all, Davy—except they talked money. Cooley said the Mammoth didn't pay any salaries to speak of, and a hundred ought to look as big as a brick house to her. Meredith said he didn't want to take chances on her turning the offer down, and stood out for a top figure of one-fifty. Cooley finally agreed to it. They'll offer her the hundred first; and if she won't fall for that they'll tilt the ante. A hundred and fifty a week for the first year, a long-term contract, and a sliding scale. The idea is to advertise her like a circus, give her good support, star her from the jump, and make a drawing card of her. Meredith says he's watched her from her first picture, and he thinks she's the best prospect in sight at the present time. With good directing and the right kind of stories—you needn't get mad, Davy; I'm only repeating what he said. It's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Is it worth a job or not?"

MacWade did not reply. He was staring across at the green hills and the expression on his face was not a pleasant one.

"Davy, do I get that job?"

"Eh?" The little director roused himself with a jerk. "Oh, you're still talking about that job?"

"I've showed you the goods," said Sam.

"And a fine package it is!" ejaculated MacWade. "A fine package! . . . Yes, you get the job, even if I have to write in a part for you. And I'm ever so much obliged, though I don't see what I can do about it. The G. M. wouldn't meet their first offer, let alone their second. This is a grand little world, Sam, and the motion-picture business is the grandest thing in it—not!"

He strode away, hands thrust deep in his pockets, and a black scowl on his round cherubic countenance.

"Davy's sore," soliloquized Sam—"sore as a crab; and I don't blame him at all. Here he takes an extra woman off the lot, teaches her everything she knows, makes her worth forty or fifty a week when she ain't worth nothing before—and he can't even keep her! Along comes the Alta outfit with more jack, and where's his leading woman now? Gone where the woodbine twineth and the doodle bird pines for his mate! . . . Oh, I guess not his mate; but Davy likes her pretty well. It's a cinch he'll miss her. . . . Yeh, it's one swell business, everybody stealing actors from everybody else; but, if I know MacWade, he won't stand in the little girl's way. He'll tell her to fly to it. She'll never get any hundred and fifty in this joint—not even if she's another Pickford; and when you come right down to it we're all out for the dough—the jack. . . . Sam, my boy, what would you do if a director came gunning for you with a long-term contract and a star clause in it? Huh! You'd never live long enough to find out. You'd lay right down and die the minute he flashed it on you."

II

LENA was nervous, and Lena was irritable, and Lena would not stand still long enough to have her picture taken. Beautiful of form, graceful of carriage, the very queen of her kind, there was no reason why she should decline celluloid immortality; but Lena, being a female, needed no reason. She was a bad, bad actress.

In vain the estimable Gabby spoke to her in terms of endearment; in vain the Baron gently herded Lena into the middle of the stage setting. She had the scene all to herself, but she would not stay in it. At the first click of the camera she was on her way, and a crashing in the brush testified to her frenzied attempts to escape from the animal arena and crawl back into her cage.

"She won't do it," said the old animal man, mopping his steaming brow. "I expect you got to shoot her on the fly."

"I expect I won't do anything of the kind!" replied the exasperated camera man. "Mac wants her standing still under that tree. We've already made the scene of the hunter taking a long and careful aim. Then we cut to the mountain lion, standing still under the tree. The point of the thing is here: it's an easy shot and the hunter misses. The mountain lion runs off through the brush. The hunter can't imagine why he didn't get her and he examines his cartridges. He finds that they've been tampered with. If he missed Lena on the fly he wouldn't think so much of it—see? No; she's got to be standing still and listening. We must have a few feet of that for a flash between the aiming and the discharging of the rifle."

"Well," said the Baron wearily, "we'll try it again; but I have told you before, I have no influence with mountain lions. Tigers and elephants, yes. African lions, yes; but these miserable panthers, you cannot tame them. They stay wild as long as they live."

"Pity the scenario writer didn't know that," sighed Gabby. "When Mac sent me down here to get the shot I told him it wouldn't be easy to make Lena stand still and look at the camera."

"Easy!" ejaculated the Baron. "*Förbanade uslingar!* It is impossible!"

Gabby laughed.

"Never tell Mac that a thing is impossible," said he. "The only way you can make him believe it is to try and try and try—and fail. Tell Mac that a thing can't be done, and good night! He'll spend hours showing you where you're wrong; and lots of times you are. . . . Go after her again, Baron; and be sweet with the dear girl, because she's mean when she gets started. I don't want her climbing this tripod if I can help it."

The Baron, meat hook in hand, plunged into the man-made jungle, and his voice was heard coaxing, expostulating, entreating, threatening—and all to no purpose. At intervals a tawny streak shot through the brush and the wire sides of the arena quivered under the force of Lena's assault. This continued for a solid hour, at the end of which period the Baron had exhausted all his polite English, and was calling on strange gods in an alien tongue. "I tell you," said he, emerging from the brush, "it is no use! Lena is excited now, and frightened; and we are wasting time. She will not do anything; but by and by she will fight."

"Let her rest for a while," suggested Gabby, "and while she's cooling off you can telephone to Mac. Chances are he'll come down here and see for himself. It's an off day and he's not doing anything much. Go ahead, Baron, and ring him up."

MacWade was in his office when he received the message.

"Confound it!" he growled to Briggs, the assistant property man, as he slammed the receiver on the hook. "I've got to go down to the zoo. The only way to get anything done round this joint is to do it yourself! If anybody wants me I'll be at the animal arena. So long!"

Ten minutes later David arrived on the scene of action, his chin set at a pugnacious angle, and a fighting light in his eyes.

"What's the idea?" he demanded sharply. "Going to be all day on this stunt?"

"Yes; and all week," replied Gabby. "Lena has made up her mind that she won't work and we can't do a thing with her."

"Oh, you can't, eh?" said the director scornfully. "A couple of fine birds, you are! Let a mountain lion bluff you! Here, Baron, give me a meat hook. We'll round her up in jig time."

"We can try, Mister Mac," was the cautious response; "but, if you take my advice ——"

"Wait till I ask for it!" snapped MacWade. "Come on; let's go!"

"No need for you to bawl everybody out," grumbled Gabby. "We haven't been loafing on the job. We've worked like a couple of niggers, and done the best we could. What's the idea of the Simon Legree stuff?"

"I'm sorry," said David. "I didn't mean to be nasty, Baron. Fact is, I'm a little upset this morning."

"And you will be more upset soon," replied the old man. "That Lena—by golly—she upset anybody!"

"Well, let's get at it!" cried MacWade. "You go down one side, Baron, and I'll go down the other. Action!"

The Baron proved a true prophet. Rounding up Lena was as difficult as rounding up a stray sunbeam. She played corner-tag with her pursuers, whisking in and out of the angles of the big inclosure and leaping over the barricades; and they never got close enough to her to establish cordial relations. Gabby stood by his camera, waiting, and though he was tempted to make remarks he withstood that temptation nobly. There are times when it is just as well for a subordinate to refrain from reminding his superior that he told him so.

"I give up!" panted David at last. "I quit! We'll have to get the scene some other time."

"Need any help?"

It was Jerry Fairfax speaking through the barred window at the front of the arena—Jerry, handsome and debonair and the least bit overdressed; also, the least bit nervous. MacWade noted the switching bamboo cane, the half-averted eye and the unlighted cigarette.

"I thought you intended to go to the beach to-day?" said he. "I did," said Jerry; "but ——"

"But you wanted to see me on a little matter of business—is that it?"

"Who told you?" demanded Fairfax, amazed.

"I'm a mind reader," said David grimly. "Baron, unlock the front door for him, and get Lena back into her cage. We'll try again this afternoon—and you might give her a big feed of meat, so she won't be so lively."

Jerry entered the arena twirling his cane like the drum major of a minstrel parade; but when he spoke to MacWade his eyes traveled no higher than David's knees.

"Who told you I wanted to see you?" he repeated.

"A little bird," lied MacWade. "What's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Jerry uneasily and with a glance at the camera man.

"You can talk before him," said the director. "Gabby is my confidential adviser."

"Yeh; I advise him, and then he goes ahead his own way. Shoot!"

"Well, it's like this," began Jerry: "I've been with you quite a while now, and I thought—I was wondering, Davy, if it wouldn't be a good thing—suppose I should want to transfer into some other company?"

"You don't mean to say you'd quit the best director on the lot?" exclaimed Gabby.

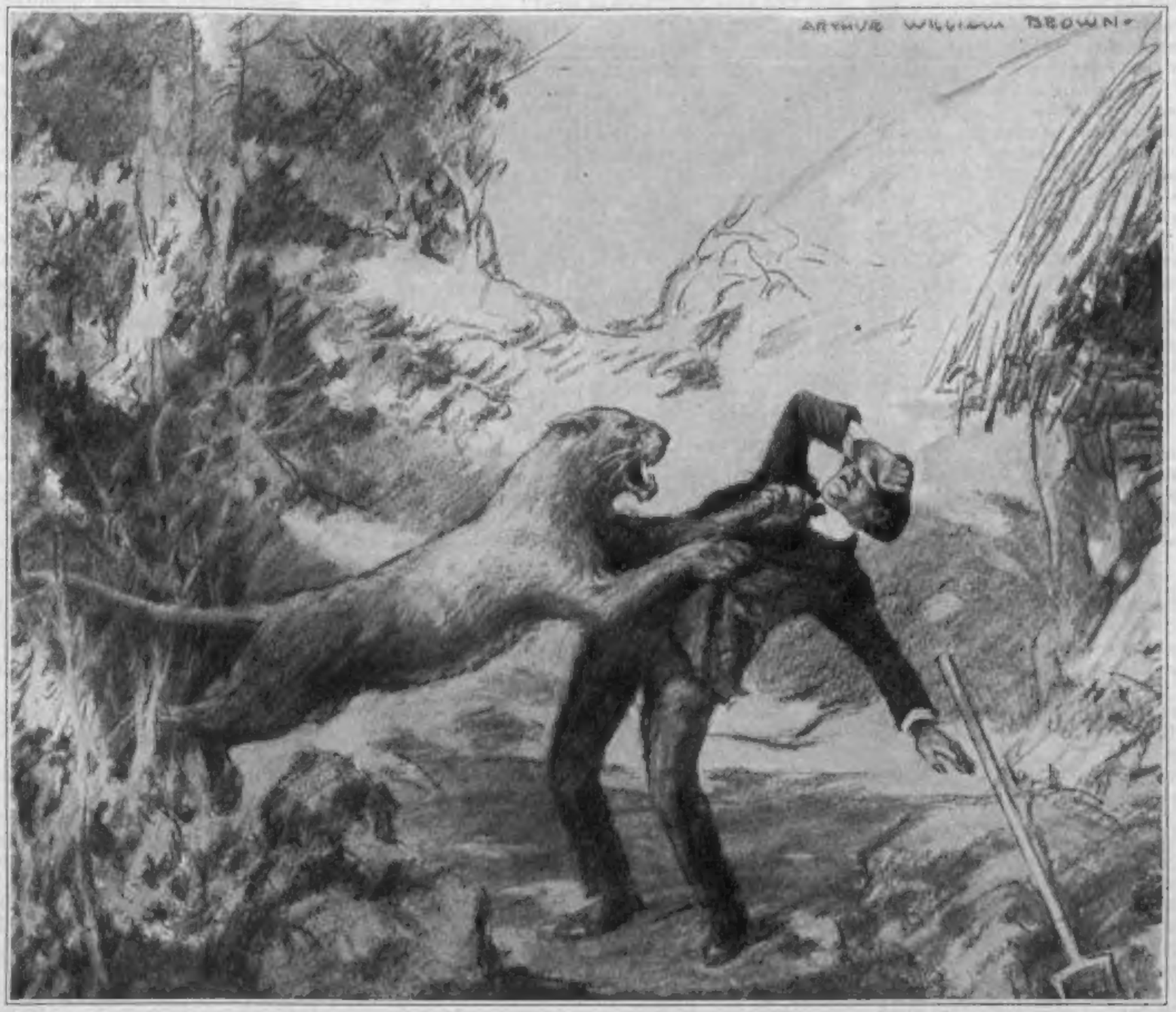
"Leave him to me," said MacWade quietly. "Now, Jerry, what's your grievance? What have I ever done to you?"

"Nothing, Davy; and, honestly, there isn't any grievance. I—I just want to broaden myself—learn more about the game—play in a wider range of pictures."

"H'm-m! Sounds highbrow to me. Jerry, this—this solicitude about your career—isn't it rather sudden?"

"No," said the youth miserably; "I've been thinking about it for some time. Garner could use me in his next serial; or I could go with Fanning ——"

"Oh, anybody would be glad to get you!" interrupted MacWade with sarcasm. "The thing I can't understand is why you want to bust up our happy family!"



The Iron Bar Was Dashed From His Hands and a Yellowish Thunderbolt Launched Itself Straight Into His Face

"I don't want to bust anything up," said Jerry. "My leaving won't make any difference."

"Well, there's Jean ——" Gabby got no farther; MacWade silenced him with an imperative gesture.

"You're really on the level about this? There's nothing up your sleeve? You want to work for somebody else?"

"I do," said the boy; "and I know now that I'll never find a better director than you are, or a kinder friend."

"Please omit flowers. Leading men—holy smoke! I can get a regiment of 'em to-morrow. They're as thick as fleas—and about as much comfort to a fellow! I'll have to train one all over, from the ground up; but, of course, Jerry, I'd rather do that than interfere with your artistic career ——"

"You needn't rub it in, Davy. Just wish me luck and turn me loose. If I'm making a mistake I'll pay for it."

"All right, my boy! You'll pardon my saying it, but I believe it is a mistake, and I don't think you've told me the truth about why you want to quit—not all of it, anyway. . . . Oh, by the way, you haven't had an offer from the Alta people, have you?"

"The Alta people!" ejaculated Jerry in genuine surprise. "Why, they don't even know I'm on earth. Why would they be making me an offer? What put that notion into your head?"

"Oh, nothing," replied MacWade; "only I'm a great hand to figure all angles. Run along, youngster, and hook up somewhere else; and if it'll make you feel any better I wish you all the luck in the world."

"Thank you," said the boy. "You're the prince of good fellows, Davy."

"And the king of boobs!" muttered Gabby under his breath.

David waited until Fairfax was out of earshot.

"He doesn't walk like a man that's tickled to death over getting what he wanted," was the director's comment. "There's more in this than meets the eye. . . . Now then, cinematographer, what are you rumbling about—eh? Did I hear you say something about boobs?"

"You bet you did!" replied the camera man; "and you're going to hear it again. The prince of good fellows and the king of boobs—that's you, old dear. There's more in this than meets the eye, yes; you had the real reason right on the tip of your tongue, and you didn't even suspect it!"

David lighted a cigarette and sat down on a property rock. When he spoke, it was with a careful choice of words—a sure sign that he was annoyed.

"Since Providence has endowed you with so much cleverness," said he, "and me with so little, suppose you shed a ray of intelligence into my benighted understanding. What's the real reason that Jerry wants to quit us?"

"Why, Jean, of course! Didn't you see his face when you spoke of breaking up the happy family? It's broken up already, so far as he's concerned. Something has happened, as sure as you live! That's why he wants to work with another company; and I'll bet my shirt on it."

"It isn't much of a shirt," said David critically; "and, anyway, I don't believe it."

"You never believe anything I tell you."

"But things were all right with them just a little while ago," argued MacWade. "You remember the day he was hurt by the elephant and we met her coming out of the hospital?"

"Yes," said Gabby; "and I'll admit she was crying. Come to think of it, that doesn't prove she was in love with him. You never can tell about a woman, Davy."

"There is a great deal of truth in that, my son." It was the Baron speaking; the old animal man had returned to the arena and the last remark had reached his ears. "The female of any species, she is more complex than the male. Lena, for instance. Do you know, that dam' cat is so mad she will not eat her meat! I am a little mad myself; but by and by I will eat a sandwich."

"You're just in time, Baron," said Gabby. "We've been having a little argument, and we can't agree. You're a foxy old bird, with your eyes open most of the time; maybe you can set Davy right."

"If it is in my line," smiled the Baron, "I shall be most happy."

"It's your line, all right. A leading man is an animal, ain't he? Well, Jerry Fairfax says he wants to quit Mac's company and go to work for some other director."

"And there never has been any unpleasantness between us," supplemented David.

"But he wants to get away," finished Gabby. "The question is—why?"

The Baron tugged at his lower lip and regarded the disputants with owly gravity.

"He says," explained MacWade, "that he wants to broaden himself—work into a wider sphere."

"Hah!" ejaculated the Baron. "That boy, he will never be any broader than he is now. No; that is not the reason. And he has had no trouble with you. . . . Is it permitted to bring another person into this discussion? The female of the species ——"

"What did I tell you!" crowed Gabby. "He's hit it the first thing! I claim, Baron, that Jean and Jerry have had a falling out of some sort."

"No," said the Baron slowly; "no—that is a mistake, my son. There can be no falling out without a falling in. That is what ails Jerry. He fell in, yes; but he fell in alone."

"You mean that she doesn't care for him?" demanded MacWade.

"Not like he cares for her."

"But," said the persistent David, who never abandoned a position until he was driven from it, "when he was hurt by that elephant we saw her coming out of the hospital, and she was crying."

"Ah," said the old man, "I saw her myself—her eyes were still a little red when I talked with her. That was because she was sorry for him."

"But he wasn't even badly hurt!" exclaimed MacWade.

"He was hurt bad enough, my son; but not by the elephant."

"She threw him down!" cried Gabby.

The Baron turned his round light-blue eyes upon the speaker.

"I do not like the way you put it," said he gently. "Let us assume that he asked her a question and she answered it. That is much better. And now, having had that answer, he accepts it like a gentleman and would rather work with another company, because to be near her every day, playing love scenes and—oh, how can I explain this to two men who have never been in love?"

"Where do you get that two stuff?" snorted Gabby. "I've been in love so often I've lost count."

The Baron smiled and shook his head.

"You are too young to know what I mean," said he.

"Well, Davy here is old enough to know," said the camera man, with a mischievous glance at his chief. "He's forty-some-odd, and his notion of being in love is to try and keep the lady from finding out anything about it."

"Oh, rot!" cried the director. "Baron, are you sure of that—what you just told us?"

"Positive! At first, it was a guess; but since then I have watched them together. Yes, that little one-sided romance, it is finished. Maybe the boy spoke too soon. Anyhow, he is not smart enough for her. Maybe she is interested in someone else. These love affairs ——"

MacWade leaped to his feet and started for the door.

"Why all the speed?" asked Gabby. "Wait and I'll go with you. It's about time for the nose bag, anyhow."

"See you in the restaurant!" MacWade flung the words back over his shoulder. "Can't stop now. If I hurry I may be able to head Jerry off. No reason why I should lose both my leading people!"

The door banged behind him, and the old animal man and the photographer stared at each other with open-mouthed amazement and concern.

"Both his leading people!" ejaculated Gabby. "Are they trying to take Jean away from us again?"

"They have done it already, my son; else why should he want to hold Jerry?"

"They won't get her without a battle," said the camera man grimly. "It's up to me to put some fight into the little chief. I've done it before; I can do it again."

III

THE Mammoth "nose bag"—half restaurant, half cafeteria—did a tremendous business at the noon hour; for through its wide portals swarmed all the employees of the huge picture-canning plant in the order of their importance, as follows: lordly heads of departments; directors of feature stuff; ordinary directors; camera men; scenario writers; actors and near actors; film cutters; laboratory experts; clerks; stenographers; extra people; stage carpenters; property men; deck hands; and press agents.

Art, unrecognized in the executive offices, and at a marked discount elsewhere on the big lot, came gloriously into its own at lunchtime. Certain tables were reserved for directors and their "leads"; and these tables carried the added luxury of waiters.

The other employees picked up their trays, fell into single file and marched upon the food; and since the invention of the cafeteria cold roast beef and potato salad never faded under the attack of a more heterogeneous line. Ballet girls with kimonos over their tarlatan skirts; Roman soldiers, jingling like brewery horses; cow-punchers in full panoply; Indians in trailing war bonnets; society dowagers exposing a wealth of chest and shoulder blade; beautiful young men of the type known as lounge lizards; horrible examples from the barrooms of the underworld, full of cold tea and patches; honest workingmen; pop-eyed tourists—these and many more passed in review, filling their trays as they went.

In a quiet eddy on the outskirts of this human whirlpool Gabby came upon David MacWade, absent-mindedly pecking at a frozen fruit salad, his only noontime dissipation. The little director glanced up as his friend dropped into a chair beside him.

"Roast-beef sandwich and some of that," said Gabby to the waiter, pointing at the fruit salad. "Cup o' coffee; and make it snappy. . . . Now then, Davy, what's up? Are they going to take Jean away from us?"

MacWade nodded and speared a bit of pineapple with a vicious jab of his fork.

"But I thought she told the G. M. she wouldn't stand for it," said Gabby.

"The G. M. isn't in this," mumbled David. "The Alta people are after her."

(Continued on Page 51)

"A Couple of Fine Birds, You are!" Said the Director Scornfully. "Let a Mountain Lion Bluff You!"

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

American Troops Embarking for France

Refreshments for the "Jammeas" in Paris

American Soldiers in France Wearing Their New Helmets

By WILL IRWIN

BRITISH FRONT, JUNE —

VISITING among the airmen reminds me remotely, somehow, of visiting a university athletic team in training quarters; for this, as the world should know, is the greatest sport of all. I went up this morning to a section working on a part of the Front at present very quiet, as the Front goes just now.

The camp stood on a fair stretch of level ground, just far enough from the trenches so that only the line of military balloons, swaying among the mists of the horizon, and the distant roar of guns showed that we were near this eternal battle of the great line. Time was when airmen, the aristocrats of modern war, were housed in châteaux. Now most of these French country places have fallen to other uses; also, the air service has grown enormously. This camp was a collection of wooden shacks, comfortable enough and shipshape, but primitive too.

Beside the quarters were the aërodromes, barnlike sheds, wherein stood ranged the great wasps of the air—for this was a fighting squadron. Mounted on the fastest piece of mobile machinery ever devised by man, the birdmen range the air daily in search of Germans—and a scrap.

Practice in Air Fighting

HALF a dozen machines were drawn up on the field as we arrived; and in the near foreground an aviator, caparisoned in his leather cap, was tuning up a new machine for a practice flight. Two mechanics were holding the wings, and the wheels were blocked by prismatic-shaped pieces of wood. The vicious propellers whirled in rhythmic beats, stopped, whirled again; the engine, droning like a swarm of gigantic bees, drowned out all conversation. Each time the propellers warmed to their work they tore up a cloud of dust that streamed away on the wind. The engine was running regularly now, without stops. I saw the aviator nod.

The prisms of wood, attached to cords, were jerked away from the front wheels; the mechanics, holding the wings from the rear, ran along, pushing for a few steps. The machine drew away from them, and taxied along the field. Half fish, half bird it seemed. Now its tail, shaped like that of a goldfish, was off the ground, and now—I had a genuine surprise: I have seen little of first-class aviation since a year ago, and I was not prepared for the rise—I might call it almost a jump—of this modern fighting machine. No sooner were its wheels clear than it seemed to shoot up; the motion was not the old, familiar soaring rise of the aëroplanes I had known, but a straight climb. He ran upward; he turned, banking at an angle that seemed perilous; he shot up again.

Another aëroplane had taken the air by now. It darted upward toward the course where the first was circling, and began to give it mimic battle—the maneuvers by which aviators try to reach position for a favorable shot. Round and round they circled, climbed, dipped. They were so high now that they were specks in air. The first machine did a sudden flip; brought up above the other machine and behind it—"onto his tail," the favorable position for aërial attack. Suddenly the other turned its nose earthward and began a whirling dive. The first followed; the second, coming suddenly to horizontal, turned its nose toward its rival—a perfect position for pouring in a burst of shots as the other passed. This was practice—the five-finger exercises of the fighting aviator, by which he keeps his hand and eye in trim against the perilous, heroic few seconds when he must really fight.

The flight commander strolled over, was introduced. He is a little, easy-mannered Englishman, with a clean-cut face; that small, short-cropped mustache, affected now by the British Army, revealed a firm mouth. Only his decorations showed that there was anything unusual about his military record. The French aërial service, as all the world knows, maintains the institution of aces. When a man has brought down five enemy machines he becomes an ace; and his score, as it grows, is mentioned in the daily communique. Now this would seem like swank to the English, and that is a deadly sin. This man, had he fought with the French, would have made himself an ace in one big aërial day, during which he brought down six machines.

However, when the conversation turned from commonplaces to aëronautics, he spoke like a craftsman, less of adventures in the air than of engines, horse power, wing spread, struts, speeds, the difficulty of knowing any aëroplane's practical capacity by its trial record, the various methods of rigging machine guns. We strolled from hangar to hangar as he talked; and we stopped long while he expatiated on his machine shop. It was housed in a set of motor camions; and here half a dozen mechanics were toiling with drills or files.

Grooming the Planes

"THE idea is," he said, "to send up every machine in perfect order. If anything goes wrong in a fight it's the difference between a German plane down and a British plane down."

I recalled then that every machine in the hangars had looked bright and new as when it first came from the shops. There was a gun room over among the sheds; there, as soon as a plane comes back from the Front, an expert gunsmith dismantles the machine guns and puts them in the most minute order. A jammed gun loses many a fight, as we were to learn a moment later.

For we strolled, as we talked, into a long shed, with a board table along its center, a telephone desk in the corner, and many maps on the plain board walls—the regulation appearance of a headquarters. A bench ran down one side of the room, and on it sat seven or eight lean, blond, clean-cut British youths in khaki. It was the watch, waiting on call against emergencies of the air.

Phil Simms, being an American and therefore of witty imagination, smiled. "Bell hops, waiting for a

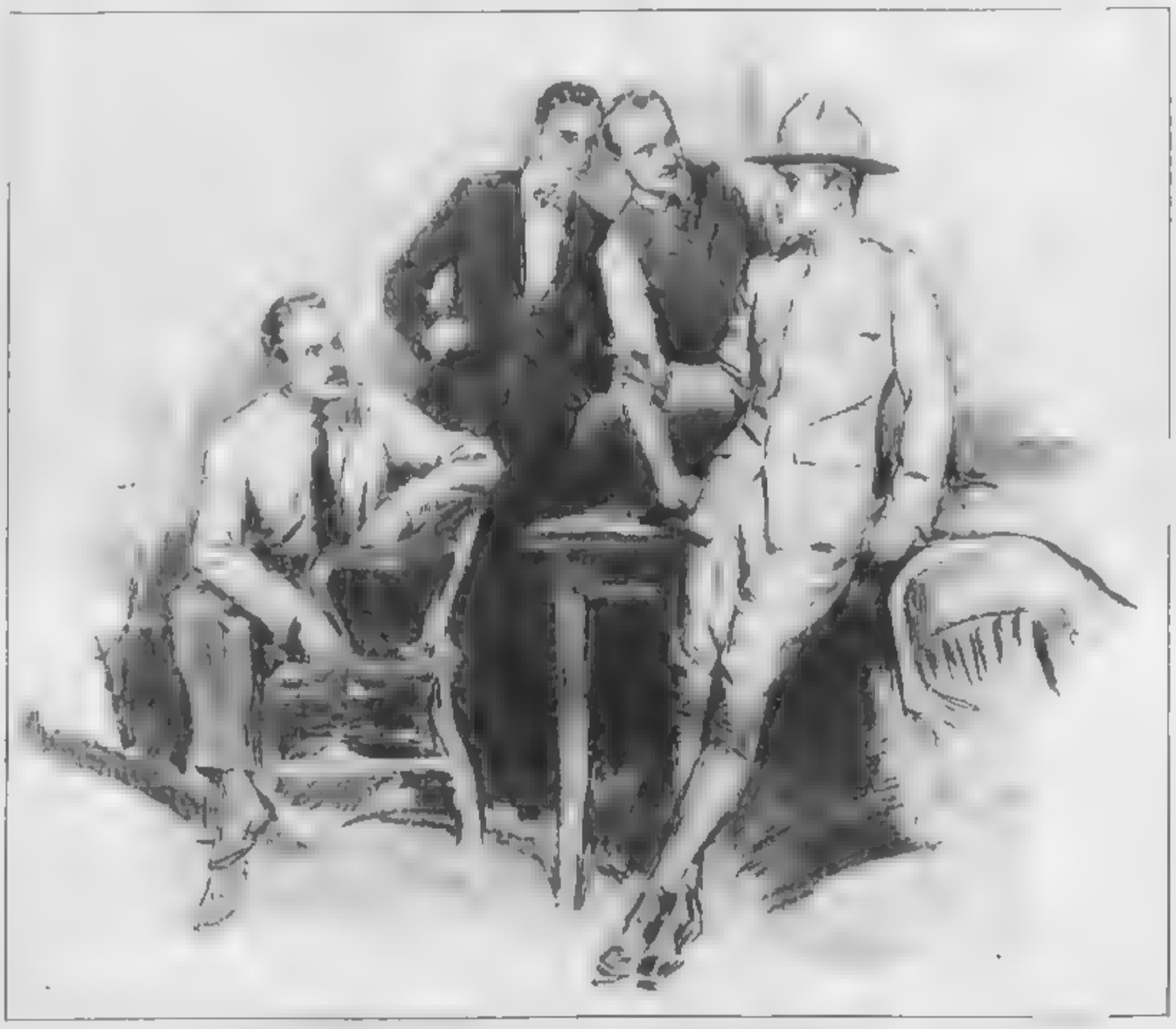
(Continued on Page 40)

General Pershing Looks Over the Camp Site for His Troops, Somewhere in France

OUT OF THE EARTH

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ



"I May Not Carry a Life Insurance," Angus Said With Slight Emphasis, "But I Guess That Needn't Prevent My Carrying a Gun"

JUST five minutes later than he should have been, Willis Strong emerged from his door, struggling with his overcoat, gave his soft hat an extra jam over his ears, and started for the business man's train to Waring. This occurred with rhythmic regularity—every morning. If the train had left five minutes later, so would he have done, and so every male commuter of his suburb. Not for anything would one of them have started in time to walk comfortably to the station; it would somehow have robbed them of their sense of freedom as native Americans.

With an equal fidelity to the unwritten law, they left their offices five minutes late for the homeward trip; thus they could always arrive breathless and always preserve intact their latent grievance concerning the hardships of a commuter's life, which secretly most of them thoroughly enjoyed. The train was their ambulating club and university—half of them, at the least, finished their educations and had their opinions formed and their minds made up for them in the transit between the two stations; and only a few of them ever found this out.

The horse-chestnuts were showing swelling buds as Willis hurried down the long street, just as he had hurried for the past five years—the same old street, same old town, same old houses he had looked on on the way to the same old office for that interminable portion of a lifetime. To-day there was that in the air, and in the air of the horse-chestnuts, which stirred his annual dissatisfaction, the restlessness of a returning spring. In proportion as the world of out-of-doors put on attraction, the world of indoors became disgusting; the phenomenon occurred as automatically as the seasons—or the great game that chiefly marked them forth.

Yet a few weeks and the chestnuts would be in leaf, with towers of white bloom; then the petals would fall and make the thick carpet of a day; then the green would deepen and later grow dusty with the summer. Fall would come and turn them leafless again. The earth had its same old round—just like himself, like every other individual in Waring, like their fathers before them, so far as Willis could make out. If you went to a larger town it was only to a larger routine; wherever you were it was go to the office every day at the same hour and come away again at the same hour. His father had begun the round at his age, and he was at it still.

Sometimes—in the spring—Willis had an impulse to chuck the whole thing and light out; but he never did. Business was not a thing a fellow could take chances with nowadays, when no one was any good any more after thirty-five. Wrestle while you were young to get a job, and wrestle the rest of the time to keep it, that seemed to be the game: a monotonous game enough for the most part, whose chief diversions were the other—and by some held to be the greater—game, the movies and Addie.

And even Addie could be monotonous. He had been taking her to the movies and the game—on the big days—ever since they both left high school together. There were times when he had a dread suspicion Addie felt the same about him. They expected to marry some day, but were in no wild hurry, either of them; you were only young once, they were agreed, and marriage meant giving up a lot of things. Addie was earning a salary and she had no mind to give that up, for one thing. From time to time they drifted slightly apart, but inevitably came together again. From time to time they had their ephemeral fancies for strangers.

"The trouble is," Addie had trenchantly diagnosed their case on one of these occasions, "we know each other altogether too well. There isn't a new thing for either of us to learn about the other, and so there's nothing romantic." And she never suspected that if her thesis was correct she had pronounced the doom of all matrimony.

They were about fifteen when their romance began; it had perhaps been more romantic then than ever since. She was a wonder then, with her hair tied up in a yard or two of ribbon, and he had turned hot and cold at meeting her round the corner. Adelaide had been his favorite name at that time. He would not have confessed it, but now he occasionally wished her name were anything but Addie. And he could have borne it if her hair had been another color. Nothing in his education had taught him that it was Titian red—and so admirable. If he had heard the word he would have merely taken it for the latest fashion name, like Elephant's Breath. This all the more naturally because Addie was in the fashions—a fashion artist, in fact. She was really a rather taking young person, objectively viewed. Willis thought a whole lot of her—only he did not think her exciting. And nothing in either his education or hers had taught them that if it is not exciting it is not love.

They had gotten over their brief passion innocently in their school days; to only a very few is given imagination enough to keep a passion alive years on end. It either burns out or flickers down into an affection. The only perpetual fires of the world are altar fires, which the ancients knew must be tended by vestals—and the vestal heart is rare. To every pair of lovers, however foolish, is given their brief religious moment, given perhaps more than once, but only to the few is the lasting cult. Willis and Addie had no pretensions to being among these Great Lovers.

Nevertheless Addie, too, thought a lot of Willis, though she no longer blushed when she invoked him, even in the dark and alone, as she did at fifteen; and she openly wished he stood straighter, and frankly considered his taste in neckties fierce, and his coats unsatisfactory. It was natural to lay some stress on these details, being in the fashions, and in not infrequent contact with those who stood—and sometimes sat—to illustrate them. For instance, there was Angus Mackenzie—equally known as Angus Mackenzie or Angus Mack—whose name as ill suggested his elegant appearance as his garb did the plaids of his ancestry. A plaid that you could have called a plaid would have given Angus an acute pain, but he had a way of handling the inseparable cigarette that did more execution than a claymore. He possessed a perfect taste in clothing and the absolute manner of wearing it; nobody had ever seen him without a cigarette, unless possibly in his sleep.

Willis, who thought him a conceited ass, particularly begrudged him those cigarettes. He himself did not smoke, not because he wouldn't have liked to, but because he couldn't do that and pay for life insurance too; and he came of a family whose basic doctrine was that insurance and a salary went together, like a theorem and its corollary in geometry. He had gone promptly round with his father and been introduced to the company doctor the very day after his first month's check.

Oh, everything was orderly in his life—hanged orderly, he thought with some impatience this morning simply because it was near spring. Ten months of the year he thought very complacently of his life. To-day he could see the years ahead, just as he saw the trees down the street, one exactly like another, except that he would be getting a little older with each one of them, and presently would put on glasses and grow bald. Already his eyes bothered him quite a bit—that was the beginning of the end.

It was a good enough old world and he had no kick, but nobody could pretend it was exciting, as he had once imagined. What had there been exciting in his father's life, for instance—except, of course, the Civil War? He supposed that had been exciting while it lasted. There was a war on now; for two years and a half the papers had been full of it, impinging impertinently on the ball news sometimes; but of course it was a long way off—and a jolly good thing too—though the Germans did keep forcing it on our attention. Look at the way they were behaving now—sending word they'd sink everything in sight. They might say what they liked but it wasn't cricket, as those confounded Englishmen were fond of saying.

Well, it was up to the President, and thank goodness the President was fully up to it; for two years he had kept the country out of war, and Willis guessed he knew a thing or two about doing it by now. For two years past everybody he knew had been giving thanks for being kept out of war. War was a disgusting business; all those Johnnies over there were getting killed off. In a way Willis felt sorry for them too—especially the Belgian Johnnies; and the French, who were a republic like us. But after all, it was a long way off and you couldn't get excited about things a million miles away. Then, too, there was all this secret diplomacy he had heard them talking about on the trains; probably if the truth were known and they had all behaved themselves, things would have happened differently.

Germans weren't so different from other folks; there were quite a lot of them in Waring, pleasant as anybody else. Herman Lever had been in the same class with Addie and him, and had pitched a score on half a dozen occasions; it was rumored the teams had their eyes on him. It was no use to pretend Herman wasn't flesh and blood, same as they were. Willis abhorred war himself; so did Addie; so did his father—always excepting the Civil War, which was different; so did all the respectable element in Waring. It was a pity about the Belgians, but you never knew the real truth. Jim Casey, who sat at the next desk in the office, said the English were at the bottom of it. Classic recollections of his school history inclined Willis to think this very probable; they were likely to be at the bottom of anything.

At this point in his running soliloquy he accomplished his objective—his last foot leaving the ground just as the car left the station—and he sank into the nearest window seat panting heavily. A man in the seat ahead unfurled his paper simultaneously.

"The President has broken with Germany," he announced. "That means war, sooner or later," he added gravely to his neighbor on the seat.

"Well, I hope it does—and sooner!" said the neighbor. "No nation can stand for some things—and continue to be a nation!"

Willis had listened incredulously. War? Absurd! The President had kept us out nearly three years; he would keep us out three more, by which time the war would be over—all those Johnnies would have shot all the other Johnnies.

At the next station a bevy of important business men came on; they all flourished newspapers.

"Have you seen the news?" one asked Willis' neighbors in passing. "This means war!"

"Nothing of the kind!" said another. "It means an armed neutrality—at most!"

Thereupon a heated discussion followed; others joining in.

"What would we go to war with?" asked one humorist. "Motor boats or gasoline launches? That's as much of a navy as we've got; and as for an army ——"

"Oh, we should furnish the sinews of war—munitions and provisions and money; we've got those and they've got the men. For my part, I think it's time the country did something!"

Willis listened with pricked, incredulous ears. These were solid men, and they were talking seriously of war. To be sure it was still a far-off war they talked of, which made it seem more plausible. A real, near-at-hand war was too absurd to think about—a war that would touch one's personal everyday life; but a war in which the Allies would do the fighting and America would furnish the sinews had a right ring about it. It gratified a sudden patriotism, which Willis was surprised to find stirring at the thought—as he might have been surprised to find a bill in his pocket; and it did no harm whatever, beyond cutting down profits, which everybody was beginning secretly to feel were a little uncomfortably large. The more he thought about it—and he thought the whole way to Waring, under the stimulus of the conversation about him—the more he approved this kind of a war; he got off the train, his benevolent neutrality distinctly shaken, a firm Pro-Ally. He hurried a little importantly into the office.

"I say, have you seen the news?" he said to Latham, his companion on the right, as Casey was on the left.

Latham nodded. "You bet; it means war."

"Well, I hope it does!" Willis replied with emphasis. "No nation can stand for some things—and be a nation!"

Latham stared at this pronunciamiento, which seemed to impress him, for he slowly nodded an assenting head.

"I guess you got that straight," he said. "It sounds right to me."

"Of course it's right!" Willis returned impatiently. It was already strange to him anyone should be in doubt about a thing so clear. He developed the theme as opportunity offered throughout the day, and by suppertime had arrived at a very fair degree of partisanship; so that when his father laid down the evening paper, announcing that it looked this time as if the President meant business, he was able to respond with conviction that he hoped he did.

"War," said his mother, "is an awful thing. You don't think there'll be war, do you?" she appealed to her husband.

"Oh, we wouldn't be in it," he answered reassuringly, "except to furnish the Allies. I must say I think this country has stood about enough."

"That's so," his son corroborated gravely. "There are some things no country can stand for—and be a country!"

His father looked at him with surprised approval; generally his manner to his son was rather as if Willis had committed an impertinence in growing up which he continually hoped to rectify by ignoring.

"I guess you're right," he said. "There was slavery, for instance ——"

"Well," Mrs. Strong spoke between relief and the apprehension that is a woman's second sight, "they're more than welcome to anything this country has—so long as they don't want our boys. But when you begin you never can tell ——"

"There's no danger they'll want Willis, if that's what's worrying you," said her husband with a returning touch of paternal contempt.

Willis laughed; so did his sister Susie; it struck them both as immensely humorous—the idea of Willis, of any real near-at-hand acquaintance of theirs, as a soldier.

Susie had a vision, to be sure.

He was tall, and she had heard that khaki was becoming; and then you could make the brass buttons into things afterward. For a moment she almost regretted the absurd impossible. Willis got up from the table and strolled over to see Addie and expound to her the new doctrine.

Addie was deeply tinged with pacificism and was at first shocked; but she was also an ardent Wilsonite. It was therefore up to her somehow to reconcile faith with doctrine.

"Well, I guess the President knows best"; she accomplished the feat. "Anyway, no one can say he hasn't been patient. And we can't fight"; this she added hopefully. Everybody always added this hopefully, Willis was beginning to notice. "We haven't anything to fight with."

"Oh," said Willis, "we shall furnish the sinews of war—arms, munitions, food—that sort of thing; that'll be our way of fighting."

Addie thought a moment.

"Yes, we might do that, I suppose," she reluctantly consented, again tempering the concession by adding "I suppose *now* they have to fight!" The emphasis pointed to a period when if they had only behaved—time and place unspecified—they might have avoided the necessity.

The matter being thus comfortably settled, they went to the movies. Even there, however, the subject pursued them; there were views showing various kinds of Johnnies engaged in various amiable methods of extermination. For the first time Willis observed them as other than a spectacle—with an approach to fellow feeling. They were possible future Allies—people we had, since forty-eight hours, entered into a kind of vague relation with in our minds. We had gone over to them measurably, or they had come over to us; we might be helping them in those little affairs of theirs presently. For the first time also he noticed how many of them were young fellows like himself, chaps you could really get together with if you had a chance—not Johnnies at all.

In the succeeding weeks he underwent, in common with all Waring—with all his countrymen, indeed, except a few confirmed pacificists whom Gabriel with his trump could not have stirred—a rather feverish course in patriotism. This was while the Administration was trying to determine whether we were at war or not, and if so how long we had been there. It was like the difficult diagnosis of an obscure malady.

"Well, I don't see what the President's waiting for," said his father severely, casting away the paper one morning—and this was the nearest approach to blasphemy Willis had ever encountered. It showed how tense things were getting. Everyone was talking war; it was even said there might be an army for home defense. Six months' drilling and digging for somebody, that meant. Nobody Willis was acquainted with coveted the appointment. There were even lispings of universal service. Willis was fully of the opinion it would be a great thing—for the kids.

All these matters were daily threshed out on the train, and resettled again at the office; and the same thing was happening on every train and in every office on the American Continent. Several times Willis had caught himself turning to the war news before the baseball—a symptom of gravity. And he spoke respectfully now of the Allies as the French, Belgians, and so on; even, with a little effort of the throat muscles, of the British. They were just walking across Champagne now, handing back towns to those glorious Frenchmen. Say, you had to be a little proud of them, hereditary foe or not! Casey could say what he liked, but after all—Willis himself had been English once upon a time. And after all—George the Third hadn't.

Then the President went before Congress and suddenly the country knew where it was at, as Latham enlighteningly stated, gleefully whirling a paper about his head, which was more than six feet from the ground.

"Say—have you seen!" was his jubilant greeting to Willis. "Bettman—Von Durnburg has given us away! Just handed us out to the neighbors! I'm from Texas, you know," he gurgled with rapture. "Oh, wouldn't I love to see the Rangers when they read their paper to-day!" All day he gave way to fits of uncontrollable mirth. "Say," he confided to Willis, "I believe I'll get into the game. I was in a military academy one time, and I went to Plattsburg."

"A whole lot of use you'd be," Willis scoffed. "Do you suppose the Allies can't win without your valuable help? They know how to do the thing; we don't!"

"Well, I've got a notion I could learn mighty easy," replied Latham, and his lifted lid gave Willis a sudden blink of an eye that nowise matched the exuberant amusement of his smile. It quite startled Willis for a moment.

"Well," he recovered himself to say, "maybe you could. I guess any American could. But they don't want us. They've got all the men they want. What they want"—he spoke as if he had received the information from general headquarters—"is food and munitions and money."

Latham was silent a moment.

"Say, look here!" he said suddenly. "Did it never occur to you they may all get shot up? They've been going on with this forever. How many of them are there anyhow?"

"I don't know," Willis admitted; "millions and millions; besides all the English," he added generously. It cost him nothing to contribute the traditional foe.

Latham seemed unconvinced. He burst forth:

"Well, I don't know, but I'll be hanged if I see why the English or anybody else should do all my fighting for me! I know that's what they all say—that they don't want us—but I bet they'd be jolly glad of our help too!"

This was a startling idea to Willis. As Latham said, everyone was agreed that the Allies would do the fighting; America had no army, but there was no end of her willingness to give; she was talking in milliards now.

"That's what I call American," said one of the men on the train home, with deep satisfaction. "That's what I like to hear! That's my notion of an ally."

"We'll all be paupers if it goes on," grumbled one man. Half a dozen angry countenances were instantly turned upon him; it was a thing to see—the change that had come over Americans all in a few weeks, Willis found himself reflecting with astonishment.

"Then let us be paupers!" someone else retorted. "If this great country can't afford to do its share for men dying in the trenches for it, it had best shut up shop and go out of business as a nation."

That was the way they talked now: men dying in the trenches—and they talked as if they were dying for America too. Latham, if that was true, might not be without a certain basis of reason, or all those disfranchised young Americans who were fighting and flying in France. It would appear they had merely anticipated the event. Calmly considered, maybe they had been more useful to their country than if voting at home. Personally he had always been pleased to see them in the movies; they were a kind of guaranty that Americans were not afraid, anyhow, of a fight.

"France, now," the gentleman on the seat ahead was saying when he caught again the thread of the conversation, "France! By Heaven, I'd give France my last cent! I'd be willing to see Americans in bread lines to help her."

There it was again—France! Once a name in geography, now it was a word you couldn't say and remain calm. It was a word also you couldn't anywhere escape. Secretly Willis had got out his school history and looked France up a little—as far back as Lafayette; the rest

"Of Course," Said Willis, "This—This Puts an End to Our—Our Engagement"

he took on trust. It was in every mouth—France! It was on every page of the papers; it filled most of the world these days. You couldn't say it without seeing a roomful go mad. He was beginning to feel that way himself. Addie, who had become companionable again, her interest in these things being lively, agreed with him about France. Her pacificism was for home consumption strictly. It was all right for France to fight and glorious for France to die heroically; it was a duty for America to help with all she had—ships, food, munitions, money; nothing was too good for France! "It's a pity we haven't an army," said Willis, "so we could help fight."

"They're talking of universal service," Addie answered. "But, thank goodness, they'll never get it—in America!"

"Oh, I don't know. I think it would be a healthy thing for a whole lot of kids I know," demurred her fiancé, from the superiority of his twenty-six years.

It sounded startlingly different, however, when his father remarked sharply that night that for his part he favored universal service.

"It wouldn't hurt any of you to feel some responsibility for your country and learn to take orders."

Willis swallowed this silently; he also brooded on it; and when the inevitable controversy rose in the office next day he advanced his opinion detachedly:

"If you ask me, I think it would be a mighty good thing—teach young America responsibility and to take orders."

Casey, at the next desk, sighed.

"Well, I gave my vacation to my counthry last year, and I'm finished. Frightful bore!"

"If the other chaps can stand getting killed for theirs, I guess we can stand a little drilling and digging for ours," observed Latham tartly. "Why, I'd do it even for little old N'York," he added blithely.

It came to Willis soberly and suddenly that he would do it—even for Waring. He saw Waring rather fondly for a moment, and himself in khaki—with an English belt and shoulder straps, of course—marching about with a gun somewhere down in Texas. It was sure to be Texas. And he grew sentimentally patriotic.

And then—like a shot from the enemy—a startled country woke to the fact that the country which never in the world would vote conscription had voted it. All in a single hour, as it appeared, the dream war had taken on reality.

"Say," asked Latham curiously, "who's this going to hit? What's your age, fellows?"

"Oh, it'll be from nineteen to twenty-five," said Willis with a superior smile. "I'm just over. Pity!"

"How do you know so much?" Latham regarded him interestedly.

"Because that's what the war office wants—and my father said so."

"Seems hard on the children. Wonder why they catch them so young?"

"Oh," Willis obligingly vouchsafed, "they make the best fighters. Our Civil War was won by boys of eighteen and nineteen." He was proud of this knowledge, which had not been born with him; he had been accumulating knowledge latterly, as velvet will lint.

"Well, it was after the older ones had been killed off, wasn't it?" Latham crushingly commented. "I believe I'll enlist."

"If they want you they'll call you fast enough," Willis returned impatiently. "You don't decide this thing. It's the authorities. Of course we'd all be ready to go if they wanted us."

"I wonder," said Latham, and glanced about him.

"Of course we would!" reiterated Willis stiffly, for Latham's manner was displeasing. "It would be a bore, but ——"

"Is that a pun?"

"Pun! No! Why should it be a pun?" shouted Willis. "You don't for a moment suppose they are going to send raw troops to France, do you?"

"If England," was Latham's reply, "can make an army in a year we can do it in six months. If she can do it in six we can do it in three. For one thing"—he threw in magnanimously—"we've got all their mistakes to go by."

Willis was exceedingly thoughtful that evening at supper.

"I see they're talking of the age limit," he remarked casually to his father during supper. "Think there's the slightest chance they'll take men of my age, dad?" Nothing could have been airier than his tone.

His father turned upon him, flushing deeply.

"Of course not," he exclaimed angrily. "It's fools' talk. And anyway," he added with still greater irritability, "if they did—you aren't such an idiot as to suppose they'd send unlicked troops to Europe, are you?"

Willis marveled at the tone a moment, then he caught sight of his mother's face; she had laid down her napkin and was looking whitely at them.

"Oh, of course not!" Willis said. "It was just a notion."

He decided to try the effect on Addie later; it would rather have pleased him to see her look white—yet he was not a savage. She cut him short, unkindly.

"If you're thinking of seeing yourself in khaki," she said, "I'd advise you to begin by standing up straight. Nicely you'd look in khaki! Who would look well"—this was a most cruel addition—"is Angus Mackenzie."

"I agree with you," said Willis grimly. "He'd look so well that if I had his name I'd go to England and put on a kilt!"

"He's an American," said Addie. "Besides—he's got a cigarette heart."

"Nice possession for a young man!" commented Willis. "My shoulders may not be square and I may not be a fashion plate, but at least I guess I'm fit to fight for my country if she needs me."

Whereupon Addie turned upon him much as his father had done.

"Fighting seems to be about all you think about these days, Willis Strong! Personally I think it the lowest—the very lowest thing on earth!"

Willis looked at her.

"France ——" he began, and saw with fascination the sudden light begin to kindle in her eyes. You would do it any time—with any American!

"France ——" She took the word away from him, and then turned quickly from him herself and looked out of the window, but he knew there were tears in her eyes. He turned and stared out of the other window at the landscape, which went by him like a screen with nothing clear on it. Strange ideas, new ideas, strange emotions, thoughts, images kept passing through his mind—all he had lately heard, read, seen, discussed, mingled with vague early dreams of life—things as unreal as war. And now war was real and here; to-morrow it might be his own concern.

What if Congress did pass the age limit above twenty-five? What if he should be drafted? It would be a complete upheaval, even if it only meant a year of drilling and digging. But suppose the war went on—and suppose Latham should be right. Suppose they did send troops over to France. Suppose they sent him—Willis Strong. The wheels as they revolved kept on repeating the word: France—France—France. Willis Strong—and France. Even to him it was a fantastic conjunction to pass all at once from his neat little good drab life to that place of legendary splendors and unnamed sacrifices. No; it was too absurd, too improbable. Why, a year ago if anyone had suggested such a thing—and with the thought there shot through Willis another, that a year ago the war had been just as real to France as it was now beginning to be to him. The thing that had seemed infinitely remote had put on actuality—had come near and seized upon him. Perhaps it was going to seize upon him altogether; his father had been too irritable; Addie had been much too sharp; they knew, as he knew, that he was going to be called.

He was down early the next morning for a peep at the paper.

"I see," he said with great cheerfulness at breakfast, "they've established the age-limit at thirty-one. That seems fair."

His father mumbled his answer without looking up. "Yes," he agreed; "it seems fair enough."

Willis dreaded what his mother might say when she took up the paper. To his relief she spoke quite calmly.

"I see they say ten millions—and only five hundred thousand will be taken; that is only one in twenty."

"Only one in twenty," her son repeated reassuringly as he kissed her good-by. "And I may be that one!" he told himself outside the house, as if he had not dared say it even to himself, within.

"I bet I shall be that one!" he kept assuring himself all the way under the horse-chestnuts, which now were white with bloom and scattering their petals. "I know I shall be that one; I, Willis Strong, who have gone down this street all these years—perhaps I shall never see these chestnuts blossom again."

Suddenly he knew that he loved this little town, that he loved the life he had led here. It was as if he saw it with detached eyes, as he might have looked at a village in France. And, seen so, it was astonishing what hitherto unsuspected attractions invested it. Every corner of it was full of memories: memories of his boyhood, of his youth, of Addie, of his young manhood. He found himself clinging to them all fondly; for a small matter he could have become tearfully sentimental over them. His family, too, he seemed to be seeing for the first time. Though they all talked incessantly of the war, yet they had odd fits of silence too. Without being aware of it they had another manner toward Willis; they lived, in short, in the presence of an imminent happening so much larger than anything the younger generation could recall that it affected them in spite of themselves. There was a tacit agreement to ignore its possibility as affecting Willis, as if thus they might annihilate it.

One evening, however, his father did approach the taboo by a kind of indirection. He did so while carving, and therefore without meeting his son's eye.

"By the way," he said, "I happened across Doctor Forsythe to-day, and we had a little talk. He says your eyes would probably disqualify you for military service—that they're going to be very rigid. He thinks you'd better drop round some day and see him about it; I told him they'd been troubling you quite a bit. Probably you'd better have glasses, he says. I told him I'd suggest your going up at the noon hour to-morrow."

And Willis, without looking at any of them particularly, had answered: "All right; thanks. I'll make a point of it."

Poor old dad! It had been quite too transparent, he thought, on the way to town next day, but he fully meant to run up to the doctor's to-day. There were two sides to anything. Look at all the money dad had put into his education, for instance. Willis had no idea that this view of the case socially placed him; to him it was a very sober consideration.

But if his family avoided squarely facing possibilities, his associates fairly boiled with the subject. They got together at all moments in the office, on the streets, in the cars, at lunches, and discussed chances and compared news. The big universities were closed or closing; the classes were enlisting as one individual. The young business men were getting ready to enlist. There were those who were eager to go; there were those who would go without any eagerness at all, but go because it was the right thing to do; and there were those who would stop at nothing—not even marriage—to avoid going.

New language was freely coined to express public opinion concerning these last. They had not yet discovered the word *embusqué* in America, but they had discovered all the sentiments it arouses. It was odd how the tone and temper of conversation had altered; a passionate sympathy for the Allies now was its informing note, by which was chiefly meant a passionate sympathy for France. Belgium had put up a plucky and gallant fight; those Serbian chaps certainly

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Willis Went Round the Table and Kissed His Mother's Cheek—Another Miracle

TEUTONIC LEMON BATHS

By Carl W. Ackerman

BEFORE the war if one had money and a bathable ailment one went to a German spa. Baden-Baden; Wiesbaden; Karlsbad, Austria; Nauheim, and Pyrmont were noted for their careful treatment of heart disease, rheumatism, gout and other ills of the rich. A German *bad* was an international cure-all.

When the war was some weeks old several European countries got the spy fever. The plague spread to all parts of Germany, and the whole realm was searched for possible remedies. "Why not prescribe a bath?" asked one of the learned scientists in the Ministry of War. "*Tadellos!*" came the reply. "Nothing could be better. We have war bread and war babies—why not war baths?"

The astute learned man discovered by experiments in his laboratory that for most spy afflictions Spanish lemons applied by the firm hand of a German soldier or that of a muscular *hausfrau* possessed the qualities necessary to remove all traces of the disease. For—sometimes!—spies had maps of important fortifications drawn in invisible ink on their backs or the soles of their feet. So to the mud baths, the hot and cold water baths, mineral baths, electric and Turkish baths was added the Teutonic lemon bath.

Before the war, of course, there was competition between German cities in the *bad* line. Each had its attraction—from some nobleman to the excellent qualities of mineral waters. Champagne and milk baths, although once notorious, were taboo in wartime because champagne was needed to celebrate victories and milk had to be saved for the children. When the Imperial German General Staff decided to begin its new spy cure, locations for the baths were a simple matter. No city could be more strategically located than a border town, for, to be thorough, efficient and effective, lemon baths should be given immediately upon entering and departing from the German Empire.

To-day there are three main exits from Germany: There is Warnemünde, one of the Baltic seaports, through which travelers must go to and from Copenhagen, the so-called window of Germany. There is Bentheim, on the Dutch frontier, a bleak, desolate, starved-looking city, which exists during the war by smuggling. The third city is Lindau, in Bavaria, from which steamers ply to and from Switzerland, "the land of the tourist and home of the spy." If Copenhagen is the window, Bern is the gate to Germany.

So these three cities were selected as centers for this new German physical *kultur* and lemon spas.

Several European Countries Got the Spy Fever and It Spread to All Parts of Germany

Taking the Third Degree

I BECAME acquainted with the spas at Warnemünde and Bentheim through experience. Despite credentials from the Berlin Foreign Office and the Kriegs Presseamt, the official press bureau, I had to go the way of every traveler en route to Holland or Denmark. The first few times I crossed the border the examination was a mental one. I was asked whether I sympathized with Germany; what my business was and what I expected to do in these countries. I had to tell whom I was going to see and where I intended to stay. This made the task of watching me an easy one for the secret-service men. If I answered the questions satisfactorily and if I carried no papers I traveled like a gentleman. But times changed.

Upon my arrival at Bentheim about a year ago I discovered the authorities had constructed wooden sheds in the railroad station so that it resembled a cheap bathhouse at a summer resort. Into these sheds each traveler was ushered for a physical examination. The German soldier who was my inspector eyed me suspiciously and locked the door.

"Take everything out of your pockets," he commanded; and I obeyed. In a small room alone with a soldier carrying a bayonet at his side, one has no desire to resist. He counted my money and put it aside on a shelf. Then he confiscated my calling cards. The General Staff said no printed matter could be taken out of the country.

"Remove your left shoe," ordered the searcher.

Balancing myself on my right foot, I complied.

He looked at the outside, examined the sole and felt inside. He was rather surprised when he found it empty.

"Take off your other shoe and stocking," said the dominant one.

He looked at my foot, between the toes, over, round and under, for military secrets or invisible writing, I did not know which.

Evidently satisfied with his search, he granted me permission to dress. He was about to return my purse, when suddenly he withdrew his hand. He had forgotten to give me the lemon bath!

"Take off your coat, shirt and undershirt," he said; adding "Turn round!"

When I entered this bathhouse I saw several lemons on a shelf, but I presumed they had been taken away from some traveler who was trying to get food out of Germany. Then, suddenly, in the stillness of the hour and the coldness of the day I felt the icy slice of a lemon travel up and down my back, across my shoulders and under the arms. Evidently I had a bad case of spy fever and didn't know it, or else the soldier thought I had it and wanted to satisfy himself.

Bath completed, I was instructed to dress. Before I could leave the room I had to sign a paper saying that everything of value had been returned to me. Then the shuttle train that carries passengers from Bentheim to Holland pulled into the station. It had been thoroughly fumigated and searched, and perhaps given a lemon bath too. Everything and everybody must be physically neutral to cross the border; and lemons bring out invisible ink.

I hastened toward the train, when a soldier standing at the doorway, his gun hanging over his shoulder by the strap, asked for my passport. I had forgotten to obtain it at the pass desk. Though I was in a hurry, no one else was. "*Einsteigen*, Holland, *einsteigen*," called the conductor, and I went to the commandant's office. I asked for my passport. The soldier on guard shrugged his shoulder.

"Herr Hauptmann is busy," he said.

On the train as it left the station I saw a member of the Chinese legation, with whom I had traveled from Berlin. We had planned to lunch together in Rotterdam, but the next train would not leave for seven hours.

I saw him cancel the engagement by a wave of the hand and with a twinkle in his eye.

It was about ten o'clock when we reached Bentheim. By noon I was anxious to go to some café or hotel in the city to dine, but at the exit another guard asked for my passport. I said I did not have it.

"Then you will have to remain here," he stated.

I walked round the tables, looked out of the windows, looked at the beer and the war sandwiches—and decided I would wait until I reached Holland before eating. The sandwiches reminded me of the latest Hamburger steaks. They are a combination of two bread cards with a meat card between!

All afternoon I paced this room, read all of the signs and announcements hourly for diversion. When the next train arrived a soldier handed me my pass, without comment, and I left the *bad*.

Americans Persecuted

FOR many months this was the ordinary experience of most travelers going in and out of Germany. It was the innocent beginning of a practice that developed into an atrocity, and so aroused the United States Government that, on January eighteenth, Secretary of State Lansing cabled Ambassador James W. Gerard a confidential ultimatum. This was not pressed, however, because President Wilson learned the day before that Germany intended to break the pledges that were given six months earlier in the Sussex case.

No nation would have objected to the lemon baths or to the detention and examination of its citizens had the German Government not extended its ruthlessness to this branch of its military organization. Instead of treating all nationals alike, it discriminated against Americans. United States consuls and their wives were, time and again, subjected to such indignities at the German border that it was evident the German Government had a particular grievance against American officials. In the same note, referred to above, Secretary Lansing threatened to withdraw all consuls in Germany unless the practice of stripping and tormenting representatives of our Government was discontinued. The note is published in another part of this article.

This kind of frightfulness made its appearance at the German border stations last fall. In September I was going from Copenhagen to Berlin with a group of Americans. When the ferry docked at Warnemünde we hurried into the sheds and gave our passports, as was required, to a soldier, who sent them to the bureau of the Intelligence Department established there. As our names were called we entered the large room where the baggage was examined. Completing this, we were taken into separate rooms, where we were forced to undress—and to receive a lemon bath.

At Warnemünde, where several American consuls and their wives were insulted, there are two main examination rooms. Skeptical women matrons take charge of the women travelers, while soldiers do the searching of the men here, as they do at Bentheim. Again I passed the examination and was comfortably seated in the Berlin train, waiting on a siding, under heavy guard. Among my fellow traveling companions were a young American business man and his wife who resided in Berlin. The husband had

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TRELAWNEY LEARNS

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

ABOUT two years after the government occupation of a certain part of Africa it was considered desirable to extend the sphere of influence to include a remotely outlying district that had theretofore been let severely alone. This district was edged by the mountain forests, faced by the foothills, and remote from the high veldt—a pleasant land, full of waters and green grass. Also, full of savages.

The latter were said to be related to the Samburu and to be badly disposed. Since it was impossible to keep ivory hunters and Somali caravans, from the North, from passing through on the most obvious route, the next best thing was to attempt some sort of administration.

The higher powers were at their wits' end. The tribe and their affiliated brethren numbered, at a guess, something like a million and a half; and they had any amount of accustomed cover in which to hide.

"Military occupation!" groaned the District Commissioner, quoting his instructions from Downing Street. "I wish our respected chief knew the first thing about this country! It would take a solid regiment to occupy that district. And I have two battalions of native troops for the whole blessed country!"

"They are native troops—but they are the K. A. R.," the Governor reminded him.

"Oh, the fuzzy-wuzzies are all right," admitted the Commissioner; "but they are too few. I can't go to war with what I can spare from two battalions—and that's flat!"

"Well?" queried the Governor placidly; he knew his commissioner.

"And the Civil Officers! Fresh from Downing Street! Know the native as a friend and brother only. Full of theory. Conscientious scruples against corporal punishment, by Gad! Or throat full of twaddle about the white man's prestige. Self-opinionated, narrow, insular, hidebound ——"

"Best of our blood; wonderful boys, governing kingdoms at five-and-twenty," interrupted the Governor, still placidly.

"With a little experience, yes; I agree," said the D. C.; "but these boys have none—none whatever. They get it fast; but meantime—what? It's all very well to let them cut their teeth on such peoples as the Kikuyus; but how about the Masai, or these Sukas? To handle such a touchy situation needs a man of experience or a regiment of troops; and where am I to get either? Better let sleeping dogs lie, say I. Let 'em get on as they have been getting on."

"And some day some confounded German or Austrian or Belgian will get scuppered up there, and we'll have intervention and lose the shop," said the Governor.

The D. C. sat bolt upright, his hands grasping strongly the arms of his chair, his eyes staring out of the window. "Boy!" he called smartly; then, to the white-clad servant, who instantly responded, he issued a rapid order. "I caught a glimpse of just our man," he explained to the Governor. "I am stupid not to have thought of him before. He is an ivory hunter named Culbertson."

"The man the natives call Kingozi?"

"The same. He has been in this part of the country now about ten years; came in when they paid *honga*. He knows natives from A to Zed; and they like him. If he'll only take on the job ——"

The door opened to admit the ivory hunter. He was a man of about thirty, broad of shoulder, a trifle stooped, with wide-spaced, gray-blue eyes, a square forehead, a bushy black beard, and crisp, waving hair. "Sit down," the D. C. invited him, and proceeded to detail his troubles.

"The Suka," commented the ivory hunter—"that's the crowd which lives up near Old Saunders' hunting country, isn't it?"

"They seem to be getting restless," said the D. C.

Kingozi grinned.

"Quite likely. That's the lot the fool Gregory and his two assistant fools went and shot up so extensively, isn't it?"

"What was that?" interrupted the Governor.

"Happened four years ago," explained the D. C. with a slight embarrassment—"before we took over. These people were new to the country and went up there hunting. They became frightened over some of the usual nigger foolishness, and started shooting and fighting their way out. Wrote a book about it—quite exciting."

"Oh, that—yes."

"Silly rot!" commented Kingozi. "Great heroes! Fought a rear-guard action. Potted 'em at three hundred when they showed their faces. Kept their heads, they'd have had no trouble at all. Sukas wonder yet what it was all about. But, as you say, they are restless."

"Well, we've got to make that country safe; and we want you to take on the job," said the D. C. bluntly.

"Who—me? Not!" said Kingozi. "I'm no officer of the government, and never will be so long as you get your marching orders from some old granny in Downing Street who thinks that all Africa is a dense jungle full of fevers and monkeys. Me—I boss myself."

"I'm No Officer of the Government. I Boss Myself"

But the Governor had not been made governor merely because he took a good photograph. He interposed and talked British Empire until Kingozi wilted.

"If I take on the job, do I do it my way?" he asked abruptly.

"Certainly."

"Absolute free hand?"

"It is yours."

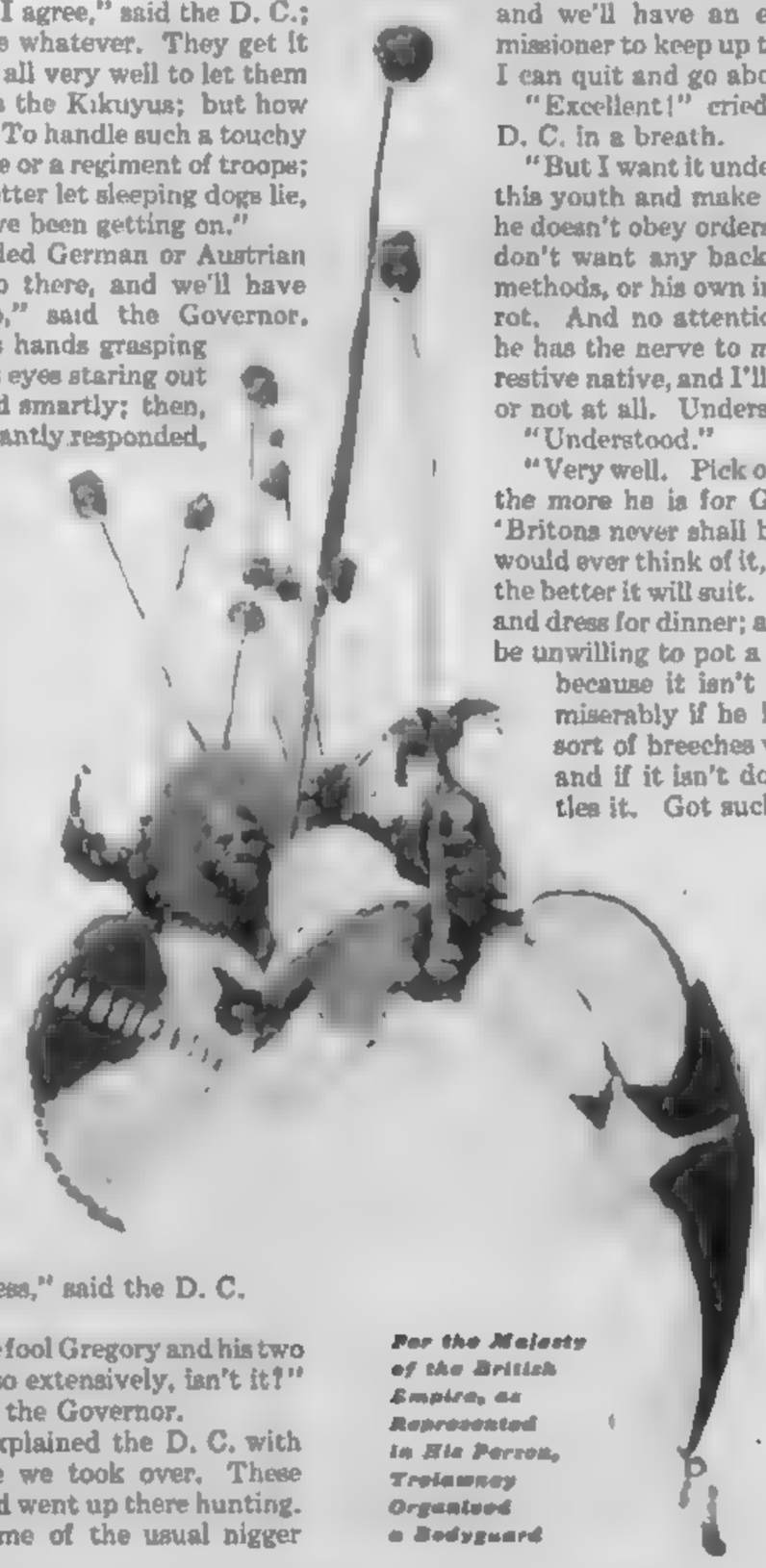
"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I won't consider an official position. None of your oaths and salaries for me! But I will go. You pick out a nice, chubby, red-cheeked, bah-Jove youngster, fresh from England, and give him the job. I'll go along and coach him. When I get through—if we have any luck—we'll have those Sukas nicely tamed; and we'll have an educated District Commissioner to keep up the good work. And then I can quit and go about my business."

"Excellent!" cried the Governor and the D. C. in a breath.

"But I want it understood that I shall spank this youth and make him stand in a corner if he doesn't obey orders!" warned Kingozi. "I don't want any back talk, or questioning of methods, or his own initiative—or any of that rot. And no attention paid to his reports if he has the nerve to make them. I know the restive native, and I'll handle him my own way or not at all. Understood?"

"Understood."

"Very well. Pick out your youngster. And the more he is for God and Old England—'Britons never shall be slaves,' no gentleman would ever think of it, and all the rest of that—the better it will suit. I want him to play golf; and dress for dinner; and perish for his tea; and be unwilling to pot a meal off sitting guineas because it isn't sporting; and to perish miserably if he hasn't got on the right sort of breeches when he shoots *kongoni*; and if it isn't done, you know, that settles it. Got such a specimen?"



For the Majesty of the British Empire, as Represented in His Person, Trelawney Organized a Bodyguard

The Governor and his D. C. laughed.

"Imported for the purpose. Young Trelawney will just fill your bill."

"Trelawney!" repeated the ivory hunter. "Given name isn't Percy?" he inquired hopefully.

II

THE Government of the Empire moved up into the Suka country the following week. It consisted practically of three detachments, though they were much intermingled. There was one consisting of a wizened little black native dressed in faded khaki and lugging a worn double rifle; two porters, carrying a brace of officer's battered tin boxes; two more with a decidedly secondhand green tent; and a miscellaneous half dozen bearing queer old bundles, apparently on their way to a rummage sale. Then another, larger group, swinging proudly along beneath an elaborate new outfit—four-man tent, eight tin boxes, three loads of ammunition, a patent bath, much new yellow leather. Also two men with three new guns. The third detachment was the foundation of the two others, and transported food, both white and native. Six straight, soldierly Sudanese, carrying their well-polished old Snider rifles at a military angle, marched in the rear. Six was all he required, so Kingozi said.

Kingozi had retired behind an impenetrable reserve and a short black pipe, which burned perilously close to his beard. But his eyes moved observantly from one item to another. They rested with apparently a deep and amused satisfaction on two things: one was a bag of golf clubs; the other was their owner.

Trelawney was a red-cheeked, clear-eyed youth, with the smallest imaginable mustache, very young, but concealing the fact well, completely equipped with ideas, but incoherent in their expression, secretly aquiver with an enthusiasm it would have killed him with mortification to have acknowledged. He had brought his entire outfit from Piccadilly and the Haymarket, and as a consequence greatly resembled advertisements. Withal, as Kingozi had discovered, at heart he was a modest and diffident youth, beneath all his upper-class assurance; so Kingozi's heart warmed to him.

The boy was naturally vastly excited. He was going direct from the sheltered life of his Island not only into Africa but into a part of Africa so remote that theretofore it had been visited—and that but rarely—by professional ivory hunters only. He was going into the great-game country, where one lived by one's rifle, and where rhinoceros and giraffe and lion were matters of everyday experience. He was venturing among theretofore untamed savages, charged with the mission—at his age—of governing a kingdom!

And, best of all, he was going in the company of the celebrated Culbertson, the best-known hunter in Africa—Culbertson, who had gone right across the continent with no resources but his wits and his weapons; Culbertson, who had shot more elephants than he, Trelawney, ever hoped to see; Culbertson, who in the distance had loomed across the imagination like a legend, and whose inscrutability at close range had only added to his attraction. No wonder Trelawney had to look rather extraordinarily bored to conceal his feelings!

Every small accustomed detail of safari life was wonderful—the making and breaking of camp; the method of march; the discipline; the peoples passed on the road; the wide, wild, vast scenery; the birds; the monkeys; the "things that jumped up as he passed"—and especially the game herds. Never had Trelawney seen so many wild animals, never had he dreamed that so many existed. He tried to identify them with his confused book recollections; his finger itched for the trigger; his hunter's soul strained at the leash. But he did not know whether it was done, you know; so he inhibited that desire also and trudged on longingly.

The celebrated ivory hunter seemed a taciturn sort. He smoked his black pipe and slouched along, and apparently saw nothing. It was three hours before he spoke at all, and then only to proffer a most extraordinary question. He removed his pipe from his mouth and asked abruptly:

"Is your given name Percy?"

"Why, no. Did you know of a Trelawney by the name of Percy? Mine is Allan."

"Sorry," said this extraordinary man with an air of regret. And now what could he mean by that?

The journey consumed three weeks. By the end of that time Trelawney had begun an incursion into the Swahili language; he had shot considerable game for camp; he had unconsciously absorbed a few ideas; and he had begun to consider himself quite an old-timer. But he had not got much farther with his companion. Kingozi seemed entirely sufficient to himself. He was not unfriendly—quite the contrary—but he appeared absorbed in an inner life. At times

he carried on long talks with the wizened black man, whom Trelawney learned to call Cazi Moto—but in Swahili. Culbertson's idea of human intercourse seemed to be the sociable silence.

III

THEY arrived and selected a location for a post and at once started the hundred-odd porters they had brought with them to building. The location was a wide opening of a hundred acres or so at the fringe of the forest. It looked out, through a paneling of trees, scattered far abroad over the veldt. A stream of clear water ran through it and the grass at this elevation was green.

Under Cazi Moto's supervision and Kingozi's inspection the porters built, first of all, a tremendous circular house, with a high conical roof. The frame was of poles, the walls of papyrus stalks, and the roof thatch of grass. It had three windows, without glass, but capable of being closed by white cotton cloth; and a wide door. The camp cots were arranged on one side; a table was built for the other, together with canvas chairs; shelves were fastened to the wall. A lamp and its attendant tin of precious paraffin oil were installed.

Opposite these administrative quarters were five well-built smaller huts. In two dwelt the *askaris*, as the Sudanese troops were called. The others were given to Cazi Moto, the two gunbearers, the two personal boys, and the cook. In the center of the square thus formed was erected a peeled flagpole with halyards; and when all was completed Kingozi caused a parade of all the men. They stood in lines while the flag was bent on. And then, as it fluttered aloft, the *askaris* fired a fine, resounding, smoky black-powder salute with their Sniders. Trelawney stood very erect, fingers to helmet, his mind singing with high thoughts as to the extension of the Empire, outposts of civilization, and the like; and he offered up a little prayer—though he would not have so considered it—that he might be worthy.

Trelawney, Proud as Proud, But Outwardly Bored Almost to Extinction, Rode a Captured Horse at the Head of It All

After all these things were done the hundred-odd porters shouldered their meager effects, and the forest closed behind them. The two white men, with their dozen attendants, were alone among millions of savages. Trelawney was horrified to discover in himself the least tremor of regret as the last of that sturdy file disappeared.

"There's a lot of work could be done here," he suggested. "Those chaps could be very useful."

"There's a horde of other men hereabouts," said Kingozi.

"But will they work for us?"

"That's the very first thing we must get them to do," said Kingozi.

Up to this time Kingozi had paid no attention whatever to the inhabitants. The latter had hovered round; had ventured cautiously into the outskirts of the clearing; had even opened conversations with some of the men. None had approached the white men, and no women or children had appeared. But when the safari men had been safely dispatched Kingozi removed his short black pipe long enough to ask:

"Well, time to get in touch with these people. What are you going to do now?"

Trelawney stared at him with dismayed amazement. Both the Governor and the D. C. had been very explicit as to the status. The ivory hunter was to have actual charge; he—Trelawney—was to be merely the figurehead; but, at the same time, he was to learn as much as he could.

"But that is just what I was going to ask you!" he cried.

Kingozi shook his head.

"You're in charge here; and you're responsible," said he.

"But I supposed ——" cried Trelawney; then he threw back his head. "Very well," he said curtly. "But this is all new to me."

Kingozi laid his hand on the young fellow's knee.

"That's the spirit," he said kindly. "Do your duty; and I'll try to see that you don't go far wrong. What first?"

"Well," said Trelawney doubtfully, "I suppose we'd better go direct to headquarters. I think I shall summon the King to an interview."

"Should not you go to see him?"

"Should I?"

"I'm not suggesting; I'm asking your opinion."

"In that case ——" Trelawney mused. "Hang it all! I'm so new at this! Well, I should say it would impress him more to come and see me."

"No question of that. But if he sends an official instead?"

Trelawney's idea was developing.

"No others need apply. I'd have Cazi Moto give him a present and send him back."

"And if the King refused to come?"

"I don't know," replied Trelawney frankly; "but I think he would. If he didn't I suppose I could think of some scheme to see the old bounder: or else I'd refuse to do anything but play with my own dolls for a while—or something."

"And if that annoyed him and he sent over to have us speared?"

"I suppose that's the chance we are taking, isn't it?" asked Trelawney simply.

They smoked for a time.

"Am I right?" asked the young man at last.

"Try it and see," replied Kingozi.

IV

THE King was summoned; he sent his Prime Minister, who was politely received by Cazi Moto, denied a sight of the Bwana M'Kubwa, given a drink of sweetened coffee, enriched with a small present, and returned right side up with care. He carried with him, also, by instruction, the information that one of the white men was no less a personage than the celebrated Bwana Kingozi, Fighter of Elephants; but that Bwana Kingozi was, like the visitor, a satellite to the real lord, who was Bwana Marefu. Marefu was the name already bestowed on Trelawney by the natives. And by this measure of values could be guessed the importance of Bwana Marefu.

For the reason that his curiosity was then strongly roused, the King made his visit. It was a tremendous occasion, with elements of throngs of gorgeous spearmen, numerous young women decked in cowries, files of slaves bearing gifts of firewood and milk, the beating of drums, clash of weapons, blowing of horns, and such a riot of savage noise and color that Trelawney was thrilled with the barbaric romance of it. He fortunately knew what to do, because he remembered Culbertson's incidentally mentioning the procedure in the course of some anecdote. And Kingozi, sitting by, saw that his ingeniously planted instructions had been remembered.

Trelawney, with great dignity, touched the gifts, indicating acceptance; he shook hands with the thumb grasp of friendship; he then entered into high converse—through Kingozi and Cazi Moto—with His Majesty. He felt rather an ass, sitting in his canvas chair, acting as though he were the whole thing, while Culbertson—older, wiser, greater, more experienced in every way—stood back of his chair like a servant. He flushed, wondering whether Culbertson thought him a cocky little bounder. Then he caught sight of the flag above him, and into his heart came assurance. He was not merely Trelawney: he was the Empire!

He had given considerable thought to his opening speech with M'Booley, which was briefly to the effect that he had been sent by the King of the *Inglishe* to bring justice and happiness to this remote corner of his realm; that he relied upon M'Booley, as a loyal subject, to obey; that back of him was the might of Britain; and he trusted they should live together as brothers. To this Kingozi, who was to act as interpreter, listened with attention. Then he spoke to M'Booley in Swahili as follows:

"The Bwana M'Kubwa has come to rule you. He commands you to bring him food and firewood. He tells you to remember the war against the Wakamba. He says to issue orders among your peoples that wars and spearings must cease. He promises you that he will allow no white man and no Somali to steal from the people. He says that the people must bring their quarrels to him and he will judge them. He says that he comes as a friend, but that in case of necessity he can strike heavily."

M'Booley glanced round him.

"These are big words, papa," he commented, "and a light *runga* [club] with which to strike heavily."

"They are true words," replied Kingozi haughtily; "and the *runga* is too heavy to carry here unless there is need for it. Remember the wisdom of Leyeye, who made peace without war."

M'Booley glanced round him and rose.

"Tell the Bwana M'Kubwa *qua heri*," he said enigmatically.

"He says he is gratified to say good-by," Kingozi told the boy.

"How did he take my talk?" asked Trelawney.

"I think he was quite impressed," replied Kingozi gravely.

Immediately they sent presents of considerable value and sat down to await results. Kingozi had the place cleared of natives and kept clear. Guards were stationed at night, and either Cazi Moto or his master was constantly afoot. In the mysterious night-ridden forest drums throbbed. An uninterrupted wailing chant arose. All about the small clearing its dwellers felt the unseen

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N. BROWN

By THANE MILLER JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE junior partner of the great law firm of Rhodes, McCormack, Woodard & Bradshaw peevishly zipped a thin paper knife along the tough edge of a fibrous envelope. He grabbed the inclosed papers in a bony fist, jerked them open with nervous fingers and glanced swiftly at the accompanying letter. Then he tossed the bundle impatiently into the wire basket at his left and, leaning forward, eyed his enormous partner appraisingly as he framed his indictment.

"Our copy of the transcript in the Morse case. Another good case lost! N. Brown's briefing, of course! See here, Dan Rhodes, how much longer are we going to stand for this sort of thing? We simply can't afford ——"

"But," demurred the senior partner slowly, "N. Brown's work always seemed to me to be extra good. Are you sure he's to blame?"

"I'll tell you this," accused Jim Bradshaw aggressively: "Eternal up-to-date-ness is the price of business. Now N. Brown has been—that's it, he has been—a pretty fair briefing lawyer for this firm in his day. In his day, mind you! But he's getting old. He's becoming more and more absent-minded. He'll putter round for days in the library preparing a monograph on some obsolete point of law that's not worth a cuss in these practical days. He thinks more of reading a paper before the Bar Association on the early aspects of the jury courts of the Hundreds before the Norman Conquest than of trying to find some loophole through which one of our good corporation clients can motor out of the danger zone in a negligence case. He's a back number!"

Bradshaw nipped off the end of a black cigar as savagely as though his action symbolized an abrupt guillotining of the obnoxious N. Brown.

"Still, I haven't noticed any breaks," began Rhodes dubiously.

"There was that disaster in the Penfield cases!" burst out Bradshaw.

"But the stubborn facts there were against us ——"

"Nowadays it's become a matter of being adroit enough to fit the facts to some legal proposition, or to make the precedent fit the facts."

"You're cynical, Bradshaw."

"The times are cynical!" he excused. "And N. Brown is too damned erudite! And that means a leakage in efficiency. We can't afford to pay a big salary for archæological researches. We've simply got to get a good, smart hustler, like this man Jackson I've been telling you about, a live wire who realizes that the law's a weapon to keep sharp for combat, not a relic to fondle and write essays about!"

Bradshaw sprang to his feet and flung his lean frame about the room in an excess of impatience.

Rhodes' pink, massive face stiffened with uncomfortable thought. He scrutinized his energetic partner waveringly.

"Thank You, Brown. I'll Certainly Avail Myself of Your Offer—When I Find That I Need You"

A clerk apologetically knocked; then entered, extending a card. Bradshaw snatched at it.

"I'll ring," he directed.

The clerk withdrew.

"'Thornton G. Jackson,'" Bradshaw read crisply. "Been prosecuting attorney in Williams County for five years. Before that was with Ross, Black & Ross. We've done counsel work for them ——"

"Yep."

"The man's wide awake, Dan. Don't need to put on a front. It's on! And if we're going to hold our end up against the rival firms that are springing up about us lately, as thick as munition factories, we've got to show the people."

"Yep," agreed Rhodes. "Yep; I suppose so. Business is falling off some ——"

Bradshaw leveled a gnarled forefinger at his Falstaffian partner. His cold blue eyes glinted.

"You suppose so!" he broke in with a sneer. "Did you notice—now did you just happen to notice the size of your check for June?"

"Nope—but my wife did!" sighed Rhodes lugubriously. "Still, won't this change hurt little N. Brown pretty badly?"

Bradshaw grunted; then jabbed at a button. He wheeled upon his enormous partner.

"Since when has this firm refused to pay decent wages for services performed? Since when did it establish the principle of once efficient, always efficient? We haven't—yet—evolved into an old ladies' home." Then, to the clerk who had entered: "Tell Mr. Jackson to walk right in."

But Thornton G. Jackson, a large man of forty-five, with a big, supreme-court-judge face, did not walk in—he elbowed in.

He elbowed the clerk. He elbowed the circumambient atmosphere. His egotism stuck out in front like the vanguard of an army with banners. He required and acquired, as of right, a goodly cubic area in which to maneuver. Retiring, inefficient natures might slink obsequiously through life; but Thornton G. Jackson was fully aware of his requirements, and dreadnought class advertised itself from the very way he squared his broad shoulders and, by a muscular throwing of his arms, limbered up those shoulders for an athletic handshake. "I'm chock-full of vim, grit and nerve. You'll like me!" his presence megaphoned.

He entertained a profound respect for Nature because she could and had evolved a Thornton G. Jackson. He was sincerely self-appreciative. He was Efficiency in the flesh. The patient, hopeful searcher for the superman would have paused in his vicinage and experienced all the joy of epochal discovery.

"Brother Rhodes," he exclaimed effusively, as the three sat chatting, "it is a sincere pleasure to associate myself with the great firm of which you were the founder, and"—conceding consolatory volumes in a swift side glance at Bradshaw—"are still one of the leading gladiators in litigation's arena."

Rhodes nodded briefly.

"Yep. Have a cigar?"

"And in view of the magnificent counsel and court practice your firm has built up," reminded Jackson, tucking the cigar into a tight little pocket over his bulging chest, "it will be

"Say, Have You Seen My Brief in the Kuttler Case?" He Demanded Triumphantly

a task of no small magnitude to gather—intelligently gather—and digest the exact and up-to-date points of law pertaining to the case in hand. I say intelligently——"

"Yep," agreed Rhodes dispassionately. "Your room's number nine, I think?"

"Ah, yes. Thank you, Brother Rhodes. As I was saying, the science of preparing a list of cases that have arisen upon similar points, of molding these, with the principles underlying them, into an adequate brief—as we lawyers call that interesting document—has undergone wonderful development these past few years. Why, I recall the time when most of the looking up of the law was done by mere students in the office, or, anyhow, by some half-efficient dodderer"—he exchanged a meaning glance with Bradshaw—"who wasn't good for anything else; and for that very reason wasn't good for briefing, either.

"In these strenuous days a lawyer, to be an efficient brief maker, must have had experience in all phases of the law—theory and practice. Just as important as knowing the principles underlying the cases is to know what the judge was, politically, before he landed on the bench. What has been his viewpoint toward corporations; what his hobbies, his antipathies; and—what he eats for breakfast and what he looks for in a partner at bridge."

Bradshaw grinned appreciatively and winked at Rhodes, who sat regarding Jackson with ponderous stolidity.

Jackson easily acquired, as of right, a third chair for the accommodation of one of his shiny oxfords, and unctuously summed up the whole modern duty of the briefing lawyer:

"Human motives and human prejudices are as important as briefing fossil human conduct—precedents. Now I ——"

"Have a cigar?"

Jackson carefully inserted it beside its fellow in the protesting little pocket.

"Now I ——"

"You'll excuse me? I really must go to work," groaned Rhodes, hoisting himself up from his chair by adroit leverage of stubby arms.

He extended a pudgy hand to Jackson; then patted, on protesting ankles, from the room. Bradshaw turned, with a frown, to his desk and took up a bundle of strapped papers.

"I—we want you to commence, Brother Jackson, on the most important case we've fought out in this office since the Blashfield injunction cases," he explained. He read from an indorsement: "'Kuttler-Haskall Electric Company versus Woodbury Light and Water Company.' We're for Woodbury; and you will see by these papers that the case has been fought out before a jury and lost by us, and we're appealing."

Jackson extended his arm magnificently, protectingly.

"You've got me with you now!" his gesture shouted. "There is no occasion for further apprehension."

Half an hour later Jackson and Bradshaw, the former's big paw of a hand hovering protectingly about Bradshaw's thin shoulder, swung down the broad corridor toward room nine. Jackson was marching in open formation. Clerks hurrying past instinctively dwindled to shrunken pygmies. A cartoonist of insight would have had difficulties with his perspectives for lack of space.

An abstracted little man with glinting eyeglasses and a benign aspect slipped from room eight as they passed. He beamed absently upon Bradshaw.

"Good morning, Mr. Bradshaw!" And he started to slip past, a mass of papers in his hand.

"Morning, Brown!" grudged Bradshaw. "Just one moment! I want you to shake hands with Brother Jackson, now associated with us. Jackson, this is our Mr. N. Brown. Mr. Brown has been"—Bradshaw smiled over Brown's meager shoulder, with a deprecatory lifting of his eyebrows—"our briefing expert!"

N. Brown turned pink to the tips of his ears. He met Jackson's effusively extended hand diffidently and winced at the muscular demonstration of cordiality.

"I've heard of Mr. N. Brown, Mr. Bradshaw. I've heard of our N. Brown. The name of N. Brown meant something to me even when I was a student. I read his articles in the law magazines. I used to think that N. Brown knew more law than John Marshall; and"—with a big laugh—"I'm not sure that I've changed my opinion!"

N. Brown blushed with genuine pleasure. From his flattened posture against the wall he deprecated, with a nervous giggle:

"Oh! Those trivial things!"

Yet in his heart he conceded that never in his fondest dreams had he hoped to reap a reward so gratifying as the expression of this splendid lawyer's admiration. Instant vassalage burned in the bosom of little N. Brown in the presence of this condescending world straddler. This new, amazing giant bulked a colossus greater than any in his book of heroes. He stood blinking in a warm tumult of appreciation. "It's—it's nice of you to—to say so," he added, as involuntarily as a man sneezes.

It was not an intellectual concession. It was a physical impulse. It was the world-old deference of the mere *homo* for the *vir*.

"And, if I am not mistaken," Jackson went on, beaming comically at Bradshaw, "this same Mr. N. Brown has written verses—verses for the little ones, the bright-eyed children of our commonwealth."

N. Brown winced. He had greatly hoped that the staid law firm of Rhodes, McCormack, Woodard & Bradshaw would never hear of this indiscretion. He was distressed.

Jackson struck a half-merry, half-heroic attitude, and soared on:

"Give me to write the songs of the nation, the nursery jingles of its glorious pure childhood, and I care not who makes the laws!" Then he added a studiously obvious eulogy: "In the person of our N. Brown we enviously behold the twofold power—song and the law!"

N. Brown stood blinking, embarrassed. With little palpitations of apprehension, he stole a timid look at Bradshaw. As he feared, the junior partner's smile had in it a shocked disapproval. N. Brown fervently wished that his splendid laudator had been less effusive. He felt sure that, if Jackson had but known that the big law firm would frown upon such unprofessional levity, wild horses could not have dragged such a damaging eulogy from him. And wild horses were credited by N. Brown with tremendous dragging powers. The image of speech was old-fashioned; but then, little N. Brown was old-fashioned. His placid, timid life was regulated by certain drab virtues against which these same wild horses had tugged for forty-eight years. Yet he knew that he was merely stubborn. A mule does not, *ipso facto*, obtain credit for strength of character. N. Brown had always conceded himself to be a weakling.

Sighing, he edged along the corridor toward the stenographers' rooms. A forgotten duty to express some boisterous, man-among-men welcome to this big fellow had managed to force from his lips a hesitating:

"I'll—of course!—I'll see you often, Br—other Jackson."

"See me? Well, I guess yes! I guess these offices will know I'm hanging round, all right, all right!"

"A splendid, manly, likable fellow; a hail-fellow-well-met. Has a way with him!" sighingly mused N. Brown as he paused before a door from beyond which clamored the click-clack of many typewriters.

Late that afternoon N. Brown checked off a memorandum on a penciled slip, weighted with many others under his inkstand, and reached for his telephone.

"Mr. Bradshaw? . . . N. Brown speaking. In reference to the Kuffler-Haskall appeal, shall I make a start on the briefing in the morning?"

"Oh—ah!" Bradshaw's thin voice paused awkwardly, ominously. "Well, to tell the truth, Brown, I—we thought that Brother Jackson might attend to that. New blood, you know. Eh?"

The voice held a hard, forced mirth. N. Brown reddened; then grew very white and still.

"Oh—yes; certainly."

He had feared this very thing and had sought to stiffen his courage to face it. He had reached for the telephone as for a nettle; to be gripped hard—hard. Now that the sinister voltage of his merited misfortune throbbed painfully through his meager frame, his finger nails clattered a galvanic Morse code on the nickel instrument. His mind sought frantically to absorb and discount this discomfiture.

But it meant so much to him! Of course Bradshaw did not—could not know! Bradshaw had acted for the best in thus displacing him. Bradshaw was brusque, but it would hurt him to have to be brutal. N. Brown was suddenly acutely aware that it was a hard moment for the junior partner. He felt sorry for him. He forced into his voice a nonchalance that would have just managed to deceive a child.

"Jackson will do splendidly! . . . Are there any other matters you wish me specially to attend to?"

"Yes. You might see our Mr. Stewart. Get from him the papers in the Cowles Traction Expropriation cases. There is considerable land-title searching to be done."

"And ——"

"Y-yes. We are compelled—did you know?—to let our Mr. Stewart go—for the time. Business quiet. And—and your own salary—just for the time—will have to be reduced to that allowed Stewart. That will mean—I'm sorry about this, Brown—a reduction of about four hundred."

N. Brown gulped. Portions of words semiarticulated themselves from his twitching lips. Bradshaw's voice came uneasily:

"Eh? Did you speak? Of course if you feel that you cannot afford to stay with us at the reduced figure ——"

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Bradshaw! It is a matter of the firm's policy. I quite understand. We must all try to do the best we can. Business will pick up ——"

"That's the way to talk, Brown!" exclaimed Bradshaw, relieved.

The click of the receiver as the junior partner hung up enabled him, as Brown realized, to breathe a sigh of relief at the conclusion of a very unpleasant two minutes.

The little man, the instrument held listlessly in his sprawling lap, stared stonily at the steel engraving of the great jurist, John Marshall, over his desk.

How would John Marshall have judged him? Jackson had airily compared him with that great lawyer. Faugh! He despised himself. Law was a jealous mistress. And he he had flirted with Literature, Law's most insidious rival. And, even when courting Law herself, he had been wont, with half-closed artist eyes, to garb her in her grandmother's ancient finery. Nothing possessed true beauty for him until it had become fossilized—useless! Then only would he peer about among the ruins of what was once vital, abounding life—for relics!

The quaint lore of the obsolete Year-books of ancient English jurisprudence had lured him into archæological excursions, while the squawk of birthing statutes left him cold and critical. He perceived how Bradshaw must have come to regard him. He knew that, since the disaster in the Penfield cases, the junior partner had been moodily testing the whole office machinery. And now Bradshaw had put his finger on the weak spot. N. Brown had been the cog that had slipped. Bradshaw, once having decided this, had acted with his usual energy. And he had acted wisely.

Look at Jackson's snap and vim and push and vigor! N. Brown took an inquisitorial glee in flinging at himself these terse words, which stood for qualities he himself so deplorably lacked. And each word stung.

For years the lines had fallen unto him in pleasant places. The great library had been his delight. He had been wont to nudge himself of mornings, like some undetected malefactor his confederate, that no officer had come armed with a warrant for his arrest for trespass and assault upon these sheep and buckram bound tomes of ancient learning and modern law lore. If the rude police power that curbs life into prose had but known of the dear and deep delight his work had been to him, he had felt that a perversity of human fate would have sworn out a prohibition.

And now the dread prohibition had come. He had proved unfaithful to his task, and he was to be ejected from his beloved heritage. He was relegated to the drudgery of a land-title clerk.

In a pitiful effort at solace he reached for his pouch, stuffed tobacco into a black jimmy pipe and, puffing manfully, sought out Mr. Stewart and the papers in the Cowles Traction Expropriation cases. Deeds and wills were often curiously interesting, he reflected.

As the busy days whirred by in the offices of Rhodes, McCormack, Woodard & Bradshaw, the great case of Kuffler-Haskall Electric Company versus Woodbury Light and Water Company clicked itself through the typewriters endlessly. The stenographers invented a surprisingly short phraseogram for it. Their nimble fingers galloped along the keyboards to the tune of it with subconscious, errorless efficiency.

Thornton G. Jackson, the recognized savior of the firm's fortunes, launched himself with great spirit into the

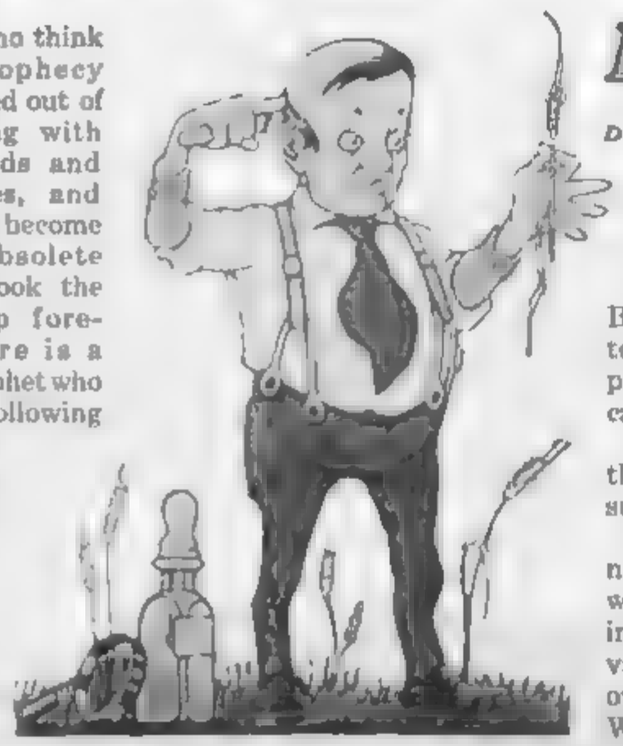
(Continued on Page 47)

"You Think! It is Often Said, Brown—in Fact, Jackson Says That Absent-Mindedness is a Crime"

PROPHETS OF THE FIELDS

By Forrest Crissey

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THOSE who think that prophecy has passed out of fashion, along with flowing beards and black mantles, and that faith has become almost an obsolete faculty, overlook the modern crop forecaster. Here is a latter-day prophet who commands a following to which the ancient founders of the forecasting industry were strangers.

The tent of this modern commercial fortune teller—whose readings of the future are in terms of crop yields—is crowded with devotees who hang the gain or loss of immense fortunes upon his ability to measure aright the harvests of unfruited fields and to reveal his visions with steadfast honesty. Though fickle Speculation waits with tense interest upon the utterances of this crop seer, sober Commerce is a steady patron of the Prophet of the Fields, whose allegiance is unfaltering.

In fact, information of the beforehand brand is about the only kind that really counts in the commercial world to-day, and billions of dollars' worth of business is done on estimates of what is likely to happen, instead of on knowledge of what has happened in the great laboratory where Nature is working out her mysterious processes of production. The part previousness plays in the commerce of the world is appreciated by few—those who have made or lost immense sums because they had or failed to have the right forecast of an unripened harvest.

There is, for example, scant doubt that a certain trader last year cleaned up a fortune by backing with large resources and unlimited courage the predictions of a well-known crop forecaster. Several others made their devotion to the scientific crop horoscope net them a million dollars or more; and those who cashed their faith in this form of prophecy to the tune of six figures, in the course of a few months, were so numerous as to be almost commonplace. The rewards of confidence in the figures of the crop forecaster have been even more prodigal in the last twelve months than in any other year in the world's history.

But the most striking testimonial to the power of a crop forecast—when backed by an established reputation for accuracy—is found in the recent suppression of a report on the present winter-wheat crop of the United States by an expert who enjoys the confidence of the whole grain-dealing world. Never had he put greater care into the preparation of a forecast than into this, and never had a previous report from him been awaited with a higher tension of anxiety. For about twenty-five years his figures on prevailing crop conditions had preceded the official report of the United States Government by a few days.

When the Oracle Was Silent

AFTER traveling hundreds of miles for a personal inspection of the most important sections, he made his calculations and faced the fact that the crop gave almost certain promise of an alarming shortage. At a time when the price of both cash wheat and that for future delivery stood at the dizziest figures ever known, and the United States was confronted with an unprecedented food situation, the effect of giving this information to the speculative world involved a graver responsibility than any he had ever shouldered. He knew that his forecast would strike the wheat pit with an explosion like that of a forty-two-centimeter shell. And in that market the allies of the United States were struggling to buy breadstuffs for their millions of fighting men and for the greater armies of their noncombatants.

"The minute this forecast hits the pit," he reasoned, "an already sensational situation will be accelerated to the pitch of madness. The newspaper press will play it up, of course. The public is in no mood to listen tamely to tales of food speculation or reports of higher prices. Again, the friendly governments are the big factors in the market. Why not let Uncle Sam take the whole responsibility of breaking the news of the winter-wheat shortage to the grain world? Why not set an example of discreet silence concerning the alarming crop conditions that Uncle Sam's official forecasters are at liberty to follow if they like?"

This looked like one hundred per cent common sense to him; so he followed his hunch, applied the muffler, and, for the first time in twenty-five years, forgot to issue his forecast.

By the time the watchful traders had begun to awaken to the fact that there was an ominous silence on the part of the great crop authority, Uncle Sam's forecasters dropped the bomb of their official estimate.

The havoc it played has already made history in the world of food prices. The expert who voluntarily suppressed his own estimate has this to say:

"In a time of national peril like the present, the necessity of a foreknowledge of what our food supplies will be stands out in its true light. Just suppose, for instance, that neither the Federal Government nor private enterprise had developed the work of forecasting our various crops to its present scientific accuracy. What a pitiable position this country would be in! Our situation would be somewhat parallel to that of steering our war vessels without a compass, or to firing our big guns at the enemy by guesswork. There is a wealth of solid wisdom in the old adage 'Forewarned is forearmed.'

"Knowing definitely, some months in advance of the harvest, that our wheat crop is sure to be below normal, there is an opportunity to meet the deficit by sounding the alarm and rousing the people to plant other crops which will to some extent serve as a food substitute. Again, it permits a systematic economy in the use of breadstuffs that will act as a shock absorber. It enables the constructive genius of the country to deal with the great problems of immensely increased demand, of decreased production, and of curtailed farm labor."

How the Crops Affect Business

"ALMOST any situation can be met with a reasonable degree of success provided its measure can be taken well in advance. Its terrors when definitely known and carefully faced can almost always be made to shrink, and sometimes to disappear.

"It would take a daring imagination to draw an adequate picture of the situation in which this country would find itself in the fall of 1917, for example, if no dependable foreknowledge of total crop deficiencies was now available to those who are the nation's official stewards. To be sure, those deficiencies may be increased by further unfavorable crop conditions; but we have the advantage of knowing now—while there is yet time to soften the blow—that our wheat crop will be short by more than a hundred million bushels."

Because speculation is so sensitively affected by the crop forecast issued from any dependable source, and the voice of the strident speculator is always to be heard above the other sounds of the market, we are prone to overlook the service this form of scientific guesswork renders to its less noisy patrons—industry and commerce.

These solid figures stand in the background and quietly study the authoritative crop forecast as a general studies a report of his airmen's observations of the enemy's lines.

The manufacturer must base his output on the probabilities of demand and he must make his goods some time in advance of their actual need by the consumer. As a rule, big crops spell fat purses and generous buying power, while crop failures mean scrimping and going without. Therefore the manufacturer who does not base his output on an intelligent forecast of the future crop is liable to produce upon a prosperity expectation, only to find a large share of his goods thrown back upon his hands by a lean and unfriendly harvest.

Again, without the aid of this barometer of future trade he is liable to miss the rich profits of a fat year by holding his production down to a volume too low to meet prosperity demands.

But progressive manufacturers do not confine their use of the crop forecaster's figures to an adjustment of production between fat and lean years. Their service to him has been perfected to a much finer point than this. Hundreds of manufacturers and wholesalers make adroit use of the crop report as a range finder in firing their distribution batteries to better advantage. They have found it a wonderful instrument of economy of salesmanship and distribution expense.

To sell goods in a territory that will not absorb them is a doubtful benefit. Where the retailer cannot pass his wares on to his customers, and collect the money for them, he becomes slow pay himself. This means that the distributor has capital tied up in goods which are not moving.

Again, there is a special advantage in selling in a territory that is tingling with prosperity. This is the only soil in which the voluntary repeat order thrives—and this variety of order pays the highest percentage of profit. There is more nourishment in this type of traffic, where one planting of salesmanship expense bears several crops of repeats, than in any other kind known.

"I want," says a big jobber, "to plant my sales in friendly soil, where they bear repeats, instead of where each subsequent sale must be made at a selling expense equal to that which secured the initial order. Then it is decidedly undesirable to place goods where they keep your money tied up for an abnormal period. Before I found out how to use a crop forecast as an instrument for spotting sections of country where every probability pointed to generous harvests and consequent prosperity, the dodging of districts destined to a lean season was largely guesswork.

"It is, of course, a great advantage to a manufacturer or a large distributor to know, to a moral certainty, whether he is opening to a season of general prosperity or to one of stringency. This is the first and fundamental service of the crop forecast to the forces of commerce and industry. But when I learned how to use the crop estimate as a means of picking the regions where local conditions made them prosperous exceptions to the general outlook of depression, I was changed from firing my distribution as a random broadside to aiming it at definite targets, where it would do the most good.

"Consequently no speculator in the pit studies the crop forecasts more conscientiously than I do. And my interest is not confined to any one crop. It extends to all crops that are important enough to figure in the forecasts. I scan the forecasts with an eye to keeping my goods out of sections elected to suffer a severe shortage of their most important crop, and to putting them into districts where the outlook of the dominant crop is good. In other words, my main selling effort is directed at the regions that seem destined, according to the findings of the leading forecasters, to enjoy at least a local prosperity."

Watching the Horn of Plenty

"BY FOLLOWING this plan I have contrived to turn more than one year of general leanness into a season of fair success. This might be called using the crop forecast as a financial shock absorber; and I can testify that it is capable of mighty effective service in that capacity. Just so long as some crops fail while others thrive, and the soil of one region yields little but disappointment while, in the same season, that of another grows abundant harvests of that crop or of another, so long will the manufacturer or the jobber who is skilled in the finer use of the crop forecaster's work have a distinct advantage over one who neglects this instrument of commercial range finding."

To-day there is scarcely any large manufacturing or commercial concern, any big industrial unit of any sort, which does not give the authentic crop forecast as careful consideration as it receives at the hands of the speculator. Smaller enterprises are rapidly learning how to profit by this device for picking the spots upon which the horn of plenty is likely to be spilled in the form of bountiful crops, and avoiding those sections where poor harvests and a consequent shrinkage in ability to buy and pay for goods seem highly probable. Even the individual farmer who makes intelligent use of the information contained in the crop forecast is almost certain to get more from his efforts than the one who disregards this scientific horoscope of undeveloped harvests.

In spite of the fact that both industry and commerce have come to lean heavily on this form of prophecy, there are legions of doubters who are ready to meet the mention of the crop forecast with the intimation that it is a survival of the soothsayer's art, and mainly useful in showing that the human appetite for being humbugged is as strong as when P. T. Barnum made his famous remark.

These scoffers, however, are wholly unfamiliar with scores made by the crop forecasters whose findings are

most relied upon by the business world. Their batting average is convincing, to say the least. As sharpshooters on the rifle range of scientific prophecy their scores entitle them to unqualified confidence. One of the leading experts in this line remarks:

"Many believe that there is a high percentage of bunk in the business of crop forecasting, simply because they think that its findings are based on some mysterious sixth sense, instead of on minute observation, on practical experience in dealing with crop averages, and on discounting certain influences favorable or unfavorable to a normal yield. There is nothing mysterious about this calling or its methods.

"Those who have least confidence in its results are those who fail to realize the difference, in any line, between trained and sharply focused observation and merely looking at something in a loose, casual sort of way. It is a safe guess that those who consider the crop forecast of the best type as almost on a par with the readings of a gypsy fortune teller or the turbaned crystal gazer have never had experience with close scientific observation along any line, and know nothing of the difference between its findings and the logic of the deductions to be made from them and the offhand guesswork founded on casual, inexperienced and unintensive observation."

Forecasting With Incredible Accuracy

JUST how accurate a science crop forecasting has become is suggested by the fact that the two leading crop forecasters of the country—Uncle Sam and a certain individual expert whose facilities are almost on a scale with those of the Federal Bureau of Crop Estimates—ran neck and neck in their figures, the forecast of the individual expert always appearing a few days previous to the publication of the government's estimate. Last year's forecasts afford a good example of how closely these two prophets kept together in their figures and of how close these estimates were to the actual yields.

On July first this individual said that the corn-crop promise was 2,893,000,000 bushels. The government, eight days later, said 2,865,000,000 bushels. The private forecaster said that winter wheat promised 492,000,000, and eight days later the government came along with 489,000,000. The independent authority said that spring wheat would be 271,000,000 bushels, and the government said 270,000,000. The individual said that oats promised 1,315,000,000 bushels, and the government put it at 1,316,000,000.

According to the private forecaster there were 203,000,000 bushels of barley in sight, while the government's estimate was 206,000,000. Even the underground crops are measured by these forecasters. The unofficial forecaster on July first placed the potato promise at 370,000,000 bushels, while the official estimate on that date put the crop at 369,000,000.

Here are the government's final figures on these crops:

	BUSHELS		BUSHELS
Corn	2,583,000,000	Oats	1,251,992,000
Winter wheat	481,744,000	Barley	180,927,000
Spring wheat	158,142,000	Potatoes	285,437,000

The frequency with which the official and the private forecasts hit upon almost identical figures might suggest collusion between these two authorities. To those familiar with the conditions under which these estimates are made this suspicion is an absurdity, collusion being virtually an impossibility. The reputation of the individual forecaster depends upon his ability to beat Uncle Sam to it and, at the same time, to have his estimate corroborated by the forecast of the Federal Bureau of Crop Estimates, and finally by the returns from the actual harvest.

The gold coin in the vaults of the Treasury Department is not more carefully guarded or more difficult of access than the information upon which the official estimate is based. Again, penalties for disclosing such information are now too extreme to be risked for any reward that a leak might bring. Therefore the frequency with which these two forecasting organizations register estimates almost identical means only that they are like twin guns, fired with fine accuracy from the same distance at the same target.

The famous crop forecasts of the summer of 1916 are good examples of the remarkable feats of range finding performed by these gunners, who aim to hit the yield of crops still in the making. Almost at the end of June the foremost private forecaster of food crops reported that the spring-wheat crop promised to be two hundred and seventy-one million bushels—provided neither heat nor rust damage was experienced later.

The United States Bureau of Crop Estimates on July first made its forecast an even two hundred and seventy million bushels. When this private authority qualified his estimate by the terms just quoted, and added that the crop in important districts was highly susceptible to rust, the grain trade took notice, and many traders acted on this hint and began to buy heavily. Why had this expert employed the phrase suggestive of a fear that the crop might suffer later disaster? Because his intimate knowledge of field conditions gave him the hunch that there was a lurking peril in certain sections from the black rust.

Before his first report was made his correspondents in the suspected localities had been instructed to go into the fields from day to day and search for signs of this scourge. Some of the men intrusted with this responsibility were trained observers in the strictest sense of the term. Not only had they been reporting crop conditions to him for from fifteen to twenty-five years, but they had been personally instructed by him when on his visits to their localities. They knew what they were looking for, and their eyes were sharp and trained to their task. Their reports were sufficient to indicate that the threat of black rust was in the air. Samples of straw from the fields showed the tiny specks, proving the presence of this pest.

Instantly he went in person to the districts from which the most alarming reports had been received; for a crop-failure scare is a thing to be handled as tenderly as a stick of dynamite—especially by one who has the confidence of the entire grain trade and a large part of the commercial world besides.

On July tenth he wired a report from Aberdeen, South Dakota, in these words:

Late to-day I found black rust at Warner twenty miles south of Aberdeen in a field where wheat is still in bloom.

Every hour of daylight saw his automobile dashing from one great wheat field to another, and breaking speed records in his rushes. The tenor of his findings is indicated by the following telegram from the field:

There is a serious appearance of black rust over a large part of South Dakota which I have checked up at Yankton, Tyndal, Wolsey, Warner, Aberdeen, Frederick, Columbia and Milbank. In the southern part of the state the crop appears in small danger but in the heavy-producing districts of the North the rust has appeared at a very early stage of plant development. The crop is four weeks from harvest, much being still heading and the appearance of infesting spores at this date is serious. No forecast of probabilities possesses any value at this time, but the appearance over a wide area so early in plant history furnishes substantial basis for apprehension.

The effect of these reports from the field made market history at a pace then unprecedented. The pit went wild; and within thirty days wheat had advanced fifty cents a bushel, which meant from ten to eleven dollars a barrel for flour and a boost in the price of the baker's loaf. Naturally the traders who had unhesitating confidence in the findings of this forecaster, and also the money with which to back their faith, made immense fortunes.

The Prophet's Rewards

THOUGH his forecasts were bringing sudden wealth to his followers, the forecaster had to be content to pass the wheat pit without catching any of its golden showers. Both by ethics and temperament the forecaster is barred from speculation. To have a personal interest in the market his reports influence so powerfully would be to warp his judgment and undermine his ability to give the facts of the crop situation accurately and honestly.

Where, then, does the private crop forecaster get his reward for his work? His pay is a matter of contract with a big commission house, or perhaps with several of them in as many different trading centers. He may receive a salary or a percentage of the income or the profits of the houses he serves. In short, he may legitimately benefit from the volume of business provoked by his reports, but not from the direction of price movements.

The mechanics of a modern crop forecast are exact rather than complicated. At least this is true of the systems established by the private forecasters. The most widely known expert on food crops who is not in the government service has spent more than twenty-five years building up a corps of field correspondents, about twenty-five hundred strong. This system not only covers, with a resident representative, every county in the producing sections of the country, from the Alleghany Mountains to the Pacific Coast, but in many instances there are several correspondents in the same county. This occurs where a county contains decidedly contrasting conditions of soil or topography. There are counties in which this forecaster has a resident reporter in practically every township.

This corps of correspondents is the result of careful selection, elimination and training. Each reporter is picked for two qualities—alertness and sound judgment. Though the pay these men receive is merely nominal, the position of crop reporter carries certain prestige and perquisites that are not lightly prized in farming communities—and nearly all the forecaster's correspondents are active farmers. The supervision of the reports from these field men is so thorough that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the forecaster has a practical working acquaintance with every one of them. Every man is checked on the score of results; and when these do not justify his judgment he is dropped from the list of correspondents and a new man put in his place.

Black Rust and Hessian Fly

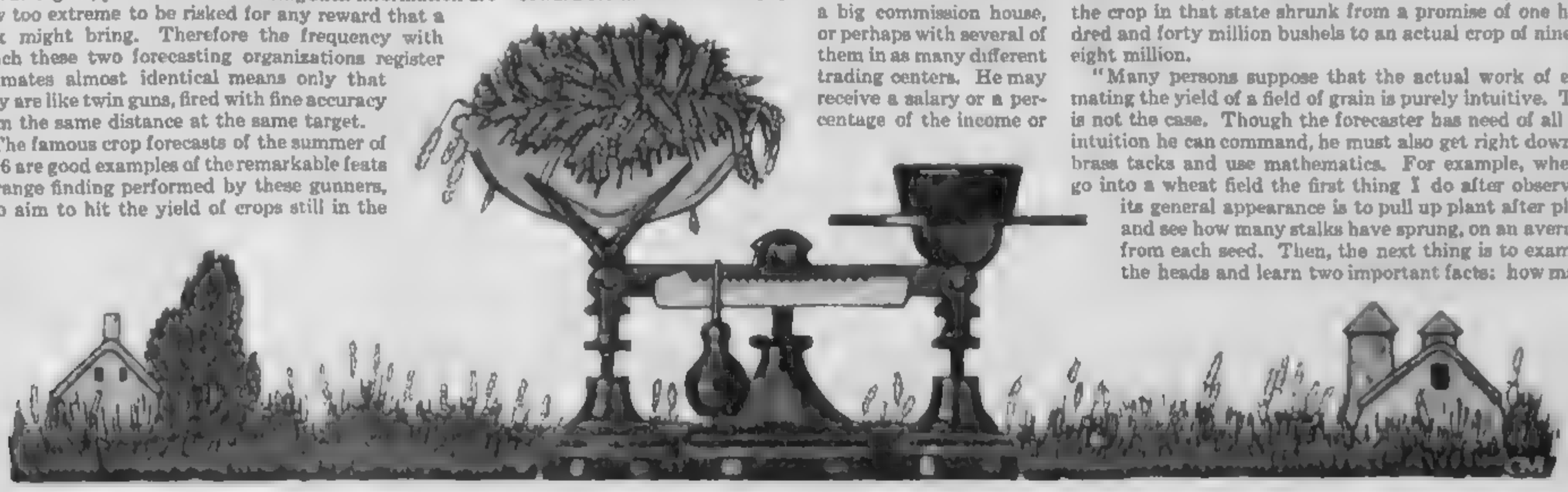
IN THE course of his travels from one crop section to another the forecaster meets a large share of his helpers face to face, and gives them individual instruction in the art of observing crop conditions and making yield estimates. From seed time to harvest he receives a regular monthly report from each of these correspondents; and by letter or wire he often calls upon them for special information, and frequently for samples of the growing plants or the partly developed berries of grains he may suspect to be in peril from some scourge or pest.

Illustrating this phase of the system, the forecaster whose system I am describing says:

"The appearance of the black rust in last year's wheat is an example in point. In the regions under suspicion, where I felt that the grain was highly susceptible to this scourge, I sent a special call to my most trusted and keen-eyed correspondents to go out and look for signs of trouble, and if they thought they found rust signs to send samples of the straw at once. Spotting incipient black rust might seem to the layman a very simple matter; but the fact is that the rust spots at the start are about as big as pin pricks, and it really needs a microscope to make sure of them. Later they become as large as flyspecks; and finally, when the spores break and spread, they thicken into blotches. If I had not sent out these instructions calling for special investigation, reports and samples, the scourge would not have been detected until much later. Always, when my suspicions of trouble in any important section are thoroughly roused, I go there personally.

"I did that last year when my survey the fall before showed there was Hessian fly in more than fifty counties in Kansas. At the end of May the promise of the Kansas wheat crop was put at one hundred and forty million bushels. I knew that the Hessian fly was present, and that its work was likely to do great damage. My agents reported to me that, instead of fifty counties, there were seventy-nine counties in which the Hessian fly was working. I immediately went to that state, went over the wheat territory very carefully, and reported that, instead of one hundred and forty million bushels, the state would not have one hundred million. The season was marvelously favorable, but, as a result solely of Hessian fly damage, the crop in that state shrunk from a promise of one hundred and forty million bushels to an actual crop of ninety-eight million.

"Many persons suppose that the actual work of estimating the yield of a field of grain is purely intuitive. This is not the case. Though the forecaster has need of all the intuition he can command, he must also get right down to brass tacks and use mathematics. For example, when I go into a wheat field the first thing I do after observing its general appearance is to pull up plant after plant and see how many stalks have sprung, on an average, from each seed. Then, the next thing is to examine the heads and learn two important facts: how many



kernels or berries there are in each mesh, and how many meshes the average head contains. There may be one, two or three seeds in a mesh sometimes more. Last season, in Northwestern Canada, I found fields in which the berries ran five to the mesh. A field that goes two grains to the mesh will make an average yield, other elements being normal. When the meshes contain four seeds and the heads are of ordinary length, and there are the average number of stalks to the stool, that ground is simply giving two crops in one. The Canadian fields to which I refer fully justified my estimate of sixty bushels to the acre.

"Having arrived at an average of the number of berries to the mesh, of meshes to the head, and of stalks to the stool or plant, it only remains to determine the number of plants in a square yard and apply the multiplication table. Knowing the average number of grains in a bushel of good wheat, you have the basis for a close calculation as to the yield.

"But, of course, I have been through these calculations so often that I have naturally established standards and short cuts which give me the answer without all this figuring. However, I do not care to make an important estimate on the yield of a field without knowing definitely the factors I have named.

"When it comes to forecasting scientifically on the yield of corn, you specifically lay off a section of a field, count a certain number of hills each way, and with pencil and pad count the number of stalks which bear one ear, the number which bear two ears, and the number which are barren. Having ascertained this, then the husk is ripped back to determine how well the cob is filled, and whether the grain is set all over the cob. This furnishes a basis for estimating the yield of corn to an acre.

"Taking the estimates of several hundred correspondents and reducing them to a general forecast of the yield in a large section is a game of offsets and discounts. Here is where the intuition or the subconscious judgment comes in. First, the forecaster must have an intimate knowledge of the character and capacity of the soil in every district under consideration. He must know where the soil will resist drought, where it will suffer most from excessive rains, and what will be the effect of other weather conditions on the soil of each particular section. This is rather a large order. Of course some of this information may be at his elbow in the form of weather maps and records; but he must carry most of it in his mind, in an assimilated form, in order to have it really available. More than that, he must make practical use of it in all his deductions and calculations. If he fails to do this the accuracy of his estimate is bound to suffer.

"Then, too, he must keep in mind constantly the personal equation of his correspondents—remembering that this reporter is inclined to be a bit too pessimistic, while the man in the next county is disposed to make too little of unfavorable signs. These elements must all be subjected to proper discounts in arriving at the final forecast. Therefore the task is one neither of plain arithmetic nor of intuition. Instead, it is a combination of both. The balance with which these two factors are blended determines the success of the forecast."

This forecaster declares that the automobile has increased the efficiency of crop reporting beyond measure—especially in crop crises. In the old days, when he made his trips from field to field in livery rigs and the long jumps from district to district by train, he could not cover the state of Kansas in a way to give him anything like a satisfactory view of its crop situation in less than three weeks. It was an ordeal that compelled him to drive hard in top buggies and buckboard during the hours of daylight and do most of his sleeping on the local trains at night. He gave his teams far more consideration than himself in this torrid campaign of Kansas fields. Last year he examined wheat fields in counties containing five million acres—out of a total of seven million five hundred thousand—did it all in three days, and more thoroughly than he had ever done it when the livery rig was the only means of travel on the roads.

"By automobile," he declares, "I can now cross the state of Kansas from north to south and from east to west and personally observe the crops in every grain-raising district of any account. The great advantage the automobile brings to my peculiar calling—in which time is preëminently the essence of the contract—is that it enables the forecaster to determine, by close personal observation, the crop conditions over a wide territory before they change. Under the reign of the livery rig decided changes in conditions occurred while the investigation was in progress. For example, at the outset of a state-wide investigation, before the automobile came to the grain country, I might find no sign of black rust; but before the examination was concluded the scourge may have developed to an alarming extent in the very fields I had scrutinized.

"Again, this advantage is not confined to the investigations I make personally. There are few if any of my twenty-five hundred correspondents who are not automobile owners. This means that they can cover their territories several times as against once in the old buggy days, and do so with less effort and far greater thoroughness. This means that the automobile is in the nature of an insurance against surprise in crop observation."

The crop forecaster does not have to depend upon the effect of his reports in the trading pits of the great grain markets for all his excitement. Occasionally he gets quite a jolt out in the field. A few years ago the expert just quoted made an extensive examination of crop conditions in the Argentine Republic and discovered that, for the first time in the history of that country, there was a devastating outbreak of black rust. The natives there had never seen rust before and had no idea of what it was. Most of them had no suspicion that anything was wrong with their crops.

The forecaster from the North could speak only a few words in Spanish and understood but little more. One day, early in his experience, he found that he was in a

(Continued on Page 65)

THE SOURCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

X

THE new mill was at last in action, and Big John Beaumont called Van Twiller Yard into town ostensibly to see it operate; but in reality to talk to the young man, to look him over and see how he was wearing.

"We're started," he said, "and we're pretty safe for winter. We figure there's close to enough pulpwood in the pond to keep us going till spring; but we're shy of hardwood. Got to have saw logs to keep the sawmill going, and we've got to have slabs and sawdust and edgings from the sawmill for fuel to keep the pulp mill going. Bear that in mind."

"I've been giving too much attention to the pulp," said Yard.

"No, keep on giving the pulp all you've got—and then give just as much to the beech, birch and maple." Big John grinned boyishly. "All I ask of you is every ounce you've got in you; and then just as much again on the side. I'm not unreasonable, you see."

Van was in no mood to respond to humor, though there was a well-defined vein of humor in him. He felt convinced Beaumont was not satisfied with him. He had fallen short of the demands of the situation. Apparently he did not yet measure up to the full stature of a man, or he would have produced full accomplishment.

"The situation is developing just as I figured," said Big John. "The market for sulphate pulp has passed the hundred-dollar mark. I see it clambering to a hundred and twenty-five. See what that means? It means that every ton of sulphate we can produce over and above the amount we're contracted to deliver will give us an extra profit of thirty or forty dollars a ton. If we can just crowd the mill to give an extra four or five tons a day—and that's all within the possibilities—then we can gather genuine velvet to the tune of forty or fifty thousand in the next twelve months. And I want all I can get. I'm risking considerable in this new game, and if I risk I'm entitled to the profits. It's fair."

"It is fair. You're annexing a new industry to the flag. You deserve your reward."

"Everything's contributing. Imports of rags have fallen to nothing. More paper is being used every year, and to-day, because of the rag shortage, manufacturers of book papers are turning to sulphite pulp. Not sulphate. Bear in mind the difference between these two. Sulphate is our game—chemical pulp. Swedish pulp. Sulphite, spelled with an 'i,' is acid pulp, and another matter; but it helps. No Kraft without us, and the country's educated to Kraft wrapping papers. Everything contributes. Of course the pickings are big to-day; but they won't always be. If we make a go of this other fellows will come in. There'll be mills and mills. The supply will crawl up near the demand and prices will go down. That's why I'm entitled to my rake-off. I'm showing the way. As soon as the others begin to tail in war profits will go. Then the consumer will profit. Your publisher will buy his paper cheaper; country newspapers won't have to go out of business because paper costs more than their gross receipts; manufacturers who ship in corrugated or fiber containers won't be giving up most of their possible profit. And we'll be safe against another happening like this forever. So far as papers of all sorts are concerned we won't be affected if another European war should break out. See?"

"Yes," said Yard. "We're doing our bit to make solid the future prosperity of our country."

"And you, Yard, are at the source—just as you said. It's all up to the woods end."

"It's big, isn't it? Think," said Yard, his face the face of an enthusiast, "of an America that is self-sufficient, that need not ask a thing of the world. It would be a Golden Age for us."

"More likely it would bring the world about our ears with large, unpleasant cannon and such trifles. No, you're going too far. If it were possible—which it isn't—I should dread the day when America had nothing to ask of the rest of the world. We'd be like a general store, stocked with everything the owner needed for life. He'd be satisfied. He would neither buy nor sell, but would settle back and eat himself up. Trade and commerce mustn't be forgotten, son. If we're to exist, to become mightier than we are, we must give and take. But," he smiled quizzically, "we must see to it we get a little the best of the deal."

Van changed the subject abruptly.

"Do you know the postmaster?" he asked.

Beaumont looked at him sharply.

"Yes," he said, but added nothing to the monosyllable. Something in his voice restrained Yard from continuing the topic.

"You asked about the Power Company," said Big John tentatively.

"Yes. Of course you knew they were bucking us before I dreamed it."

"I had an inkling. Have they shown their hand?"

"Not to any extent yet. Their time hasn't come."

"When do you figure it will come?" Big John was interested now. Here was a man who looked to to-day, but looked twice to to-morrow.

"In the spring, when it's time to drive down the pulpwood we've accumulated during the winter."

"Don't expect to be bothered before then?"

"I expect something every day."

"But haven't bumped against it yet?"

"Nothing worth mentioning."

"What about the trouble at Camp Four?"

Of that Yard had not spoken. It had been a mere incident to him; one that, ending well, was, therefore, of slight importance. He shrugged his shoulders, and Beaumont wondered for an instant if it were a pose; then decided it was not. Here was a young man so intent, so concentrated, that the world's opinion of himself did not matter. "Yard," he said, "I don't think I'm paying you enough money."

"Eh?" Yard's mind had been on something else. "Oh, that's all right, I guess," he said indifferently.

Beaumont mentally patted himself on the back. Here was that rare animal, the man who worked for an end and forgot all about what the work brought him. So Big John said no more about wages. He would see to that when the time came.

Big John did not know what his companion was thinking at the moment; possibly if he had known he might have been surprised or disappointed. Van's mind was not on work or sulphate. He was thinking of a girl with searching blue eyes.

"What do you need most right now?" Big John asked.

"Snow," said Van succinctly.

"I'll pray for it," said Beaumont; "but that's the best I can do. How about men?"

"Keep 'em coming."

"Want anything else?"

"No."

He arose and went out of the office. On his way to the hotel he saw approaching him Holmquist and a tall, spare gentleman of marked appearance. He was a man one would turn to study, for not alone was he what is sometimes described as an aristocrat, but ability seemed to radiate from him. Yard saw Holmquist look at him and then say something quickly to his companion. As they came face to face with Yard, Holmquist and his companion stopped.

"Mr. Yard," said the dapper little man, "I would like to present you to Mr. Ekstrom, president of the Eastern States Power Company."

Van bowed courteously, but did not offer his hand. Ekstrom's hand had not moved toward him either.

"I have heard much of Mr. Yard," he said, speaking precisely and in a cultivated voice, his words betraying by an indefinable something in the inflection that English was not the language he was born to speak. "May I add that what I have heard is wholly admirable?"

Van bowed slightly.

"You are not, I judge, a man with whom to mince words. I believe that is the idiom," said Ekstrom. "You are an employee of Mr. Beaumont's, and know how the Power Company views this new venture of his. I do not conceal from you that we do not hope for its success."

Yard waited silently.

"You," said Ekstrom, "are a man who can contribute much to its success. Therefore, it seems expedient, if we can arrange it, to deprive Beaumont of your services. Frankly we would rather have you with us than against us."

Van saw no occasion to reply.

"This," said Ekstrom, "is not to be an attempt to bribe you. It is an honest effort to secure for my company a valuable man. Irrespective of the present situation I should be glad to acquire you. Surely there is nothing unfair in that. As to the sulphate industry, let me state my position there. It is not a matter of dollars and cents with me. I am a Swede. I am at this moment a citizen of Sweden, and owe that country my allegiance. It is not a rich country, nor can it endure to have its wealth or its wealth-producing machinery impaired. Should the sulphate industry succeed here Sweden will be so impaired; and, therefore, as a citizen who has the welfare of his country at heart, I am doing and shall continue to do what I can in its interest. I think that explains clearly my position."

"Yes," said Yard.

"Then," said Ekstrom, "is there any reasonable inducement I can offer you to bring you into my employ?"

"None," said Yard.

"For a man of your capacity there is ample room with us."

"Undoubtedly," said Yard.

"Your decision is final?"

"Yes."

"Have you considered what the enmity of the Power Company might mean to you personally?"

"No, and I shall not. That, I take it," said Yard, "is in the nature of a threat, is it not?"

"This is industrial warfare. We cannot consider individuals."

"May I ask if you are threatening violence?"

"Our wish is either to have you with us or to, let us say, nullify you."

"I don't know," said Van softly, almost as though speaking to himself. "I'm not wholly sure of myself yet, not perfectly acquainted with myself; but my judgment is that you will find me somewhat difficult to nullify."

"Every man," said Ekstrom, "has his point of vulnerability. You oblige us to exert ourselves to discover yours."

"Mr. Ekstrom," said Yard, "I do not know whether you have expressed yourself honestly or if you are inspired in this matter by patriotism. You have been frank with me, and I shall try to be equally so with you." Suddenly he set his eyes upon Ekstrom's. "You have made a threat. I'll give you a chance to make good. But tell the man or men you send on the errand to come ready for trouble. You seem to want a fight. Well, you'll get a fight. Patriotism—rot! This country gave you wealth. It gives you a home. You will live and die here. If you owe anything to any country you owe it to America. You're an ingrate, and should be led to our border and kicked over it. Good morning."

Yard pushed by them and strode on his way.

Holmquist was blazing with wrath; not so Ekstrom. He smiled and looked after Van with admiration.

"There goes a good man," he said. "I've got to have him, and I'll get him of his own free will—or by some other means. I want that man."

Yard rode back to the woods in the cab of the engine that pulled a string of empty trucks to be loaded with hardwood logs in the morning. About a mile from headquarters the railroad branched, the line to the left passing headquarters and continuing upward beyond the dam, the other to the East Branch camps. Van leaped to the ground to walk the remaining mile to Nord's.

When he reached the house Nord heard his step and called to him:

"Number Three just jumped the track this side of Camp Four. She rolled down the bank into the river, yankin' the whole string of trucks after her."

Here was a call to action! It was, perhaps, a telling point scored by the enemy, for at one blow it wiped out twenty-five per cent of the rolling stock which was essential to getting logs to the mill.

He had told Beaumont the enemy would not strike until spring. This—for he was positive in laying the wreck to no accident—proved him an unreliable prophet.

"Come on," he said, and started headlong for the scene of trouble.

■

THE wreck of Number Three was the first of an epidemic of mishaps to the railroad. Trucks, loaded too high, spilled their logs in awkward places. Reaches broke unaccountably; loose rails became so common that engineers had almost to walk the tracks ahead of their engines. The big steam loader fell ill. Fire broke out in the machine shop. All these things, added to the fact that one engine in four would be entirely out of commission for weeks to come, cut unpleasantly into the supply of logs that went to the mills. More than one half day was lost for lack of fuel.

"Couldn't You Have Waited? Couldn't You Have Played Fair? It Was Such a Cowardly Thing to Do!"

And then, for the first time, friction began to manifest itself between Nord, Yard's nominal boss, and Yard. Yard was patient, for he laid misunderstandings to the fact that Nord was worried and hustled by the situation and so made irritable and at times unreasonable. Orders given by Yard were countermanded by Nord. Nord issued instructions that went directly contrary to plans Yard had formulated. At first Yard was silent; then he was forced to expostulation.

"Mr. Nord," he said one evening, when he found that orders given by him to the East Branch camps to send down that day nothing but hardwood logs had been reversed, and that nothing but spruce had traveled to the mill, "you and I seem to be working at cross purposes. Somehow we're not pulling together as we used to."

Nord turned on him sharply.

"I'm boss in these woods," he said, "and it's time you was finding it out. It isn't a question of us working together; it's a question of you working for me."

"But it's bad for discipline to have you go over my head and reverse my instructions."

"No worse than for you to ram ahead the way you've been doing. The men don't know who's boss, and I'm showing 'em."

"I'll be glad to consult with you and issue orders in your name," said Yard placatingly.

"You'll do as you're told," said Nord, and, turning on his heel, walked away.

Here was a hard situation for the young man. He knew Nord was disrupting his plans; it was apparent that Nord, offended to pig-headedness, was asserting authority at the cost of efficiency in the woods. Van refused to lay the condition to anything but offended vanity, but he—Yard—felt himself responsible to Beaumont for the output. He felt responsible not to Beaumont alone, but to sulphate pulp—to the new industry in process of birth.

Two options were presented—to do the best he could in the circumstances, and to seek, by ready compliance with Nord's whims, to bring about the establishment of the old relations; or drastically to seize the authority which was his by virtue of Big John Beaumont's letter, and remove his titular superior.

Here Svea Nord entered into the problem, complicating it. What would she think? What would be her attitude toward the man who discredited her father? Van's respect for her intelligence and fairness was boundless. It was possible he could explain to her the necessity for his act; but he felt by no means certain of it. It was possible she might question the motive for the removal and lay it not to expediency, but to Yard's personal ambition, to his willingness to rise by treading down another ruthlessly.

True and trustworthy, that was what her man must be. She might, and probably would, regard his action as treachery to his superior. The crisis was one not readily to be met.

He decided—and he hoped his decision rested not on fear of consequences to himself but upon good judgment—to take no steps save friendly ones; to exert himself to the utmost to regain Nord's friendship. And there he let the matter rest.

For weeks Yard had been filling Camps Seven and Eight with picked men; to those camps he had been giving more of his time than to all the rest, and they were showing results. Gradually the men at that far end of the line came to be called by the rest "Yard's roughnecks," and roughnecks they were. Fighters, drinkers, workers—every one of them! Hard customers to handle; dangerous men to oppose; but Yard worked on them in his way, and they responded.

Your roughneck, your born fighter, is capable of depths of loyalty. He likes to fight, but better than anything else he likes to fight for a friend, and Yard became their friend. More than that, he was admired by them, for he never avoided an argument, never showed uncertainty or nervousness, and he had thrashed Langlois, reputed to be the worst man in the mountains. He had managed to put their relations with him on a personal basis, and had you asked whom they worked for, they would have told you it was Yard, not the Green Mountain Pulp Company.

Already stories of Yard's camps began to trickle down the mountain roads and spread through the southern counties. If it had been announced that Yard and his roughnecks were coming to town the villagers would have closed their stores, barricaded their houses, and petitioned the governor to call out the militia.

For weeks Yard saw these collections of men were twanging on Nord's nerves. The woods' boss referred to them angrily; pointed to actions of theirs which indeed were not gentle. More than once he threatened to break up the camps and scatter the men throughout the woods. Van was determined to hold his roughnecks together, not because they were his, but because he looked upon them as his strong army of defense. It was those disreputable citizens, he believed, who would one day stand between sulphate pulp and failure.

Yard stopped seldom at Woods' Headquarters during these wearing days, and saw little of Svea. That she was not unaware of her father's attitude toward him he felt certain.

Her eyes were too clear, her intelligence too quick not to have told her the truth. But sometimes business compelled him to go there.

On one of these days, made as rare as he could make them, Svea sat on the porch as he dismounted from his hand car. She greeted him impersonally, not with frank friendship as had been her habit, and seeing from her manner that she did not wish to enter into conversation with him, he went directly to the little room used as an office. He had been there but a moment when the telephone sounded.

"Woods' Headquarters," said Yard into the transmitter.

"Is Mr. Yard there?"

"Yard speaking."

"This is Holmquist," said the voice. "Can you see me in town to-night?"

"I can," said Yard, "but I won't."

"Mr. Yard," said Holmquist, "something has happened that makes it necessary for me to talk to you. Not in the interests of the Power Company, but of yourself—and other people. If you refuse to see me you'll regret it as long as you live."

"Let it come over the telephone."

"That is impossible. I'm acting for myself in this thing. I've got to see you."

"Nothing doing."

"Yard——"

"I tell you, Holmquist, I have nothing to talk to you about."

"I have something to talk to you about. I'm running risks; but I'd run any risk to have five minutes with you. I'll give you a hint. Suppose Ekstrom had decided to get rid of me——"

Yard thought quickly. There might be something useful to be learned. Holmquist might be telling the truth. At least no harm could come from seeing the man.

"Very well, Holmquist," he said. "I'll see you at the hotel at six."

He hung up the receiver and turned. Svea was standing in the door, waiting.

"Father wants to see you. He's down in the barn," she said.

"Thank you," he answered, and went out.

She remained standing a moment, her eyes on the telephone. Then she breathed deeply, as though making a mighty effort for self-control, and, swinging about, went rapidly upstairs to her room. There she stood before the window with hands clenched and eyes wide and staring, looking out upon the mountain, but seeing it not at all because of a curtain of moisture that blinded her eyes.

"Yard," said Nord, as soon as the young man came in hearing, "I've made up my mind. To-morrow I bust up those two gangs of roughnecks. I'll scatter 'em so they won't be able to send letters to each other with a dollar's worth of stamps."

"I've selected those men and put them there because I believe they can be of most use where they are. I hope you will reconsider, Mr. Nord."

"You heard what I said. That goes!"

Yard looked at the man's face and knew it mirrored a stubborn determination, one not to be changed by argument or pleading. Now, indeed, he had come to a stage in the journey where he must choose one fork of the road or another: where he must displace Nord, or pass over his duty, which was plain before his eyes.

Yet he hesitated, and hesitating yielded to the voice of procrastination. He would put off the decision. A few hours remained. He would not have to act until morning. With this partial surrender, he swung on his heel and strode away toward the railroad. Life was becoming too complicated for Yard. His experiences had not been complex hitherto; rather the contrary. Now he swam amid cross currents, and undertows sucked him and drew him this way and that.

He cranked the hand car and mounted to his seat. It sputtered down the grade toward town, bearing a young man who wished with all the strength of his heart that he had never seen the forests that clothed those stately mountains. For the first time their lofty reaches failed to exhilarate and inspire him. Rather they seemed to frown down upon him accusingly.

At six o'clock he entered the hotel. Holmquist sat in the little office, but at Yard's approach he arose and hurried through an adjoining door, motioning furtively for Yard to follow. They went up the stairs to a bedroom. Once there, Holmquist cautiously closed the door and drew Yard away from it to a position near the window. He seemed apprehensive of eavesdroppers.

"Yard," said Holmquist, manifesting some uneasiness, "this meeting is under a flag of truce."

"Yes."

"You agree to that?"

"I shan't manhandle you, whatever you have to say."

"Very well, then. I have reasons for doing what I'm about to do. They're good reasons. I wouldn't turn against a concern like the Power Company—and run the risks of what might happen to me—unless my reasons were mighty good."

"I suppose not, knowing you slightly."

"Maybe you've noticed," said Holmquist, "that we got next to things pretty quickly. As soon as you planned a thing we knew about it, eh? Notice that?"

"Yes. But not lately." Yard smiled wryly.

"No. You kept your plans to yourself. But haven't you noticed something else since that time? Haven't your plans been upset and your orders countermanded? How about that?"

"You have correct information."

"That's why I'm here to-night, Yard—or what I'm here for—to tell you who's our friend."

Yard leaned forward, his eyes not leaving Holmquist's face.

"You'll tell me that?" he said.

"Exactly."

"Then," said Yard, "you're a little more contemptible even than I thought you. You're a crook, Holmquist; but even a crook must have some sort of moral standards."

Holmquist shrugged his shoulders.

"I have my reasons. Here, look at this."

He held, just out of Yard's reach, a canceled check, drawn by Ekstrom, as president of the Eastern States Power Company, to Nord. The sum it bore written on its face was five hundred dollars. Holmquist turned it over. It carried Nord's indorsement.

"That's the gentleman," Holmquist said crisply.

Yard felt numb. He suddenly wanted to sit down.

"I don't believe it," he said.

"I'll prove it. To-morrow Nord has promised to break up your roughnecks."

Yard remained silent, staring at the outrageous roses woven in the carpet.

"That proves it, I guess," said Holmquist.

"Yes," said Yard dully. "Is that all?"

"Yes."

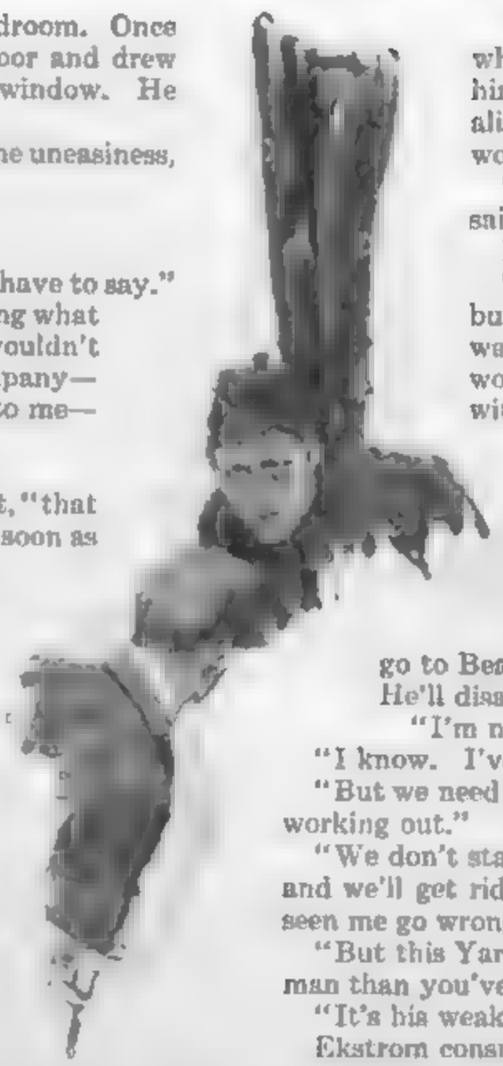
"Then," said Yard, uttering the first word calmly but leaping to his feet and advancing before he spoke the second, "then go away from here, quick, before I pull you apart."

Holmquist did not remain to plan a dignified exit, but obeyed to the letter.

True and trustworthy! True and trustworthy! It was only those words that beat in on Yard's consciousness. How would this thing affect her to whom truth and trustworthiness were as the breath of life? How would she bear the shock of knowing that her own father had sold his truth and trustworthiness for five hundred dollars? She was strong. Yard had gloried in her calm strength. She had sustained him, but who would sustain her now?

Svea Nord had placed her beacon lights upon a high mountain top. Because she stood upon a height, the valley of degradation would seem deeper to her than to those who could not climb to stand by her side. Now her father was guilty of the sin for which she could see no atonement; and the duty of bringing him to justice was placed in the hands of the man who would have descended into hell to keep her light burning unobscured.

"I can't do it," he cried aloud. "I can't!"

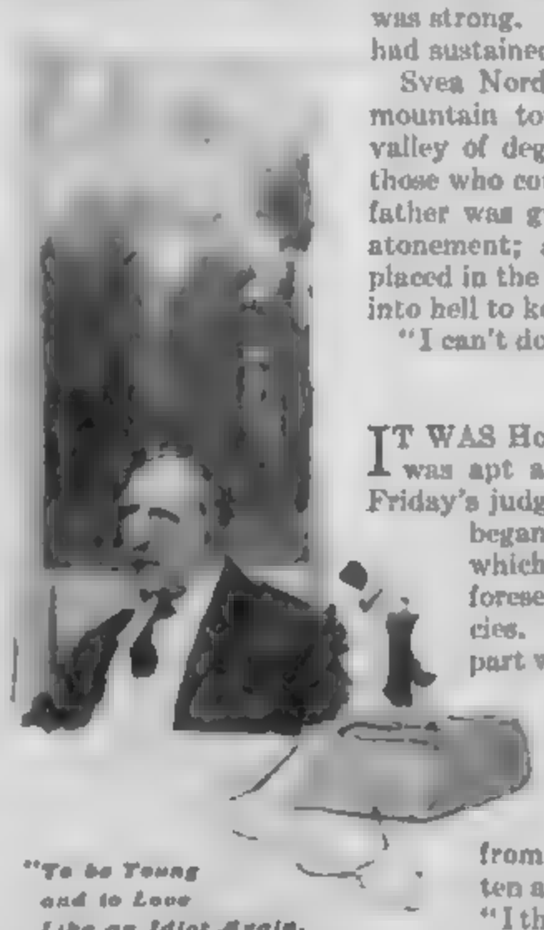


"Go Away From Here, Quick, Before I Pull You Apart"

XII

IT WAS Holmquist's business to read character, and he was apt at his calling. Ekstrom had seen his Man Friday's judgments prove correct so many times that he began to believe the fellow had some uncanny sense which gave him his power to appraise men and to foresee how they would react to certain emergencies. It is true that Holmquist dealt for the most part with characters of no considerable complexity, with men who did not require to be dug into far below their surfaces; but none the less his successes had been impressive. Therefore, when Holmquist laid before his employer a plan to eliminate Van Twiller Yard from their problem, Ekstrom was inclined to listen and to act. "Mr. Ekstrom," said Holmquist, "I think I have a scheme that will get rid of Yard. I've been sizing him up."

"Yes?"



"To be Young and to Love Like an Idiot Again, Yard, I'd Swap Places With Any Cookee in the Camps"

"He's the sentimental type, the sort who likes heroics. I'd bet he'd sacrifice himself in an outburst of noble sentimentalism for somebody else—especially for a woman."

"He looks pretty hard-headed to me," said Ekstrom.

Holmquist shrugged his shoulders.

"He's a fighter all right and a bad actor; but I've grabbed his weak point. If he was in a fight that meant a hurt to a woman, especially a woman he was in love with, he'd quit."

"Yes?"

"He's in love with Svea Nord. Suppose I go to him under the pretense that you and I have fallen out, and tell him we've bought up Svea Nord's father. What will he do then, eh? Easy as A B C. It'll be up to him either to go to Beaumont with the story, or to disappear. He'll disappear."

"I'm not so sure," said Ekstrom.

"I know. I've studied him."

"But we need Nord pretty badly, the way things are working out."

"We don't stand to lose anything. We'll keep Nord and we'll get rid of Yard. How many times have you seen me go wrong when I size up a man?"

"But this Yard seems to me to be a little more of a man than you've met before—several sizes larger."

"It's his weak point."

Ekstrom considered.

"Very well," he said presently. "The game is worth the candle."

It seemed that Holmquist had made a true appraisal. Yard had quit. At the junction, just below Woods' Headquarters, he ran his hand car on a siding and started to walk back toward town. He was deserting the woods, deserting sulphate pulp, deserting everything and everybody in the new life that had opened for him—excepting Svea Nord. He was giving it all up for her.

He did not walk erectly with the carriage that his new life had brought with it. His shoulders lopped and he shuffled. The man on that rutted mountain road was no longer Van Twiller Yard, actual boss of the woods. He had let go deliberately with both hands and was falling, he cared not where. His one thought was to save Svea Nord from knowing the truth about her father. His mind did not register the fact that in the life of every woman there is a man whose shame will crush her more surely than her father's shame.

As he rounded a curve in the road he saw glimmering down from the slope above a dim light. Suddenly loneliness obsessed him, a fear of being alone, an aching necessity for a human being to be near him. Without objectively realizing that he was at the post office, Yard climbed the bank and opened the crazily hanging door. The little postmaster's head was just visible above the counter on which sat the oil lamp that gave him light by which to read the Proceedings of Congress. This was his sole literature, and nightly he gave himself to it, reading strictly every word with a view to keeping himself assured that the country was being well cared for. He looked up as Yard entered.

"Git outside," he snapped. "Quick! Manners teaches most folks to knock on doors, but some has to be told."

Yard turned to go. As he did so the postmaster saw his face by the yellow light of his lamp, and to such keen old eyes as the postmaster's there was need of but scant scrutiny to read the story of suffering it told.

"Hey," he said quickly, "it's you, eh? Hum! What fetched you here this time of night? Somethin's upset you, and you come to the old man, eh? Set down."

Yard obeyed in silence.

"What ails you, young feller? Out with it."

"I couldn't do it," said Yard, as though reciting a phrase in a language he did not understand.

"How d'you know?" snapped the postmaster. "Bet you could. You hain't more'n half tried."

"I don't want to try," said Van. "I might do it—and it would hurt her."

"And so," said the postmaster with quick comprehension, "you're goin' off. You're quittin' under fire. You're desertin' in the face of the enemy."

Yard made no answer, but continued to gaze dully at the floor. The postmaster did not speak either for minutes, but shut his sharp little eyes in concentrated thought.

"You found out somethin'," he said presently, "and it's knocked you galley-west—somethin' that'll hurt her, and her is Svea Nord. Um! Now, I wonder, did you find it out yourself, or did somebody tell you." Suddenly he leaned over Yard and fairly bellowed: "Say, who told you?"

Perhaps it was inspiration; perhaps the shrewd old man had some rough working knowledge of psychology: at any rate he succeeded. The sudden vehement question compelled an answer that came without Yard's volition.

"Holmquist," he said.

"Huh!" snorted the postmaster, eying Yard alertly. "You set right there while I make a drawin' of tea. You need somethin' bracin'. You need to be let alone some for a while till you sort of git back onto your feet. Huh! You need some coddlin'—and then you need to be lit into like blazes. Lucky you come to me. Darn lucky!"

The postmaster pottered about, talking jerkily to himself, and in a few minutes thrust a cup of hot tea into Van's hand.

"Drink that," he said, "and then git ready to ketch hell."

Yard gulped down the tea obediently.

"Great stimylint," said the postmaster. "Beats rum all to nothin'. Don't hit you no sudden wallop, but fetches you round gradual. Kind of rouse you up a mite?"

"Yes," said Yard. "Thank you. I'll go along now."

"You'll set right where you be. Know where you're headin' to if you go now? You set there till I get done with you. Now then, you're runnin' away from your job, hain't you?"

"I'm going away."

"Why?"

Yard was rousing gradually, becoming more himself.

"There's no use going into that, postmaster," he said. "I can't stay."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you."

"Then I'll tell you, consarn you. You're goin' 'cause you hain't no good. That's why you're goin'. You hain't got no bone runnin' up and down your back. And as for the exact, precise, identical reason that's takin' you away, why, I kin tell you that too. Holmquist he got hold of you and told you somethin'. Somethin' you're afraid Svea Nord'll find out. Somethin' you ought to tell or do somethin' about. They couldn't bribe you and they couldn't scare you." The postmaster failed to realize he was being inconsistent now. "So they set out to git you another way. How about sulphate pulp now? How about buildin' a new industry? How about you bein' a patriot and fightin' for your country? Huh! You hain't got insides enough to be a sutler's clerk! If Langlois was to see you now he'd lick you with one hand tied behind him. He'd know you been a bluff all along."

This forced a protest from Yard, and the postmaster's eyes twinkled with satisfaction.

"I wasn't bluffing," said Yard. "It was real, all real; but it's gone."

"Sure. Jest because a slinkin' little dude told you somethin' that might hurt a girl's feelin's. And right off you forgit you're a man; you forgit you're fightin' for sulphate pulp; you forgit what you owe your country—and you sneak off. Perty slinkum she'd think you was."

"Better me than ——" Yard checked himself.

"Better you than ——" The postmaster pounced on the hint with a mental agility worthy of one in a higher place. "Better you than Nord, eh? That's it. Huh! Should 'a' seen it right off. Holmquist's got some brains—some—but not enough to run agin the trusted representative of the Gove'ment.

"Kinder suspected Nord some myself. The way things was runnin' made it look like him. Workin' for Big John and takin' pay from them furriners, eh?"

"No, no! It wasn't that."

"Don't lie to me, young feller. It was that. Wasn't it? Wasn't that it?"

"No," said Yard.

"No matter, I know it was. And Holmquist told you. What for, d'you calc'late? What was he aimin' at? He give away Nord for a purpose, didn't he?"

Yard made no reply.

"Lemme see. If I was a slinkin' little dude, how'd I work it? Um! How'd I figger you? Huh! Easy. Holmquist he says to you he's had trouble with Ekstrom, that's it. And he wants to git even with Ekstrom, so he's tellin' you. See why the Gove'ment trusts me, young feller? 'Cause I got brains and know how to use 'em. And you b'lieved him? Shucks!"

"You don't mean," Yard spoke unguardedly, "that it was all lies?"

The postmaster chuckled dryly.

"Not all; jest that part. They've bought Nord, and figgered they didn't stand no chance to lose him neither. It was to git rid of you. This here dude figgered you out to do what you're a-doin'. Says he to himself: 'That Yard'll quit when he knows, on account of bein' in love with Svea Nord.' That's how he figgered it. But he didn't figger far enough or deep enough. He jest got into you a little ways and seen what was there; but not bein' a man himself, he wasn't able to see down deep enough into a man to see that when you got to me to reason it out, all his figgerin' would go jest the opposite. And another thing he didn't see was that you'd reason it out that it would hurt her more to know two men was gone bad than jest one. Because it hain't possible Svea Nord won't find out about her pa, is it? Think he can be a scamp and not have her git to know it?"

"She mustn't," said Yard.

"It was all planned jest to git rid of you—and you're lettin' 'em do it. Say, how d'you s'pose Svea Nord would like it if she knew a man was bein' false to a trust because he was in love with her? Sort of makes her a party to it, don't it? Who gains by it? Why, her. Calc'late she'd thank you for smirchin' her?"

Yard got suddenly to his feet and paced up and down with clenched hands thrust into his pockets. The postmaster watched him for the most part in silence, but now and then loosed a sentence when he thought its barb would sink deepest.

"Maybe she's fond of you," he said presently. "Kind of hurt her to see you quit." After a few moments: "Big John's been your friend—and now you're ready to cheat him!" Again: "New industry—sulphate pulp—patriotism—that was jest hot air you talked, I calc'late." And: "If you go and sulphate pulp is beat, it would be her fault. Nice thing for her to think about!"

"Her fault!" said Yard angrily.

"Whose else? Hain't you doin' it for her. Reason and motive don't matter. New industry'll be beat just as bad as if you sold out for money. Nobody's fault but hern."

"True and trustworthy," Yard muttered.

"That's her idee, hain't it?" said the postmaster, seizing on the phrase. "Is it bein' true and trustworthy to make her a party to these here treacherous doin's? Guess she'd never say true and trustworthy agin if she come to know it."

As he finished speaking Yard strode to the door and tore it open.

"Here," shouted the postmaster, springing after him. "Where you goin'?"

"To think," said Van, so intensely that the old man drew back. "To walk and think."

"Not till you've promised to come back here, no matter what you decide," said the postmaster.

Van looked at him a moment, almost as if he did not see him at all. Then:

"I promise," he said, and disappeared into the blackness of the out-of-doors. He fought his way upward away from the road. Action, struggle, contest were necessary to him. Again he was Van Yard of the woods, fighting his fight like a man, not running from it. Upward and still upward he clambered to the steep rocks at the mountain's summit, and in the darkness, by the sense that lay in hands and feet, he scaled these until he stood upon the topmost pinnacle alone with an infinitude of blackness above, below, on all sides. And there he stood rigid, in labor of spirit through the hours of the night, until the wonder of dawn, forerunner of the rising sun, showed dimly ridge upon ridge, range after range.

The breeze began to stir, the sun itself appeared, and he saw the marvelous beauty and grandeur of that land that was his country. He felt his own smallness; the littleness of his own fears and desires and loves when balanced against this vastness. And there was forced on him a realization that in this big scheme, this wonderful creation, he had been selected to take his part in the bringing about of higher aims and purposes. He, Van Twiller Yard, had been given his part to play. And he knew right from wrong, the better from the worse.

He gazed long lest some day that picture escape from the gallery of his soul. Then he turned and descended the mountain to the post office. Within was the postmaster.

"Postmaster," said Yard, standing in the doorway, "I'm going to see it through."

"Sort of calc'lated you would," said the postmaster.

XIII

YARD reached Woods' Headquarters just as Nord, finished with his breakfast, was starting for the barns.

"Where you been? I been lookin' for you!" he said in a surly voice.

Yard was glad he encountered antagonism. It made his task easier.

"And I'm looking for you," he rejoined.

"Huh! You slide out to Seven and Eight and bust up those gangs. Divide 'em among the other six camps, tradin' 'em man for man. See to it personal to-day. That's orders!"

"My roughnecks stay where they are." Nord took a forward, belligerent step. "Don't start anything here," Yard said warningly, "if you have any consideration for your daughter."

"Get your turkey," said Nord furiously, "and beat it out of these woods." This was the formula of dismissal.

"Nord," said Van, "I was in town last night. I saw Holmquist. He claimed he'd had a row with Ekstrom—and he told me where you stand. He showed me a check

(Continued on Page 69)

Two-Thirds of the Cut and Piled Pulpwood Was Bobbing, Plunging, Racing Down to the Mills That Stood So Hungry for It

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 18, 1917

A Lesson in Patience

THE unexpected happens. We are now quite glad that only a handful of people in the United States read the Congressional Record.

A million young men taking up arms for service in French trenches.

Government expenditures swiftly running to many billions.

Scores of able men leaving their own affairs at the President's call and working tirelessly to further the war.

The Senate unwilling to prevent members from wasting its time—while its own necessary business waits—in copious and even abusive criticism of those men who are trying their best to get necessary things done.

It is a disagreeable picture. We are glad the country at large sees so little of it.

We are admonished by high authority that complaining of Congress is useless because Congress is a political body and always actuated by political motives—which means that its paramount interest lies in the party organizations and the play of local interests and sentiments through which each member hopes to hold his job.

Perhaps high authority is right. Yet we hear President, press, pulpit and a million other voices crying that people must subordinate selfish motives now.

Youth must repress selfish regard for its own life and limbs; business men must not put profit first; poverty must accept five-dollar-a-bushel potatoes in a large spirit of patriotism. Only politics, it seems, may stick to the old self-seeking motive.

We do not believe complaint is useless. We believe a decisive majority of both Houses will yet take the bitter but saving medicine that they recommend to everybody else—will say:

"To meet this war, let us, too, step into the ranks; let us chuck the old game, with its endless jockeying for jobs, its everlasting palaver, whatever it had of mere demagogy; let us strictly organize for war, gag obstruction, insist upon working single-mindedly for war. If any of us loses his job for it, let him lose it. War implies losses."

The Conscientious Objector

THERE are, we believe, two established religious bodies, credited by the census with about two hundred thousand adherents, whose tenets include definite prohibition to bear arms. Members of these bodies are not entitled to exemption from any military service. If it is simply a question of rights, a man could just as convincingly plead conscientious objection to paying taxes when part of the proceeds of the tax might be used for military purposes or for the purpose of taking the life of a convicted murderer.

But solely as a matter of courtesy—as an amiable concession—the Government may grant these objectors exemption from such forms of military service as directly involve taking life.

By affiliating with the religious bodies referred to, and thus advertising their belief in nonresistance at a time when no immediate selfish motive was in view, these persons set up a claim to consideration that may now be courteously allowed.

But no other conscientious objector is entitled to any consideration. He is not required to like bearing arms. He is required simply to submit to a law of the land in which he lives. In any society some authority must decide certain mass questions.

The authority which, having made a decision, then leaves it to each individual to obey or not according to the dictates of his own judgment or conscience, virtually abdicates to anarchy.

In fact, any conscientious objector stands in a dubious case, as conscientious objections amount often to quibble and sophistry. The United States being at war, every energy and resource of the nation will be devoted to defeating the enemy, and every citizen of the country will contribute to that end whether he wishes it or not. He may be able to console himself by drawing a distinction between firing the gun and paying for the powder in its cartridge. But he has no real choice. He must take part. And where a man "must" his conscience is free.

A Freak of the Storm

WAR everywhere played havoc with socialism, but nowhere else with results so painfully fantastic as in the United States. Where there is any real vitality in socialism—as in Germany, Belgium, France—war simply expunged the party line and swept all its pacific paraphernalia of internationalism and working-class solidarity into the cupboard. In legislative bodies and in the field the Socialist indiscriminately fell in line to fight for his country.

Here the party was in the hands largely of a pro-German element. The ablest and most candid of its propagandists were driven out or withdrew, and the depleted organization set itself to render such service to the enemy as lay within its scant powers.

In any case, a *kaiserlich* disciple of Marx and Engels presents an odd spectacle. But a Kaiser-helping, Junker-serving disciple of Marx and Engels who is also a citizen of the oldest and greatest democracy at a time when that democracy is making war upon kaiserism and junkerism no doubt achieves the last word in fantastic perversion.

The explanation is that socialism has never really taken root in American soil, probably because freer opportunities here inspire the proletariat with hopes of decisively improving their condition under the present régime.

At the last presidential election the party cast less than six hundred thousand votes, or but a trifle over three per cent of the total; and only a small fraction of this meager vote was cast by professed Socialists. Our socialism is a feeble exotic—now standing on its head, scandalizing such gods as may happen to be aware of it.

Not "Business as Usual"

A TABLE in a recent number of the London Economist shows how completely three years of war has wrecked the motto with which England began the struggle. This table gives the amounts of capital subscribed to new investments—stocks, bonds, debentures—in England for a series of years.

For five years before the war the average investment of capital in that way amounted to about a billion dollars. It went into municipal loans, British railways, foreign railways, mining companies, mercantile enterprises, manufacturing, oil, rubber, electric light and power plants, tramways and omnibuses, motor companies, gas and water concerns, hotels, theaters, entertainments, patents, docks, harbors, shipping, banks, insurance companies.

In the first half of this calendar year subscriptions of capital exceeded five billion dollars, or five times the average for a whole year before the war; but opposite nearly every one of the former objects of investment there is a blank line. The first object, British Government Loans, accounts for all but an inconsequential fraction of the total investment. Every half-yearly return since war began has shown a dwindling investment in anything except government loans, until at length the whole list is nearly wiped out. There can hardly be business as usual when there is practically no capital for anything except the government.

We are marching in that direction. The Government must be supplied first. How much there shall be left over for multifarious other useful demands will depend in good part upon the energy we all apply to the accumulation of investable capital.

Free Speech and Other Things

YOU can't have democracy without free speech, oral and printed. That is self-evident and fundamental. No rational person thinks of denying it.

And you can't have democracy without submission by the minority to the formally expressed will of the majority. That also is self-evident and fundamental. No rational person thinks of denying it.

If you take free speech in an absolute sense, no such thing was ever known under any government—or ever will be. You can't get up in the middle of the church service and recite the Declaration of Independence. You cannot urge a man to commit murder. You cannot speak slanders. You cannot orate on a busy street corner. You cannot speak sedition.

The practicable, and only possible, rule is simple enough:

You can use your freedom of speech to any reasonable extent for the purpose of trying to shape the decisive will of the majority; you cannot use it for the purpose of trying to defeat that will after it has been formally expressed.

Say you don't like an income tax. You have every right to urge that that tax be repealed. You have no right, while the law stands, to urge individuals who are subject to it to evade or resist it by refusing to make returns or by making false returns or by holding up the tax collector with a gun. You have every right to urge that no conscriptive army law be passed. You have no right to incite resistance to it after it has been passed. When the country decides for war you have no right to resist war by any means.

The rule is self-evident to common sense. In easy, genial, normal times nobody cares to draw the line very strictly. In war it will be vigorously enforced, for when the majority has taken a decision the execution of which will require many to die it is in no mood for genial leniency toward verbal efforts to frustrate its plans. Tolerance of seditious free speech would be an insult to every man under arms.

The Size of a Ship

FOR six months a non-nautical world has been holding its breath over a tonnage race. The question has been: How many tons can Germany sink and how many can the Allies build?

But ton applied to a merchant ship may mean any one of several different things. Take the contents of a ship in cubic feet and divide it by one hundred. That, roughly, is her gross registered tonnage—the purely arbitrary figure of one hundred cubic feet having been adopted as an official ton.

But some of the space is not available for cargo, being occupied by engines, crew's quarters, and so on. In the case of a tramp freighter this nonavailable space may amount to thirty per cent of the total. In the case of a fast liner it may amount to seventy or eighty per cent. When this nonavailable space is deducted the remainder is net tonnage. The greater part of ocean freight is charged for by the space it occupies, rather than by weight; and the arbitrary figure of forty cubic feet has been adopted as a freight ton. Of a given ship, therefore, it may be said that she is of two thousand tons, meaning her gross registered tonnage; or of fourteen hundred tons, meaning her net tonnage; or that her freight-carrying capacity is thirty-five hundred tons. Hence endless opportunities for confusion.

Generally the size of a ship is given in her gross registered tonnage.

The Government and the press, in talking about shipping to a non-nautical public, ought to make that the invariable rule.

A Premium on Savings

WE HEAR eloquent pleas for increased savings by wage earners, for almost everyone now realizes that only by an extraordinary effort to save all along the line can we escape great inflation and constantly increasing cost of living.

As yet, however, the Government has made no particular effort to encourage small savings.

The British Government fostered the organization of voluntary war-savings associations, especially among wage earners; and more than thirty thousand such associations have now been formed in Great Britain.

As an inducement to save, the government offered war-savings certificates, procurable at the post office at a flat price of fifteen shillings and sixpence each, the redemption price of the certificates gradually rising until, at the end of five years, they can be cashed at one pound each. This gives the investor a little better than five per cent compound interest. The certificates are tax-free, but no individual can obtain more than five hundred of them.

Savings by this process run at the rate of more than three hundred million dollars a year.

The interest rate is high, but the British Government is well satisfied with the experiment. Inculcating thrift is a good thing in itself; and in war conditions every rational means by which the government can induce people to cut off unnecessary consumption is that much power to its fighting arm.

Our Government can well afford to give special consideration to the small saver and small investor, to whom a three and a half per cent tax-free bond appeals only through their patriotism.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO, BY W. PRESTON HARFIELD

Orville Wright

IT IS hard to believe, in these days when we talk casually of flying squadrons and air fighting, that it was as recently as 1903 that for the first time in the history of the world a machine carrying a man raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and landed without being wrecked. The machine that accomplished this was designed by two young men in Dayton, Ohio, named Wright. For seven years they had been studying flying and experimenting with gliding machines. They took up aëronautics originally as a sport, but were led into the scientific side of it because they recognized the necessity of making their own testing machines for measuring air pressures upon various aëroplane surfaces. This scientific work was really the basis of their success.

Mr. Orville Wright, whose picture is shown at the top of this column, was in Germany shortly before the outbreak of the war and had the opportunity to study German machines. To-day he is hard at work in his laboratory still further improving aëroplanes. He is also perfecting his stabilizer, which automatically balances the flying machine, leaving only the steering to the operator. If the Allies win the war through their supremacy in the air, to Mr. Wright will be due no small share of the glory.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Henry Reuterdahl—Himself

By Someone Else

HERE is a man who has never been afraid, who came as a youth to this country from Sweden to make drawings of the World's Fair in Chicago for the SATEVEPOST of Stockholm. He sent back his return ticket and became one of us. His dad wouldn't let him be an artist—art in his opinion not being conducive to regular meals—so parental argument started him on the career of being a scene painter. Reuterdahl is self-taught and has never been in an art school except as an instructor at the Art Students' League, of New York. Nevertheless, he earned a silver medal at the San Francisco Fair.

When he found that he "would rather be a lamp-post in New York than the mayor of Chicago," he worked the fast freight, and his sea instinct brought him to the East, to blue water and ocean shipping and real navy ships. He tramped the winding stairway of old Harper Brothers looking for something to do. Edward Penfield, who was then the art editor, thought that the only way to get rid of this wild-eyed, enthusiastic sailor man was to give him a job.

(Concluded on Page 44)

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Lillian D. Wald

MOST New Yorkers and many who are not New Yorkers already are familiar with the House on Henry Street and what it stands for.

For nearly a quarter of a century this settlement has played an important part in the community life of New York and has been the center of work that has meant the betterment of the individual, the school, the home and the community. It had its beginning when Miss Wald and a friend of hers decided they would live on the East Side and do visiting nursing among the poor.

Last year the one hundred and thirty-five nurses that formed the staff of Miss Wald's visiting hospital cared for nearly thirty thousand patients and paid nearly a quarter of a million bedside visits.

Miss Wald is a member of Mayor Mitchel's Committee of Women for National Defense, and is also chairman of the Home Nursing Committee of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense.

Her particular interest now is in maintaining standards for the protection of the children and the health and welfare of the people during war-time. New York is fortunate to have such a general in its Home Relief force.

William L. Sibert

SOMEWHERE in France General Sibert, whose picture is shown at the foot of the page, is in command of the first training camp for American troops.

General Sibert is probably best known as the builder of the Gatun locks of the Panama Canal. After he had completed that work he was named as the head of a commission of engineers that went on a Red Cross expedition to China, the purpose of which was to study flood-prevention methods in the Huai River Valley. He also put the Manila railway on the map. Later he went to the Pacific Coast as commander of coast defenses and planned the first officers' training camp at the presidio of Monterey. Judging from his record our men abroad are in excellent hands.

Breaking Into British Business

Some Commercial Adventures Amid English Custom and Conservatism—By Isaac F. Marcosson

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

BREAKING into British business is something like breaking into society. Instead of "pull," however, you must have patience; in addition to nerve you need a sense of humor.

Until the great industrial awakening the war has brought about, the Yankee commercial crusader, and especially the one who sought to introduce novel aids to efficiency and organization, had a difficult path to follow. Now that we are in the war the going is easier.

Not only did he face the usual barriers competition sets up, but he had to combat custom, tradition and temperament. Together they formed—and, for that matter, still form—a combination that to overcome successfully is indeed a liberal education in trade expansion.

Here are some adventures amid British custom and conservatism that are not without point—or profit, perhaps—to the prospective invader of John Bull's business preserves:

Some Americans are born to do business in England; others have it thrust upon them. Let me tell the story of one of the latter, whose career across the water includes an encounter with practically every kind of obstacle British prejudice can offer to alien enterprise.

Back in 1906 this man was a New York banker. He loaned a considerable sum of money to a manufacturer who specialized in labor-saving devices and who subsequently got into financial trouble. To save his client from bankruptcy the banker took over his patents. Then the manufacturer died. In self-defense the financier had to keep the factory going. Once launched in business, he began to look about for new fields. He had a big vision; so he started to export his product to Great Britain.

It was not long before he ran foul of the English law which changed the whole course of his business life. This law was the famous Patents Bill, put through Parliament by Lloyd George when he was president of the Board of Trade. Though primarily conceived as a protection for the English workingman and to safeguard British interests generally, it really acts as a discrimination against American goods. Before this law was enacted, patent protection for inventions made in America and sold in England was freely bestowed. It was not necessary to produce them with British labor.

The Patents Bill changed this. Under it, patent rights are granted in England to foreign inventions only on the condition that the patented article "shall be manufactured to an adequate extent in Britain." Thus, the so-called foreign monopoly was abolished and articles formerly produced abroad thenceforth required English labor in their production. This is why so many American factories have sprung up in England during the past ten years.

The New York banker, now a full-fledged manufacturer, decided to build a plant in England, and to take charge himself.

A Catalogue of Troubles

HE PICKED a site not far from London and built what was up to that time the most modern industrial establishment in England. A striking commentary upon the then existing backwardness of British industry was that when he installed an American oiling system for his automatics—an oil tank on the roof, with feed pipes, extending to all the machines, that landed the oil in a tank in the cellar—it created a little sensation, and factory owners from far and near came to see it.

Quite naturally he wanted to have an American superintendent and skilled American workers. Right here he went bang up against English trade-unionism. Labor, through its accredited spokesman, the walking delegate, objected. The American wisely decided not to rub this highly sensitized organization the wrong way; so he set to work with an all-British force. Then his troubles broke loose.

When he started his automatic machines he thought he could follow the American plan of putting one man on every four machines. Once more Labor stepped in. "It's bad enough to have to make American inventions," it said; "but our rules must be respected. There must be one worker for every machine." Wages were low in England then; so there was a ready acquiescence.

The wheels began to whir. Soon the American found himself in a forest of red tape and a maze of regulations that restricted output. For one thing, the union only allowed a single "junior," as apprentices are called, for every five mechanics. Much time and labor were lost in this way, because many skilled mechanics had to do a boy's work in transporting semifinished material from one department to another while their machines remained idle. Whereupon the American installed an electric carriage. When the operatives objected he said: "I'm not doing this to help myself. I'm doing it to help you. You work much too hard." This liberal injection of everyday "hot air" had its effect.

The union rules and restrictions were bad enough, but they had a twin and evil ally in strong drink, the ancient curse of the English workingman. He found it hard to keep his men out of the public houses. They would leave their work and slip out for a drink.

Despite all these handicaps, the output began to boom. He now had a going plant and an adequate supply of his product; the next thing was to solve the problem of distribution.

He had no trouble in securing a good Continental market for his goods, but he could sell only one-twentieth of his product in England.

The reason lay in the fact that he was selling something which saved labor. To the average Englishman, with generations of rule-of-thumb service behind him and living in an atmosphere of small pay and rigidly prescribed duties, any device that encroached upon his sacred prerogative was not only looked upon with suspicion but regarded as a downright enemy of national institutions. English clerks are apt to be cowards about their jobs. Therefore, every English buyer has behind him a force hostile to the proposition the American was trying to get over. It mattered little that these labor-saving machines increased profits and reduced expenses. The important thing with the British house staff was that the integrity of its organization must be maintained. This, of course, was before the war.

Backing up this deep-seated and almost relentless opposition on the part of the buyer—who was often the head clerk—was an equally deep-rooted prejudice on the part of the British merchants and manufacturers of the old school. These American inventions had not been devised or used by their forefathers. Therefore, they were not eminently proper "contraptions," as they were often termed, to have in well-regulated and respectable British establishments.

A concrete experience will show what the American manufacturer was up against in his earlier day: He had exhibited some of his labor-saving devices at a business show in London. The son of the proprietor of a large mercantile establishment, who had been a student at Yale, saw them and immediately said:

"This is precisely what we need in our business. I should like to have my father examine them."

Father happened to belong to that large and prevailing class of English masters of business who still dwell in another trade generation. When the machines were demonstrated before him he courteously but firmly declined to have anything to do with them, saying: "I have been doing business in England for fifty years and I have never employed any devices of this kind. I will not begin now."

When his son insisted that the machines would save a considerable sum of money, to say nothing of permitting a reduction in the staff of the accounting department, the old gentleman remained obdurate. The son gave up. The next day he called up the American manufacturer and said: "I'm awfully sorry, old man, that we cannot install one of your outfits now; but I will do it when I get control of the business." And he did.

Another episode will reveal the methods employed by British competitors of American goods. It happened to the manufacturer of labor-saving devices whose experiences I have been relating.

One day he had a telephone message from one of the greatest retail concerns in London, saying that an advertisement of a certain device had been noted in a trade paper and asking that one of the machines be sent down. The manufacturer—a born salesman, always willing and anxious to get on the firing line himself—loaded his machine on a taxi and by the use of half a crown got by the old *commissionaire*, the usual bemedaled army veteran who guards the British outer door, and set up his apparatus in the office of the secretary of the concern, who happened to be out. He had the machine ready for action when that personage returned. His salutation was:

"What in heaven's name have you here?"

"I have the machine your office telephoned for," was the reply.

The secretary looked startled. After some vehement remarks he consented to examine the apparatus. He became so interested that he called in his staff, who expressed great approval—so much so that he was asked to leave the machine and to call again in a week. When he showed up again he found that his prospective customer had been consulting his British competitors, whose devices were ancient and inefficient, with a standard market price higher than the American product. But, in order to keep out the Yankee invention, they had cut their price in half. The secretary immediately said:

"We believe your machine is much superior to the English make, but we must ask you to quote the same price that our own people have made." The American immediately refused, whereupon the secretary continued: "But you make a very large profit on your machine, don't you?"

Overcoming Habit and Custom

"YES," was the reply; "but you must remember that I have a large and expensive establishment to maintain. And, besides, selling in England is much more costly than in America."

At this juncture up stepped a tall, stately old gentleman, head of the business, who had overheard the whole conversation. He said:

"I should not advise the installation of this machine unless it is absolutely necessary to our business. But if we do buy one I strongly advise that we take the American device in preference to that of the English manufacturers who are so eager to cut prices."

Within six months the American machine had been installed; and I may add that since that time six more have been introduced.

It is worth adding that, since the war began, due to the great scarcity of office men, American labor-saving devices have boomed in England. They have given the English employer a new sense of organization and efficiency that we must reckon with when peace comes.

Custom and habit were not the only things that operated against the American innovations before the war. The average English manufacturer and merchant liked—and still likes—to take life and work easy. He resents anything that tends to dislocate his well-established system. Upon one occasion the South American representative of an English saddlery firm sent in an order for some green

(Continued on Page 28)

Good Words for The Republic

Users continually report remarkable mileage from Republic Tires.

We hear repeatedly of tires which have given 10,000, 12,000, even 15,000 miles of good service.

We hear, too, of still higher figures, which we hesitate to quote, for they record mileage that is almost unbelievable.

Yet these figures are truthful, we know, because Republic Tires do last longer.

They last longer because they are made by the Prōdium Process.

This Republic discovery toughens rubber. It strengthens it. It gives it longer life and greater resistance to wear.

Which means, in the end, true tire economy and satisfaction.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originators of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

"Days of Real Sport"
By Briggs
LOOK-IT! HE POPS 'EM EVERY TIME HE DOES
JIMINY CHRISMUS! THAT KING RIFLE SHOOTS LIKE THE DICKENS
THAT'S JUST LIKE THEY DO IN THE CIRCUS
Briggs

Boys, It's a Circus!

THERE'S no end to the fun you can have with a King Air Rifle. It fits into a boy's play, no matter what the stunt.

Ask your chum who owns a King. See what he says. He'll tell you that all he has to do is to aim certain around here. He'll brag about the fine marksmanship he has. how he can hit a bottle every time—standing way back, too.

And then there's the fun of playing Wild West like the boys are doing in the cartoon above. Can you pick out the boy who is having the best time? Sure! Young Buffalo Bill, the boy with the dead-shot King—while all the other fellows wish it were their turn.

Yes sir! A King Air Rifle is the greatest fun maker ever invented for boys—so good that it makes any sport better.

The "New Chicago" is the latest addition to the famous line of King Quality Air Rifles. Bolt action locking device makes loading quick—easy—sure. Steel blue finish. Walnut stock. Strong and accurate. Single shot—shoots with bullets and darts. At your dealer's, or direct from factory, prepaid for $3.00

Send for the Briggs Book—full of cartoons of boys having fun with King guns; containing story of the air rifle and how it is made, and listing the full King line with prices. Send 1c stamp to Dept. O.

THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO.
Plymouth, Mich.

KING AIR RIFLES

Buy Now—Save $8.00

on "World's Easiest Easy Chair"

Yes, sir! You now can buy the world's easiest easy chair at $8.00 under the usual price. Get the solid, home comfort in this luxurious, rest-inviting, deep upholstered chair. Read in it, smoke in it, dream in it—sleep in it if you like. It's as comfortable as a couch and more useful.

"Push the Button" and instantly change the angle of the back. It locks in any position while you're *in the chair* and stays locked until you again "push the button." Stretch your legs on the comfortable leg rest (out of sight when not in use). There's fine style, *fine* work, and long life, too, in

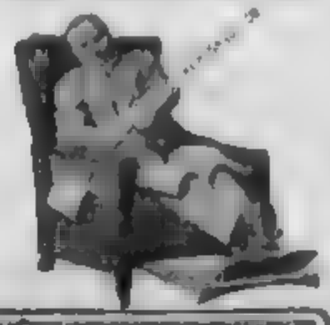
Royal Easy Chairs

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

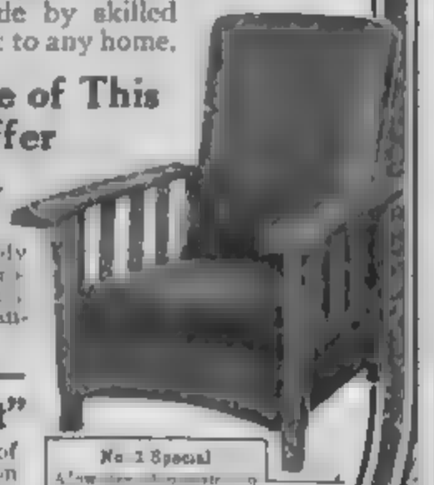
No. 1 Special

A big, comfortable, massive, luxuriously overstuffed, artistic davenport either in genuine Spanish Leather, genuine leather or tapestry with mahogany wood finish. Push Button, Leg Rest, Brass Feet, Brass Casters. Regular $[illegible] Special price $[illegible]. $10.50 Extra in Denver and West.

Guaranteed silent, simple, trouble-proof. Faultlessly made by skilled craftsmen. An ornament to any home.



Take Advantage of This Liberal Offer



Coupon below will be accepted as $1.00 cash at any Royal dealer's. In addition these two pieces have already been reduced $7 each for introductory purposes. Total saving $8 if you buy at once. Guaranteed in every way.

Send for Free Book—"Conscious Rest"

showing handsome line of Royals and interesting details on the value of Conscious Rest. Name of Royal dealer nearest you sent with free Genuine Royals have it.

No. 1 Special

[illegible] Regular $[illegible] Special price $[illegible]

ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO.
1104 W. Chicago St., STURGIS, MICH.

This Coupon Good for $1 of Your Dealer's No. 1 Special

Cut out this coupon and give to your dealer when you buy the Royal Easy Chair as above.

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____

Note to Dealer—Return this coupon properly filled out and we will send you check for $1 as per your third invoice.

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY
1104, Sturgis, Mich.

(Continued from Page 26)

saddles, with bright-yellow pommels. The head of the house refused to fill the order and wrote back to the agent: "Anyone who orders or uses a saddle like that is an ass!"

The order was filled in Germany, where buyers are supposed to know what they want and where the most absurd whims are treated with consideration. This little episode shows why the Teuton so often got the best of the English oversea commercial emissary.

The more you study the opposition to the American business invasion of England, the more you realize why the English once lagged behind in the world's trade procession. The whole British method of doing business, as compared with ours, is slow, cumbersome and expensive. It costs the American twenty per cent more to sell goods in England than in the United States. Hence he must almost invariably add to his selling price.

When Lloyd George's Patents Bill was first advocated, one of the strongest points made in its favor was that American goods cost more in England than in the United States. The English did not realize that they were really responsible for it because the added selling expenses made this increase in price absolutely necessary.

The experience of an American manufacturer who has been doing business in England for ten years throws an interesting side light on the handicaps on English selling.

"When I first came to London," he said, "I wanted to get the best salesmen I could find. I got the crack business-getter of my leading competitor. When I asked him how much he had been making a week it seemed so low that I decided to give him a commission in addition to his salary. It was not long before I discovered I had made a great mistake. When this salesman made a sale or two that yielded him more than he ordinarily earned, he practically stopped work until he needed more money. One week he made sixty dollars and loafed for a fortnight. He spent his afternoons in cinema shows, and before long became absolutely worthless. I had to discharge him."

The attitude of the British buyer has something to do with the salesman's shortcomings. Rarely, and only in cases of the most urgent need, can a traveler get a decision in one or two calls. Americans doing business in England have told me that it sometimes takes two, three and four months to make a sale which could have been signed and sealed in twenty-four hours in the United States.

The British Legal Trust

A definite reason is that in old-established institutions it is almost impossible to talk business with a man before eleven o'clock. A salesman in England cannot pop in on a man as we do in America. If he ever tried such procedure he would never get into that house again. He must "call by appointment."

Of course the war has speeded up British energy, just as it has speeded up output, and the Englishman of to-morrow will be a liver wire than ever before in his life. It will be manifest in his business relations and also in his world attitude.

Then, too, there is the bane of the middleman. What in America is called the "direct from manufacturer to consumer" method of doing business is almost unknown in England. Almost every article the Englishman wears, eats or uses must trickle to him through some intermediary. This all adds to the inconvenience and cost of selling, and it is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of American business expansion in England. Ultimately the consumer has to pay.

As a matter of fact, much of the method of doing business in England puts a costly handicap on individual enterprise. I have in mind the case of an American manufacturer whose middleman or agent in a city up north owed him nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. One day he got a notice to attend a meeting of the agent's creditors, who sought to force him into bankruptcy. When the American got to the conference he found thirteen men sitting solemnly round a table. The inevitable solicitor handed each a statement of the man's affairs. When the American examined it he found that the book debts were good and the value of the stock on hand was almost twice as much as the liabilities; other assets were up-to-date machinery and a new building.

"I can't see why you are trying to put this man through bankruptcy," said the American.

"Nor I," said his lawyer. "His only failing is that he is young and is going ahead too fast. These creditors are so afraid they will lose a few hundred pounds that they want to ruin him in order to save their wretched debts."

"Then I'll pay this man's debts myself," said the American.

This confidence shamed the other creditors and they withdrew their plea for bankruptcy. Because of their efforts to destroy him commercially, the young agent was forced to pay more than fifteen hundred dollars in lawyer's fees and printing. The net result was that the American manufacturer not only got back all his money in four months but to-day has an almost complete monopoly on the firm's buying.

Any American who goes into business, whether it be large or small, in England is not long in finding out that the country is in the grip of a Lawyers' Trust. The copper-riveted monopoly of the Standard Oil Company in its palmiest days was like a town meeting compared with the teamwork of the British solicitor. You can hardly take fifteen business steps in Britain without the aid, advice or consent of a lawyer; in fact, the whole structure of English trade is built round the law, and it is not always good law at that.

The Client's Share

Hence, to do business in England is to do business with the vast army of solicitors, who find a pretext for their services in the merest breath. One incident will show the almost absurd lengths to which the system is carried:

An American contractor was making an excavation alongside an old building in London and a crack developed in one of the walls. He immediately went to the owner of the house, expressed his regret, and offered to pay damages.

"I think forty pounds"—two hundred dollars—"will amply compensate you," he said.

"My dear fellow," answered the owner of the building, "you will have to see my solicitor."

The contractor sought out the solicitor, who met him with the following grave injunction:

"I cannot deal with you, sir; you will have to get a solicitor."

By that time the contractor began to think that England was principally populated by minions of the law. He hired a lawyer. When the two solicitors got together they, in turn, engaged a surveyor, who assessed the damage. After an elaborate investigation, extending over a week, he came to the conclusion that the damage was forty pounds, or precisely the amount estimated offhand by the contractor at the outset.

Now the significant part of this whole transaction was that, after all the fees had been paid and the smoke of discussion had cleared away, there remained precisely four pounds—twenty dollars—for the owner of the building. If he had accepted the American's estimate and made himself independent of solicitor tyranny he would have been exactly one hundred and eighty dollars richer.

The Lawyers' Trust has a full mate in what might be unofficially called the Landlords' League. England is essentially a landlord's country. The American who wants to rent a shop or lease a factory stirs up a hornet's nest of expense. He is stung with all manner of taxes and overhead charges; and, unless he knows the ropes or seeks the counsel and advice of somebody who has lived long in England, his first year's rent is often doubled by the excessive extras that are piled on.

To build in England is to be hampered by regulations that to the average American, accustomed as he is to the freedom of the air, are little short of ridiculous. One of the most typical of these laws is known as the Ancient Lights Privilege. Under it every householder is entitled to an angle of illumination of forty-five degrees, and anything that interferes with this angle is prohibited.

One almost unending source of trouble for the American manufacturer in England lies in the instability of the Patents Law and the loopholes it leaves for infringement. This condition makes life one long and costly litigation for the American patentee.

(Continued on Page 31)

Stearns

MOTOR CARS

Stearns Counter-Balanced Crankshaft

The flexibility and the notable smoothness of the Knight motor are heightened by the Stearns counter-balanced crankshaft.

Four years ago, this Stearns feature was evolved.

It eliminates vibration, and crankshaft whip.

It equalizes the pressure on the bearings, and promotes longer life at that point.

It permits higher motor speeds with mechanical safety—which means greater power and flexibility.

It is the final touch that gives perfect balance and co-ordination to the motor's wearing parts.

Knight Principle—Stearns Practise

STEARNS-BUILT from motor to rear axle.

That is the secret of the clock-like performance of the Stearns.

The motor is a Knight motor—but a Knight-motor-built-by-Stearns.

The Knight principle has been perfected by six years of Stearns practise.

It is an integral working-part of a fine manufacturing unit.

From motor to rear axle there is harmony—complete and absolute.

The incomparable smoothness and silence of the car is a result of this union of fine principle and fine manufacturing practise.

Quiet and competent are the two terms that best describe the Stearns.

It is distinctly a car for those who cannot rest content with the ordinary.

It looms head and shoulders above the usual in the first fifteen minutes of demonstration.

It delivers a rare and unusual quality of performance.

Recognition of its goodness has greatly broadened the Stearns market.

That wider market has brought it within range of all who appreciate a truly fine car.

Stearns Four five-passenger **$1585**

Touring Car for Seven, $1725; Clover-leaf Roadster, $1585; Coupé, $2150; Limousine, $3000, Landaulet, $3100; Landaulet Brougham, $3200.

Stearns Eight

Touring Car for Seven, $2375 Clover leaf Roadster, $2375; Coupé, $3075; Coupe-Landaulet, $3075, Limousine, $3685; Landaulet, $3785; Landaulet Brougham, $3785

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Look for this

Sign of Perfect Tire Service

"Good" Tire Dealers are Permitted to Display it

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes** and **Tire Accessories** Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make **United States Tires Supreme.

(Continued from Page 28)

Here, as elsewhere, most of the law favors the native-born. There have been many instances in which the Yankee patentee has won in all the lower courts and then lost in the House of Lords, which is the Supreme Court of Great Britain. These long-drawn appeals are very costly, because you must engage a king's counsel for any case that goes before the Peers. Some of these suits have gone against Americans on the most trivial points.

But one enterprising American manufacturer in England has found a way to beat the patents pirates. He is a man of great resource and ability, and, in addition, he has ample means. He makes machines that lend themselves readily to infringement; so he hit upon the plan of bringing suits against himself to test out the validity of his rights before embarking upon an advertising campaign.

His scheme is very simple: When he brings out a new device in Great Britain he gets a friend, or someone in his employ, to bring suit against him on the ground that the machine is an infringement on an existing patent. The whole matter is thoroughly aired in the courts. If he wins as defendant in this self-started litigation he goes ahead and plants his product. He has done this successfully in half a dozen instances, and in one case had to carry his own suit to the House of Lords at an expense of over sixty-five hundred dollars. This expense, however, was slight compared to the loss he would have sustained through infringement.

The average English consumer, reenforced by the British shopkeeper, is hostile to any aggressive alien enterprise and fights shy of trade innovation. Anything that disturbs the placidity of his buying and selling is treason and must be put down with a firm hand. What happened to a live young American who went to England not so many years ago to establish a chain of stores is well worth rehearsing:

His employers gave him a certain sum of money, which was to constitute his capital. Then, with the usual American business benediction of "Go to it!" he went forth on his little journey into the English trade world. He selected a large seaport as the place in which to drive the entering wedge. To conform to the law he had to establish a British corporation.

Eccentricities of Trade

He rented a store on the main business thoroughfare, ripped out all the partitions, and made a big, airy, light salesroom. He painted the name of his company and the highest price at which any of his goods would be sold in large red letters and numbers on the windows; he began to hire the best-looking and best-dressed clerks he could find, offering them more money than they had ever earned.

But, before he could start business, he had to have merchandise. Wisely realizing the goodwill that would attach to the sale of British-made goods, he now set about buying a stock. Right here he ran his head against one of the many blind walls of British trade tradition—only in his case the wall was blinder and higher because he was an American seeking to compete with English shopkeepers on their own ground.

He wanted to buy a large quantity of cheap hand mirrors. This is what happened:

"At what price do you expect to sell these mirrors?" asked the middleman.

"For sixpence," was the reply.

"Then it is impossible for us to sell them to you," said the factor.

"Why?" asked the American.

"Simply because these mirrors have always been sold in England for a shilling"—twenty-five cents—"and we won't sell goods to anybody who departs from this price."

"But the English shopkeeper has the same right to sell them for sixpence as we have," pleaded our young friend.

His importunities were in vain, notwithstanding the fact that he would have bestowed a large and profitable order. He tried half a dozen other middlemen and met with the same refusal. He had to go to France, where he has bought these mirrors ever since.

All this, however, was merely the beginning of the American's buying anxieties. He had been raised in an atmosphere of huge output and of correspondingly big stocks. The whole chain-of-stores idea in America, whether for cigars, sundries or drugs, was built on the basic idea of a quick turnover. It is a matter of large sales and small profits.

But this is not the English theory, which means small sales with large profits. Thus it came about that when the American went to the middleman and wanted to buy one hundred gross of combs, for instance, he was met with this reply:

"We cannot let you have a hundred gross, but we shall be very glad to let you have twenty."

He offered to pay cash in advance; but to no purpose. Other middlemen whom he approached likewise shied at large orders.

Behind the belief in small sales was another reason for the refusal to sell in quantities:

Up to the beginning of the war the British manufacturer did not know the meaning of hurry. Until the urgent need of ammunition galvanized all industry, speeding-up was never dreamed of. The buyer, therefore, paid for this lethargy.

Another reason why the British middleman almost resents very large orders is because he is deathly afraid of "returns"—that is, goods sent back. He hesitates to take a chance. He would rather be absolutely sure of selling one gross of an article than ship twenty gross, even with the reasonable chance that all would be sold.

Getting a Foothold

As a result of these dilatory tactics, it took the American just about four times as long to assemble his initial stock as would have been required in New York, Philadelphia or San Francisco. But the time came when everything was at hand; the red signs were unfurled to the breeze; the announcement was made in the local press; and the doors were flung open.

A curious thing happened. The townspeople immediately got the impression that a fire sale was going on; and they rushed pellmell to buy the goods, amazed at the cheapness of the price and determined to get in on the opportunity before it was over. They expected the whole stock to be cleaned out. Instead, the more goods they bought, the more appeared in their place. Meantime the townspeople had told all their friends in the country about it, and the rush kept up.

Then the competition got busy. All the shopkeepers within blocks of the American establishment, who had calmly viewed the advent of the so-called fire sale, became alarmed. They began to spread all manner of stories about the Yankee business; but in this case they acted as a boomerang. They had not reckoned with the British pocketbook.

The American store was selling practically every standard article of use from four to twelve cents cheaper than the English shops. When the native shopkeepers remonstrated with their customers for patronizing an alien establishment, they were met with this answer:

"If the American shop can sell these goods so cheap, why don't you do it?"

To-day the American has a chain of forty stores throughout Great Britain.

Wherever the American business man in England turns he finds some habit or custom that means delay. Take credit: He soon finds out that the Englishman, regardless of his financial rating, wants very long accommodation. Curious as it may seem, the bigger the firm, the more time it wants. The average British mercantile establishment has never quite accepted the American method of taking a discount for cash. "It's not done."

Some of the pranks the English merchant plays with credit are amusing. An American, long engaged in business in Great Britain and thoroughly acclimated to its economic ways, told me this story:

A certain florist, with a large establishment in Covent Garden, London's great flower market, had owed him eighty-five dollars for more than a year. He sent repeated statements, but the customer failed to remit. Knowing that the florist would eventually pay, the Yankee was undisturbed.

One day he was shopping with his wife in the Strand. He wanted to buy her some flowers; so he went in to see his Covent Garden debtor. He bought about twenty-five dollars' worth of potted plants. To his great surprise the shopkeeper absolutely refused to receive any payment.

"It is a great pleasure to make your wife a present of these flowers," he said.

The price of the flowers represented nearly one-third of the bill that he owed. After fourteen months he sent a check for

(Concluded on Page 33)

"For Our Lunch At The Beach!"

SANDWICHES that will "get everybody going." Sandwiches that answer the "big hunger of all outdoors" as no other sandwiches you ever carried.

And why shouldn't they? Isn't this the taste of good boiled ham, emphasized by the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of many mild spices?

YOU MUST GET "GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

It's a free book of the famous Little Red Devil Recipes—sandwiches, salads, rarebits, omelets, scallops, etc. Menus for all kinds of meals and occasions. Free for the asking. 20c will bring you economical can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try.

In writing, mention your grocer's name and, if possible, whether he sells Underwood. Most grocers do. Inquire of yours today.

Ten Tempting Sandwiches

1. Underwood Deviled Ham spread on thin slices of fresh bread—white, rye or whole wheat. Trim crusts.
2. Underwood Deviled Ham with lettuce and mayonnaise.
3. Underwood Deviled Ham, chopped hard-cooked egg and parsley.
4. Underwood Deviled Ham and thin slices of cucumber.
5. Underwood Deviled Ham, chopped chives, mayonnaise.
6. Underwood Deviled Ham and very thin slice Swiss cheese. Rye bread.
7. Underwood Deviled Ham, cold broiled bacon, a little chopped onion, mayonnaise.
8. Underwood Deviled Ham and chopped English walnuts. Brown bread.
9. Underwood Deviled Ham and thin slices tomato, mayonnaise.
10. Underwood Deviled Ham, thin slices chicken, mayonnaise.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Makers of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue, Turkey and

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

Hotel La Salle

CHICAGO'S FINEST HOTEL

Light on Good Food

WHEN in Chicago you are cordially urged to visit the kitchens of Hotel La Salle. Here is cleanliness supreme, sanitation at its highest. The luxuries here prepared under leadership of a famous chef will give you new light on the food question.

You will understand why the cuisine of Hotel La Salle has such an enviable name, at home and abroad.

RATES

One person	Per day
Room with detached bath	$ 3 [illegible] $5
Room with private bath	$ [illegible] $5
[illegible] person	[illegible]
Room [illegible]	$ [illegible] $4
Room with private bath—	
[illegible]	$3 [illegible] $5
Single room with double bed	$4 [illegible] $5
[illegible]	
[illegible]	$ [illegible] $4
[illegible]	$ [illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

HOTEL LA SALLE
La Salle at Madison St.
CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS
Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

GRATON & KNIGHT
Standardized Series
LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

Four Graton & Knight Standard Drives in Mill of Lincoln Manufacturing Company, Fall River, Mass.

52 in. belt to spinning room
14 in. belt to weave room
36 in. belt to card room
29 in. belt to basement

Big Belts— For Big Jobs

There is one right way, and only one right way, to buy belting. That is on the basis of the *work to be done*.

For belting is machinery.

If you buy it as you buy machinery—you will standardize it, as you have standardized your machinery. You will buy Standardized Belting.

Standardized Belts are made to the actual standards of the job. They have been worked out during sixty-six years of belting experience. The requirements of every kind of power transmission have been classified and a Standard Belt evolved to fit each class.

There is Graton & Knight Heart Brand Belting, the standard oak-tanned, extra-heavy, center stock belt. Graton & Knight Neptune, standard for waterproof service. Graton & Knight Spartan, for exacting conditions. Other Graton & Knight Standard First Quality Brands for other conditions.

The way to save money on belting isn't to buy cheaper belts—but to buy the belt that will do your work best.

You will save money on that belt. And you will lose money on any other kind.

Apply Standards to your power transmission. Our Engineers and our Belting Laboratory are at your service—let them help you standardize your belting.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Company

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Packings and Specialties

Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

GRATON & KNIGHT

(Concluded from Page 31)

his account. He merely regarded it as the proper way to do business.

Though the average Englishman likes to take his time in paying his bills, the bigger fact remains that his credit is above reproach. His word in money matters is his honor, and this means everything. Ask any American who has done business in England about this and he will tell you that the percentage of bad accounts there is smaller than in any other country in the world. This insurance against loss more than makes up for the delays and irritations that sometimes attach to doing business with our British cousins.

It took a good many years for the appreciation of the value of advertising—second nature with the American business man—to soak into the British trade consciousness.

The old-time British idea about advertising was something like the attitude toward labor-saving devices. The forefathers had not advertised; therefore, it was not the proper thing to do. Besides, if an article was better than any other it needed no vulgar exploitation. Therefore, the British tradesman of the old school sat back and waited for business. Sometimes it came; more often it did not.

How comparatively recent was this state of mind is demonstrated by a specific instance related to me by the man involved. He has large manufacturing interests in England and usually has a considerable surplus to invest every year. He makes it a point to employ part of these funds in some new concern in which the initial investment opportunity is attractive and the stock offering generous. He had established strong social and financial connections in London and was invited not many years ago to join a company formed to put a liquid product on the market. He subscribed ten thousand dollars and was made a member of the board of directors. His colleagues were all elderly Britishers, steeped in the old methods. The chairman was eighty years old, a fine, ruddy, upstanding man, who incarnated the highest and, at the same time, the most unprogressive commercial principles of the nation.

The company produced a very excellent article. When the American suggested an advertising campaign he was frowned on.

"We have the best product in the world," said the old chairman. "People must have it; there is no need of advertising."

But the people did not rush in to buy it. After nine or ten months, during which time several cash assessments had to be levied on the stockholders, one of the younger English directors—he was only sixty—suggested, to use his own words: "Since our American friend and colleague has expressed the opinion that advertising will help, he should be given a chance to demonstrate his theory."

The American accepted the opportunity, but only on condition that he be given three months' time to make good, and that he be given an absolutely free hand. The board assented.

He did what any other enterprising business man would do. Within three days he had placed advertising contracts amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars. It was much more cash than the firm had on hand at the time. When he announced his program most of his associates called him a wrecker. He placed his advertisements not only throughout Great Britain but in the colonies.

In a month orders began to roll in. At the end of the period allotted to him he had replenished all the funds lost through failure to advertise. Last year the company declared a dividend of twenty per cent. To the everlasting credit of that ruddy-faced eighty-year-old chairman let it be said that he congratulated the American on his achievement and vowed that henceforth he was a convert to publicity.

Some of the best-known and most successful advertising agents in England served their apprenticeship in the United States. One of them cut his publicity teeth by writing ads for a Brooklyn department store. He put the first person singular into British advertising. But, first of all, he advertised himself and thereby advertised advertising. He printed his picture and his views on exploitation in all the leading dailies.

At first, London business men were horrified. Finally the head of a great house-furnishing and decorating establishment, bolder than all the rest, said:

"If this man can advertise other people as well as he advertises himself, he is worth trying."

He gave the agent a trial, and he conducted a whirlwind campaign that nearly took away the advertiser's breath; but it lifted him out of a rut and started him on the way to perennial prosperity. This advertising man is now at the top of the London heap.

In referring to him a sedate English advertising man said to me that he was "a loud and noisy person." When I remarked that he was in a business that lived on noise he replied:

"There is noise—and noise!"

Be that as it may, the one-time Brooklyn ad writer is now literally the Big Noise in English advertising, and he has more than one American firm on his list.

THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

(Continued from Page 5)

and hard work of it. They are boys—fine, clear-eyed, splendidly handsome boys, who hate to be considered heroes, and probably will writhe over this paragraph, if they ever have time to read it, which I doubt. The average age is twenty-five, but there are very many under that. I used to get through the day all right by assuming the attitude, to myself and them, that all this was nothing unusual and only the proper thing, and that of course war was dirty work but we had to have it, like sewers or whooping cough or the income tax.

But at night, when taps sounded—"the last call a soldier doesn't hear"—and the lights went out in the low wooden barracks across the parade ground, I always wanted to go off in a corner somewhere and put my head under a pillow and yell—with protest, with fury, with tears.

There is little or no wasted time in these officers' training camps. Reveille is at 5:30 in the morning. From then until taps, at 9:45, there is an hour and ten minutes that our student officers may call their own.

Between 5:30 and 5:45 A. M. there is first call, by the bugle of course. In some camps the band bursts into song immediately after the first call; and as I was never prepared to go out and investigate, and as the band never appeared where I could see it, I have still a hazy idea that it sits up in bed with its eyes shut and grinds out one of Sousa's marches.

At 5:45 there is assembly. Now I was never so located that I could witness that early-morning assembly in its entirety, but I saw it piecemeal. First out of the barracks would proceed a few leisurely figures, evidently the men who had hopped out of bed the moment reveille began. They walked with an air of virtue, and sometimes whistled as they made their way round the corner to the company street. Then a great number of khaki-clad figures, not quite so leisurely. Then a few, going fast. A handful, trotting. And then, one by one, racing madly and waving despairing arms, the ones who had stretched and turned over at bugle call.

Another call, and silence. A handful of small boys, who apparently lived on the parade ground, turning cart wheels on the hard ground, one of them going through the manual with a stick. Two dogs. An orderly with a horse. And then—from somewhere out of sight—a wild catcall, a pouring back of brown figures, and breakfast.

Breakfast is at six. From then until 6:50 the candidate has nothing to do but to eat enough for three men, shave, finish dressing, make his bed, tidy his belongings, get his rifle and line up with his company for, say, five hours' drill. From twelve o'clock to 12:10, which is mess call, there is a bit of leisure that has been overlooked by the authorities and may be used for washing-up for dinner and for writing letters.

Afternoon instruction in a typical camp lasts from 1:20 to 4:30. Generally speaking, this afternoon instruction, after the candidate's five hours in the morning, is lighter work, consisting merely of jumping in and out of trenches, prostrating himself flat on the ground, and raising himself and bending over and touching his fingers to the ground an indefinite number of times. Or it may be varied by marching out to the rifle range, where he puts in an idle afternoon squinting along the barrel of

Loyal

as an old friend, to stand with you in the *big emergency*, the Savage Automatic gives 10 good, "quick" reasons for your confidence.

You'll always find a Savage product where the service is the hardest.

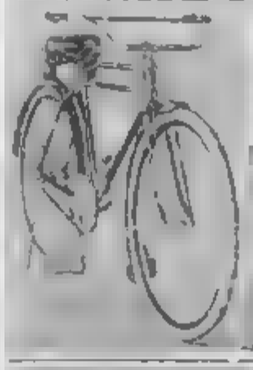
"Aims as easy as pointing your finger"

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

1432 Savage Ave. Utica, N. Y.

Makers of High Power and Small Caliber Sporting Rifles.

$1.00 a week pays for the Black-Beauty-Bicycle



JUST THINK OF IT—here's the classiest bicycle ever built—the outright payment of $1 a week. What's more, we ship *freight prepaid*.

Direct From Factory—On Approval

You take no risk, for if you don't like the Black Beauty, send it back at our expense—you're not out a penny

5-Year Guarantee

All sizes, all styles, and a tool kit free. Get color catalog now

WRITE US TODAY.

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO., Est. 1896. Dept. R, Phila., Pa.

For the Feet

To prevent skin-rubs, calluses, blisters, etc. Just the thing for the man in khaki.

A medium sized bottle will be mailed by us post paid to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE

For whiter teeth and firm, rosy gums. Cleansing—gently and healthfully antiseptic.

Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition.

REDUCED SIZE OPEN

YOUR SOLDIER BOY WILL CHERISH THIS POCKETOKEN

When open, as above, this beautiful POCKETOKEN provides one space for inserting photograph of a dear one at home. The other space is engraved with the name, company, regiment and home address. It makes a permanent identification.

If you love your soldier boy see that he has one of these POCKETOKENS as a permanent remembrance from you. If he is already in service, show your appreciation by sending him one. Prices: Heavy Gold Filled $5.00 Solid Sterling Silver $7.00 10 Karat Solid Gold $15.00 14 Karat Solid Gold $20.00

Each POCKETOKEN furnished with strap and buckle. Ask your jeweler. If he does not carry POCKETOKENS, order direct, and give your jeweler's name.

FULL SIZE

The SCRIBNER and LOEHR COMPANY

1152 EUCLID AVENUE—CLEVELAND OHIO

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

COUNTERACTS
"ACID-MOUTH"

OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND

122 William Street
New York

Lehn & Fink

Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

Distance is no hindrance to saving money by mail at 4% interest with this large safe bank which has been conducting a conservative savings bank business for 49 years.

No matter where you live—send today for a copy of our interesting booklet "M."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS $6,000,000.00

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 90-page, 1917 Edition Patent Book free. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

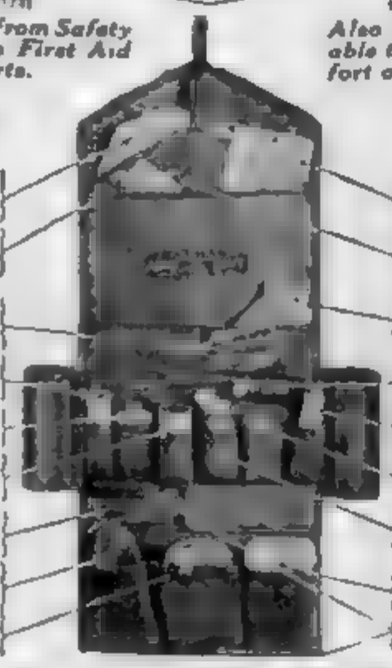
Keep HIM Fit with "COMFYKIT"

Contains everything needed by the Soldier or Sailor from Safety Pins to First Aid Comforts.

Also indispensable to the comfort of Automobilists, Tourists, Camping Parties, etc.

Most Complete Kit

(1) Sanitary Wash Bag. (The pocket containing the wash rag runs full length of "COMFYKIT" and can be used to carry handkerchiefs, etc.)
(2) Full card medium size Safety Pins.
(3) One complete Durham Duplex Safety Razor.
(4) Rubber-Set Collapsible Shaving Brush in Special Metal Case.
(5) Can of Williams' Talcum Powder with patented Safety top.
(6) Williams' Shaving Stick, in metal case handsomely nickel-plated and polished.
(7) Six inch flexible non-breakable Comb.
(8) High grade ebony finish Military Hair Brush.
(9) Large can "Nathan Foot Ease." A superior antiseptic foot powder.



(10) Non breakable 3 x 4 inch Polished Steel Mirror.
(11) A handy assortment of extra Buttons.
(12) Darning Cotton and Darning Needles.
(13) A superior Tooth Brush, flexible handle, with Special Sanitary Tooth Brush Guard.
(14) Williams' Tooth Paste tube only collapsible tube.
(15) One Emergency Case of Zinc-Oxide Adhesive Plaster.
(16) Sewing Outfit, consisting of two spools of cotton with easy thread needles, thimble and pins. (All put up in compact metal carrying case.)
(17) Handsome Aluminum Soap Box, full size, holds large cake of soap.
(18) Extra Pocket for Stationary, Pencils, Post Cards, Letters, etc., and Pockets for extra Razor Blades.

On The Market

Price Complete, $5.00

Size when opened 22½ x 9 inches
Size when closed 9 x 5 x 2¾ inches
Weight Complete 24 ounces

The Nathan "Comfykit" is made of a durable olive drab, two-ply auto cloth and is guaranteed to stand the hardest and most racking wear.

The articles contained in the Nathan "Comfykit" are of the finest quality—the standard products of leading manufacturers.

If Not at Your Dealer's We Will Send Post-paid on Receipt of Price

NATHAN NOVELTY MFG. CO., Dept. "C," 88 Reade St., New York City

a rifle, and having his ignominy shown to the world by flags that wave from the rifle pits, and by unkind markers behind him, sitting at small wooden desks and keeping books on him.

He has, you will observe, already worked eleven hours. He then has an hour and ten minutes to take a shower, if he can get one, see the family, which has motored some five hundred miles to call on him, rub himself with ointment in various places and get tidied up for retreat at 5:50.

Of all the ceremonies of his long day—and it is not over yet—perhaps retreat is the most impressive. The bugle call itself, which has sounded the retreat over so many battlefields when the end has come, now sounds the end of day. Gathered on the parade ground, sharply aligned and rigidly at attention, stand officers and men. The bugle sounds; the flag slowly descends, while the band plays the Star-Spangled Banner. Eyes on the flag, these men and boys behold in it the symbol of the thing that has brought them there together, the thing for which a certain number of them will inevitably, and that before long, have given their lives. It is the solemn moment of the day.

But the day is not yet over. There is mess call for supper, and at seven o'clock school call, followed by tattoo at nine. Not until 9:45, after fourteen hours of almost unremitting labor, does the long day end. The last call of all is taps. It closes the day; and when the last hour comes for the soldier it closes his book of life for him.

For five and a half days the candidates work furiously. Muscles swell and harden. Men are taking as a matter of course things that at the beginning were incredibly hard. The splendid army shoe has permitted them to march as they never marched before. They are sunburned, hungry and fit. Then at noon on Saturday comes a respite. They are free until Sunday night.

During the latter days of the week, by train and motor, have been converging toward the various camps, like needles to a magnet, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts. Family friends too. Accommodations in the nearest towns are at a premium. By noon on Saturday the parade ground is surrounded by a ring of machines containing eager-eyed folk who do not understand why John or Frank or Will does not wave to them from the ranks, and indeed seems altogether oblivious of the presence of the family car in his vicinity.

There is an element of tragedy in that ring round the parade ground. In the hotel dining rooms on Saturday evening and three times on Sunday one can see these family groups—the candidate in his uniform, rather the worse for wear; a young girl or two—a sister and perhaps a sweetheart; the father and the mother. The young people chatter, and even the father insists on being fiercely normal. But the mother does not say much, and she eats very little.

The Y. M. C. A. Work

On Saturday nights in the towns near these camps it is a patriotic duty to supply amusements for the men. Dances are given under the careful supervision of prominent women. Clubs throw open their hospitable doors. It is a great lesson in friendliness—this attitude of our people toward the soldiers. Nothing is too good for them, nothing too much to do for them. Quaint little tea rooms have sprung up here and there round the cantonments, run without a thought of profit; no labor is too hard, no concession too great, if it is to bring a little cheer to our boys.

There is another side to this, of course. It would be a most serious one were the men of a different sort. But these men are gentlemen and require no protection from the ghouls who fatten abroad on army camps. It required some little time, however, for the ghouls themselves to realize this. In one city near a camp the theaters immediately began to put on salacious plays, only to find that the men in the camp had made a formal protest to their officers about it.

Naturally, under the circumstances, the men are keenly resentful of outside interference.

"There are," one candidate officer said to me, "too many people coming here to purify us. We don't need it and we don't want it!"

Of course, by this I do not refer to the wonderful work the Y. M. C. A. is doing. And valuable as it is now, it will be almost invaluable when our troops are taken across the sea. The Y. M. C. A. building becomes a sort of club. In one Southern camp they had hung on the wall registers for the different college fraternities, and men have registered under eighteen fraternity groups.

The Y. M. C. A. furnishes lecturers, moving pictures, reading rooms with magazines, writing tables and stationery, ice water in quantities—and if you do not realize what a luxury ice water is, especially in the South, then no words of mine can tell you; and it furnishes, without thrusting them on the men, Testaments also, and kindly advice and friendly confidants when things get a little strong and a man must talk to somebody.

With each division of five thousand men we shall send abroad five of these Y. M. C. A. representatives. I wish it might be more.

At first, in some instances the men were slightly distrustful of the organization leaders. But in a short time the attitude changed. Typical Americans as they were, they preferred to keep their religion, like their patriotism, locked up inside of them. They preferred to have it taken for granted. But that is exactly the attitude the Y. M. C. A. assumed. They were on hand in case of trouble and discouragement. They stood for the decent thing; they had no tracts and no propaganda. And after a time they began to take their place in the life of the camp. Men newly engaged came to tell about it very quietly; others dropped in and asked for a Testament.

The Food Allowance

"Might as well have one," they would say, and saunter out with it carefully concealed in a pocket.

For more and more, as these men have learned the business of killing, that new and hateful profession of war, more and more have they felt their own helplessness and their need of something a bit higher to tie to.

The churches of France are full not only of kneeling women to-day. They are full of kneeling soldiers as well.

One night one of the men from the Y. M. C. A. at a large camp took the phonograph into one of the company houses. The men were in bed, reading and studying before taps. At last, after a number of cheerful records, he played Abide With Me. Then he saw that one of the boys was crying quietly. He went back and spoke to him.

"There is just no getting away from it," said the boy. "I'm homesick."

"What do you do when you are at home?"

"I am a telegraph operator. It is not much of a job, is it?"

"And—how many are there in your family?"

"J-just my mother."

A little tact, a little conversation about his job, and the storm cleared. But it was rather a good thing, I think, that there was someone there for him to talk it over with. After all, that's as big a thing as any organization can do, to have someone there always ready to talk things over with.

So—we have had our student officer's day's work, and his club, and his Sunday off. How about his food and his uniform?

It is amazing the way the food differs in different camps. An allowance of fifty cents a day per man was made at first, this being gross and including the wages of cooks and waiters. On July first this was found to be insufficient, and the allowance has now been increased to seventy-five cents. Though fifty cents a day was sufficient in certain parts of the country where food is cheap, it proved utterly inadequate in other parts. Here, for instance, is a quite sufficient menu furnished at one of the camps on June twenty-ninth at fifty cents gross for the day. It is not luxurious, but it is ample:

BREAKFAST

Scrambled Eggs Cereal Stewed Figs
Bread Sugar Milk Cocoa

LUNCHEON

Baked Fish Boiled Rice Stewed Tomatoes
Bread Buttermilk Sugar Coffee

DINNER

Vegetable Soup Boiled Beef Boiled Potatoes
Apricots
Bread Ice Water

I have put down the ice water because it is on the typed menu that was handed to me!

(Concluded on Page 37)

The New Polish of Wonderful Qualities

LYKNU POLISH

To have your furniture "Made Like New" look to the "Lyknu Maid".

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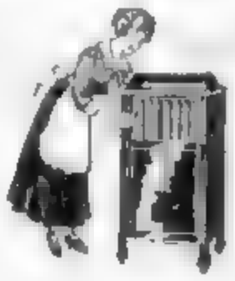

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Measure the service of your inner tubes by the calendar, not the speedometer

Empire Red Tubes

Last as long as the average car itself

The car owners of this country spend twice as much money as they need to on inner tubes.

This is one expense that the average car owner can cut in half, by using up half as many tubes.

The inner tubes should be just as permanent a part of the car's equipment as the rims. They ought to live as long as the average car itself.

For tubes do not actually *wear* out, like casings. The true measure of tube service is not the speedometer, but the calendar. What usually puts a tube out of business is premature old age.

Crude rubber itself is a short-lived material.

To build an inner tube that will last, you must do something that gives to the rubber longer life than it naturally has.

This is just what is accomplished by the secret chemical process used exclusively by the Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, N. J.

Premature old age can never happen to an Empire Red Tube.

For 10 years Empire Red Tubes have been on the market.

Many of the first ones made are still in service—as live and air-tight as new rubber.

Many of them have been punctured and repaired over and over again.

Ten years' record has proved that in the vast majority of cases *an Empire Red Tube will last as long as the average car itself.*

If your tubes are not Empires, then the next time you have to replace one put on an Empire Red. You probably will never have to buy another for that wheel.

The Empire Tire Dealer

(Concluded from Page 34)

The comfort or discomfort of the mess depends very largely on the mess officer. And not every soldier is a housewife any more than every woman is. In one camp I found an ill-balanced ration, which contained, for instance, at one meal all meat and starch, such as meat, macaroni and potatoes. And I respectfully submit that since an army fights on its stomach it might be well to send round to the mess officers of the various camps sample menus. Perhaps that splendid "Kitchen Cabinet" of Mr. Hoover's could do it.

The old army habit of living out of tin cans, a habit gained in much service in far-away lands, is difficult to get away from.

There was a marked difference in the camps in this respect. Where cooks from the regular army were employed order and military cleanliness were the rule. Refrigerators were sweet and wholesome, boards were scrubbed white. Meat was cut up on well-scrubbed tables and stored in a cleanly fashion. But in one never-to-be-forgotten camp kitchen that I saw, meat was lying on the floor and sinks were full of greasy dishwater that could not run away because the sinks were carelessly stopped up. Yet it is only fair to say here that the men who were fed from that particular kitchen reported the food extremely good! It is the old problem of the housewife, of course—only magnified a thousand times—whether she shall employ a clean cook who cannot cook or a good cook who cannot clean.

And now we have come to the army uniform. I approach this matter with trepidation; almost with fear. For the War Department has ruled against me and has decided that the high collar shall remain.

"Do you want," said an army surgeon to me, "to make a million men happy? Then go to the War Department and agitate against this outrageous high collar."

The fact is that the tunic—or blouse, as we call it—devised abroad, with its high standing band round the neck, was designed to be worn over a shirt without a collar. It was thriftily intended to save the laundry bill. So even when the British soldier wore his high-neck blouse—and he has abandoned it now; the British Army uniform of to-day has a turned-back collar with a soft roll—under that high collar he wore a collarless shirt. But our army shirt has a high rolled-over collar of thick flannel, so that round the unfortunate soldier's neck there are three or more thicknesses of heavy material. The result is agonizing—nothing less. Surely, when we are sending men out to fight for us and maybe to die for us, we can design a uniform that is comfortable for them to wear. And no matter of appearance should be allowed to interfere with the comfort of the men who will not from the moment they leave Paris ever once be lined up with a view to dress parade.

British Field Clothes

As a matter of fact, to be sure of my ground I consulted a man whose business is the making of army uniforms. I have his word for it that the rolled collar is easier to make and fit than the high band; that it would cost no more; and that manufacturers would welcome the change.

The uniform at its best leaves much to be desired. Carefully made by a good tailor and well fitted to the individual who is to wear it, it has a certain distinction. Cut out and made by the thousands, the waistline of its curving back never where it belongs, it is easily, in my opinion—and I have seen the uniforms of many armies—the least businesslike and the ugliest of any of them.

The British, who excel in field clothes of all sorts, wear a full-tailed blouse with many pockets and with a low collar. Add to this the spiral putties of khaki cloth instead of our shapeless canvas putties and we shall be able to turn out our men in trim, comfortable and soldierly fashion.

Certainly in this day of societies for everything we might have a society for the prevention of cruelties to soldiers. It could start by seeing that all the parts of a cotton khaki coat are made of the same color of khaki. It might even go farther and add straps over the shoulders to hold up the heavy belts. And it could insist on the spiral putty and then have little classes in adjusting it, which I am informed is a special art in itself and is one of the reasons why the British do not care to take off their shoes in the trenches.

Yet, as I visited these camps and the magnitude of our national undertaking began to dawn on me, it was after all not the things that were wrong that were impressive; it was the things that were right. Even up to this point an amazing thing has been done, and in the main very well done indeed. Cavil as we may, the criticism must always be of minor details. The big thing is being accomplished. With what sweat and blood it has been done no one outside the War Department will ever know. Until the actual declaration of war and until our slow-moving Congress had made provision, there was nothing to work with. Contracts could not be let. Overnight, as it were, it was necessary to mobilize the resources of the country, not only for increased production but for new production.

But the change was much more than physical. It was mental. Army departments that for years had thought in small sums and little figures suddenly had to expand all their preconceived ideas. It is as if I, who have managed a house for almost as long as I care to remember, had suddenly been given a great hotel to handle; as if, having learned to order a dozen teacups, I were suddenly faced with ordering them by the thousands. And not only that, but as if I had been ordered to take the great hotel over to France, and—— But this is painful, because the more I think of it the more I know I could never do it. My mind refuses to go beyond dozens.

So we have had the student officer's splendid spirit, and his day, and his holidays, and his club, which is the Y. M. C. A., and his uniform. May we not, then, touch for a moment on his enemies?

Spreading German Poison

After I had been traveling about the country for a few weeks I had come to a conclusion there was no getting away from: Germany is still trying quiet methods in this country. What her great army here will do when those methods fail I do not know. What it is doing now, as a part of its work, is to be heard and seen on almost every through train. Pleasant-faced gentlemen in smoking compartments, friendly ladies in dressing rooms and Pullman chairs, are busily instilling into the more or less receptive minds of a leisurely traveling public, distrust of our Government. Do you recall that unctuous gentleman who said he was from New Orleans, but whose coat was marked Baltimore, who prefaced his remarks with the statement that he was a loyal American, but ——

Have you not heard the old, old arguments—of capital forcing this war because it was afraid of the safety of its loans to the Allies? Of Great Britain dragging us in because the British were lying down on their job? Of big interests who brought on our part in the war for the sake of contracts?

They have all the stock arguments, these German spies and propagandists, plus some new ones. But ask them their names and addresses and then, a trifle later, get out your notebook and write something down—it doesn't matter what. The names and addresses are not important, because they are false. But watch them stop talking, and observe them furtively scrutinizing you afterward.

I have had two women try this with me, and on one through train in the South I overheard, in the smoking compartment, one man holding forth to three different audiences. It is insidious poison, for it strikes generally at the good faith of our allies.

How does this affect our men in the training camps? I have known it to be tried in only one, but the result, with a different sort of men, might have been disastrous. From some hidden outside source it began to be impressed on these men that they were about to face an unbeatable machine. The same stealthy whispers said that the Allies were already defeated and that we were to be sacrificed to save the men of France and Great Britain. It circulated figures, wildly exaggerated, as to the percentage of deaths among officers at the Front.

Cruel? It was dastardly. As dastardly as it was totally false.

Luckily this was not the new army, made up, as it must be, of all elements, intelligent and stupid, loyal citizens and others not so loyal. But it is something to be watched for in the new army. These student officers, most of them, realized that the whole thing was fundamentally false. But it had a certain effect, for all that. Here and there one found them, toiling as bravely, working as faithfully, preparing with the others to do better than their best. But also—preparing to die.

I have been frank about this, at the risk of criticism, because something must be done about it. And that something we can do ourselves. Watch these unctuous people who magnify Germany's power and attack our allies. Watch the men and women who sneer at our own Government and minimize our fighting strength. Watch the pleasant gentlemen who hate England and assure you we are fighting her war for her. They may be merely disgruntled Americans, but they are more likely to be something very different.

And—watch the foreign press. A part of it is loyal; a part of it most certainly is not. It is insidiously disloyal, like my friends of the through trains. If the Government would make one very simple ruling we should have an easy solution of a perplexing problem, one that the loyal press would welcome. That is: Order each newspaper printed in a foreign language in this country to send one copy each day to the Department of Justice, there to be examined by men familiar with the languages in which they are printed. Unfair? Not at all. Our everyday press is subject to supervision. Why not these others?

Perhaps, because this German pessimistic propaganda has already gone very far, it may be well here to quote some actual figures on war mortality. The difficulty is that a great many people still confuse casualties with mortalities. A surprising number of people think that a casualty is a death, whereas it may be the lightest possible scratch from a bit of splintered shell.

So for the cheer of those who take the train or the family motor and go to spend week-ends with their boys at training camps, and for the comfort of those who are to-day facing the draft, let me give these figures, taken from a recent conference of insurance-company representatives at Washington. And take it from me—these insurance people were not minimizing the risks their companies were going to take or were already taking!

One very large life-insurance company, having studied the figures, agreed to insure the entire army at an increase of five per cent. That means that this company figured on only one death out of every twenty men engaged. Canada, which suffered fearfully at the beginning, owing to the necessity of putting raw troops in the trenches, has in three years lost seven men out of every hundred by death. As a certain percentage of deaths would occur if these men were at home, living normal lives, the actual percentage of loss is really nearer six out of every hundred.

Casualties, of course, are vastly greater, perhaps one man in four being wounded. But though we fear wounds and maiming, though we ache with the very thought of them, it is death that is the real terror. It is before death, and death only, that we are helpless.

What the Figures Show

During the first year of the war, when the loss of British officers was so great that it raised a storm of protest, because officers were comparatively few and greatly needed, out of eleven thousand eight hundred and nineteen British officers engaged, one thousand four hundred and four were killed, or twelve out of every hundred. But that included the horrible retreat from Mons, the Marne, the battle of the Yser, Neuve Chapelle, and all those hideous times when the Germans, in massed formations, flung themselves like waves of the sea against the Allied armies.

These figures, however, cover all branches. It is only fair to admit that the infantry lost twenty officers out of every hundred that first year.

Brave Canada's losses were greatest, by percentage, that first year also, when the German high-explosive shells met no further resistance than the feeble garden-hose spraying of shrapnel, and when, because of lack of ammunition, the Allies frequently fired one shot to twenty of the enemy. Canada, that first year, with thirty-three thousand men in the field lost: Killed in action, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven; died of wounds, seven hundred and forty-two; died of disease, one hundred and eight—a total of two thousand six hundred and twenty-seven.

Two things are immensely cheering: The British are now sending back to the Front ninety per cent of the wounded—more cheering to us than to the ones sent back, perhaps, but it means good surgical results, and that a large percentage of the wounds are relatively slight. And another fact, extraordinary to the lay mind: Among so many men, wherever they are, there is a certain percentage of deaths from disease. But this percentage is less at the Front than normal. Some figures give it as only half the normal. Even early in the war this phenomenon was being discussed by medical men. The open-air life, the enforced activity, the reducing of existence to its simplest forms has built up in the men at the Front a new power of resistance.

Figures do not lie. Insurance companies are not purely altruistic. When one great company at Washington the other day figured on a mortality in our new army of one man in twenty for all branches engaged, it meant that, of the forces actually in combat, at the worst not more than one man in ten will fail to come home, and that the figure is more nearly one in seventeen.

And these are figures based on the past. Mortality among old troops is shown to be less than among new ones. The experienced men have learned how to take care of themselves. In other words, the longer our army is there the lower its percentage of mortality.

Bayonet vs. Pistol

But the real new element of cheer, if there be such a thing in war, is this. The high mortality of the early days of the war is unlikely ever to be repeated, just as the German drive will never recur. Conservation of life, in view of the exhaustion of man-power abroad, is being studied as it never was before. Charges are preceded by intense barrage fire, which clears the way for the troops. The close-order formations of the first year, which have added so much to the mortality percentages, are no longer in effect. Death there will be, of course, but not that reckless waste and extravagant loss that have filled us all with horror.

In view of the many misapprehensions that exist it would be well, I think, to send round to the various camps men to tell of actual conditions, to give sane and impartial descriptions of conditions. These men in training are hungry for authentic news. They have little time to read, and when they do the tendency of the average newspaper correspondent to lay emphasis on the horrors of war makes for depression.

Here and there, traveling about the country, I have picked up stories like this, evidently of enemy origin: That our officers in the training camps are killing themselves from sheer horror, that the bayonet drill is driving men mad. How absurd, how cheaply melodramatic and false!

Personally, I rather think the bayonet is a psychological weapon. There is no trench I can think of deep enough to hold me if I saw one coming my way. The fact is, of course, that we are not a knife-using people. We have always considered the knife a trifle stealthy, a bit unfair—though there is nothing stealthy about a bayonet. Aside from its psychological value, and always, of course, from the viewpoint of the outsider, I should think men armed with two pistols, each with seven cartridges, could clear a trench much more effectively than with the bayonet.

But perhaps we are going to attempt this substitution of the pistol for the bayonet, after all. Both mercifully and psychologically I hope the American Army will adopt the pistol instead of the bayonet, or at least hold the bayonet in reserve for only the last emergency.

Already some such change is forecast in the officers' training camps. In one splendid camp the commanding officer has, on his own initiative, established pistol practice according to a manual that has been carefully worked out by the War Department.

But, if we must have the bayonet to help us in this war, by all means let us have it. Our attitude must be that of the young candidate in one of these training camps who, enlisting in Uncle Sam's service, filled in on his registration card, under the heading of Employer's Business, "Licking Germany."

That is indeed his present employer's business. And if the quality of the men in these training camps is anything to judge by, we are going to do it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mrs. Rinehart, the next will appear in an early number

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Not yet—wait till it has aged a year

After Pears' Soap is made, it is put away in great drying-rooms—and kept for a whole year. Then, and not until then, it comes to you.

It takes time, and time alone, to bring out the exquisite quality of Pears'; to make it so delicately fragrant, so thoroughly cleansing, so refreshing.

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It takes time to wring the free moisture from Pears' so that it is *all* pure soap. (That is why Pears' is so economical. Ordinary soaps are not "dried out" in this careful manner.)

Just think of the care, the patience, the pride that go into this exquisite soap. Think of being able to get—at the price of ordinary soaps—a soap so pure, so perfect, so painstakingly made.

Pears' is the most *refreshing* toilet soap—

This, perhaps more than any other reason, is why millions of people, everywhere, for more than 100 years, have preferred Pears'.

Try Pears' tonight—you will understand.

At your dealer's. 15c a cake for the unscented, $1.50 a box of a dozen. Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) 20c a cake, box of three cakes, 51c

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Jennier, 417 Canal Street, New York, (Pears' United States Agents), will send you a trial cake of the unscented for 4c in stamps.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 9)

call to Z 26," he whispered. The row of aviators, being Britons and shy, shifted their legs and looked embarrassed. But one rose from the bench and approached the captain, saluting. He was breathing heavily and his eyes were bloodshot.

"Oh—you've just landed!" said the captain easily. "Had a fight, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy all in a breath. "Squad of four German planes attacked me and Brown-Jones. [This name, of course, is disguised.] My gun jammed after three shots, and I had to hurry back. Brown-Jones brought one down, I think. At least he appeared to be out of control when he dropped into the cloud below."

"Oh—er—Brown-Jones back?"

"No, sir. But I saw him crossing our lines behind me."

"Engine trouble, I suppose. Doubtless we'll hear from him later. What about the other three Huns?"

"They showed evidences of extreme terror, sir!"

"Very well."

The boy settled back onto the bench, where he nonchalantly borrowed a cigarette from his neighbor.

Just let your imagination play on this, as mine did. Back from a fight fifteen thousand, eighteen thousand, feet in the air, a thing merely dreamed of three years ago, realized only a year ago—an adventure beyond precedent. And here it was, treated as part of the day's work!

The two 'prentice airmen had come down from their aërial play as we stepped into the field. The mechanics were trundling the machines back to the hangar, and the aviators, in their grease-streaked working uniforms, were walking toward us, swinging their leather caps as they walked. I said something about the show they had given us, and the captain remarked easily:

"Yes, they're going to be good, both of them—but of course, they've only recently arrived. Sorry I hadn't McPherson here. [I disguise this name also.] No one in the corps can do more with an aëroplane than McPherson. He's been at it two years—and he lives for that machine. I say!" he proceeded on an afterthought. "Could you fellows come over here day after to-morrow at blank o'clock? The patrol will be coming in, and if you'll say you'll come you may see them do stunts before they land. I say!" he added. "Where did you Americans get that jolly word 'stunts'? I'm sure I don't know what we should do without it."

Our *kultur*, I perceive, is spreading—possibly because our Canadian cousins have helped. Five years ago if you had told an Englishman that you were up against it he would have stared at you. Now the whole army uses that phrase. Yesterday in reading John Galsworthy I discovered one of his characters saying "It's up to you"; which is pure poker language. In their humorous moments—and believe me, doubting Americans, they are a really humorous people—they say some girl! or some fight! Elsie Janis, I believe, is responsible for that.

The Eyes and the Eyelids

We mounted our automobile and drove on, in sight of the balloon line, through a country where all the complex business of war is mixed inextricably with the simple business of a resident population, to the flying-field of a reconnaissance squadron, where we were invited to luncheon. One of the officers, as we entered quarters, grinned broadly at me and greeted me with:

"I'll bet you don't remember me, Bill!"

A man whom you have known in civilian clothes looks strange sometimes when he appears in his uniform. I had to confess I didn't, until he gave his name. At the beginning of the war I had talked over with him his entrance into the British Army. He was an American; but, like many other young Americans living abroad, he had seen what this war meant and where his duty lay. He entered the artillery, got a commission, and served all through those hard days when the few British guns were working on a terribly scanty allowance of shells. Catching the fascination of the air, he had got himself transferred to the Flying Corps in the period before fighting machines were much differentiated from observation machines. He stuck to the older branch of aviation. For efficiency and bravery he has been decorated and promoted until he is second in command of this squadron.

In this offhand fashion I have been hailed time and again, from Dunkirk to Malfalcone, by young men in British brown, French blue or Italian gray, who proved to be American citizens, pioneers in our war for democracy.

We saw no fancy stunts at this aërodrome. The broad-spreading, strong-lifting observation plane, carrying two passengers and armed fore and aft, is not made for that work. We did see, after much technical gossip at luncheon, a demonstration of air work on its scientific side. For those big planes are the eyes of the battle line; the fighting planes, to stretch a metaphor, its eyelids, guarding the eyes.

In buildings behind the aërodrome was what amounted to a suite of offices and laboratories, where all devices of photography, chemistry and mathematics are bent to making the observation work useful to the artillery, which is the strong right arm of the battle line. Of that I may not speak in detail; but the results are marvelous. The work of running an observation plane requires not only coolness, courage and knowledge of aviation; it requires also a kind of scientific instinct and great judgment.

Life at Headquarters

The photographs and records that I saw there to-day, combined with those that I saw yesterday at general aviation headquarters, fixed in my mind one fact that I may be allowed to record: Bombing is growing accurate—at least among the Allies. These observation planes, what with their size and lifting power, are used also for bomb-dropping. Two years ago we used to say that the thing to do in an air raid was to find the place that the enemy was trying to hit, and run there. He was sure to hit anything except the spot at which he aimed. That era is past; practice and mechanical improvement are making this operation accurate.

BRITISH FRONT, NEXT DAY.

I came up here to complete the facts for a certain article. I found last night at dinner that I could get my leave to the Front extended for a day, which gives me just time to finish the article and leave it with the censor before I go back to Paris. In the present uncertain condition of the mails, that means a gain of several days. So I have passed up a chance to go in sight of the "show"—the universal British slang for the fighting Front—have borrowed the typewriter of Percival Phillips, who has gone to Paris on a two-day leave, and am just finishing a writing day.

The sound of an automobile horn outside made me look up a few minutes ago, to perceive Philip Gibbs coming back from the advanced line, where I know he has been looking into the story of a small action that occurred a day or two ago. It recalled to me, also, the strangeness of my surroundings.

This old château, gray and formal, unfurnished with anything resembling a piazza, but very light within because of the high French windows, is owned by a family that once held the High Justice, the Middle and the Low. Memories of former greatness, such as family portraits, emblazoned coats of arms and old Royalist engravings—Marie Antoinette ascending to heaven, for example—decorate the walls. Though the present inhabitants are mainly Protestant, the crucifixes and sacred images of the older faith look down on them from all the bedroom walls.

As for furniture, the rooms have been stripped to bare necessities, but the chairs and tables are of antique carved oak. Also, the gentleman's library, filled with French classics, invites whosoever cares to read. On top of all this is the dunnage of fifteen or twenty very busy out-of-doors young men. I tried this morning to make an inventory of the articles that littered the tables, the old carved chests and the balustrade of the wide reception hall. I gave it up; but the list included battered trench helmets, leather coats—relics of the winter campaign—gas masks, typewriter covers, field glasses, trench coats, and such souvenirs of battle as shell cases, Prussian helmets, German signs from captured trenches and broken rifles. In the midst of this confusion a sergeant, his gun beside him, sat transmitting orders at a telephone that rested on the stand where, of old, visitors used to leave their cards.

Before my window a long gravel avenue stretches out to a solid, gray-stone lodge gate and to a square-clipped box hedge that divides the estate from the road. Past that piece of hedge a moment ago gray motor lorries were flashing. The drive is bordered with magnificent trees; and all about us, acre on acre, lies as pretty a wooded estate as I have seen in France. The fact that the lawn grass grows long—for no one has time to mow it—only makes this wood greener. A brook, so level and quiet that it looks like a canal, threads the park; it is green also with a tangle of water weed, in which, if you steal softly through the bushes that line the bank, you can see the trout resting and waving their fins. One of the older British correspondents found a fishing rod in a village near by, and has been angling for them—without luck, because he cannot get the proper kind of fly.

From the great stripped salon below comes a sound of scuffling feet. Phil Simms, of the United Press, and Bobbie Small, of the Associated Press, are playing badminton. They, together with Percival Phillips, of the London Express, represent the American contingent up here. Badminton serves in place of tennis for exercise between the hot periods of battle. This conservative family has not been caught by the modern French rage for sport, and there is no tennis court on the place.

From this attractive and gracious little halting ground in the midst of war their motor cars carry them, together with their escorting officers, to the farthest reaches of the line. Times have changed for correspondents since the early period when everyone went under military arrest now and then for being found where he shouldn't be—the only way to get the story. Now these regularly assigned correspondents, men of proved honor, go about where they please; the censorship takes care of the rest. And daily they come back from Armageddon to this quiet little haven, from such scenes as neither they nor anyone else who ever wrote can possibly convey—so inadequate, is the human device of language!

PARIS, TWO DAYS LATER.

The captain of Squadron ——, British Scout Planes, kept his engagement to give us a show. We forgathered on the field under a perfectly clear sky, with a general, his aid and a major in the Flying Service—also invited guests. News of the event must have got abroad in the French village near by, for long before the first plane of the returning patrol was signaled as a dot above the horizon a crowd of women, children, boys and old men was hanging over the fence that surrounds the flying field. The dot grew bigger, more dots appeared, and presently the fleet of little fighting planes was buzzing and darting close overhead. A double-seater reconnaissance plane, about to fly an officer over to headquarters, took the air at this moment. It soared where the others darted; it seemed like a dove in a flock of swallows.

Like Mosquitoes at Play

Yet these vicious little fighting machines, evolved to perfection only within the last year, reminded me more of insects than of any bird that flies—insects with a bite and a sting. They seem all body, so great and powerful are their engines in proportion to the rest of their structure. The fuselage, that elongated part of an aëroplane that runs between the pilot's seat and the tail, has a saucy upward curve, such as you see in the body of a mosquito. In fact, they resembled mosquitoes more than anything else that flies: gigantic mosquitoes, short-winged mosquitoes, fast mosquitoes—incredibly fast. For most of them, at this moment, were doing, in their forward rushes, at least two miles a minute.

"There—he's going to loop!" said the flight commander, as the leading plane came overhead. The nose flipped—he was riding upside down—he was level again—he was darting off at another angle. The second plane in line began to loop the loop sidewise, rolling over, and without seeming loss of speed, as a horse rolls over when turned out to pasture. In the far sky two machines were playing with each other like puppies, one making rapid *virages*, the other following, clinging to the course in a series of whirls with its own wing tip as a pivot. It was like watching a three-ring circus. No sooner

was your eye attracted by an extraordinary maneuver than a quick, English "Would you look at that!" from the general or his aid turned your attention to another quarter of the heavens.

The star airman, whom I have called McPherson, had not yet appeared, as I learned from the conversation all about me. I could trace, also, a little note of anxiety.

In these days of increasing war in the air, a squadron seldom goes over the German lines without having a brush of some kind. Once the major remarked, with an appearance of nonchalance, "I don't see McPherson yet!" and the captain added in his carefully controlled voice: "No; he does seem to be a little late; but he's doing a special job."

In the meantime they spoke of him and his technic as the coaches of a football team might have spoken of a popular star half back. Just past twenty-one, he was. "And, by Jove, do you know I missed his birthday last week—we should have given him a dinner!" said the captain. He had been flying nearly two years now, and he would rather do stunts with that machine than anything else in the world.

"There he is!" said the captain as a speck cut the low horizon mists. With his special trained senses he had recognized McPherson's flying before any of us untrained earth men could make out anything except an aeroplane.

The show above us went on. A flock of little birds flopped and darted past us. What pikers they seemed! And now McPherson had joined the rest. It took no expert eye to see that he was king of this fleet. He looped, he rolled, he did *virages*, he rose; and suddenly the nose of his plane turned straight toward the earth. Down he fell, a thousand feet, like Lucifer from heaven, his plane revolving as lazily as an autumn leaf revolves on a light wind. It righted itself not two hundred feet above the ground, darted at incredible speed, shot upward. It was circling now above our heads; suddenly its nose turned straight down again—he was diving, and onto us. We stood, watching the bulk of his machine grow greater. Nearer and nearer it shot, until the whirring tractor propeller blew wind in our faces.

We knew it was a stunt; and yet to stand there and watch a steel engine falling upon you from the skies took the same kind of nerve that it takes to hold your hand against a pane of plate glass while a snake strikes from the other side. He was on us, fairly on us, when his plane flattened its course with a quick snap; I felt that by jumping in the air I could have touched his fuselage as it passed overhead. He rose a little, dipped again, and a moment later he had dropped his wheels to a perfect landing and was taxi-ing along the ground. The rest of the patrol was landed by now. Breathing a little heavily, from the change of altitude, they came over and we were introduced.

Lessons in American Slang

Lean, trained men in the best athletic age, they looked tired, wrung; save for the absence of bruises they might have been a football team that has finished a strenuous match. That nervous strain of flying must be taken into account, they tell me, when dealing with aviators. That is why they are so much better quartered than other troops, why they are excused from much military routine work, and why they get frequent leave. They are watched carefully for signs of nervous breakdown. When these appear the aviator goes for a still longer leave—until his nerves are straightened out.

One of them, a slim, straight youth in a once-smart uniform now spotted with oil—his working clothes—hailed me in American slang, which came, oddly, through a half-British accent. "I'm an outburst of Butte, Montan'," he said; "and it's sure good to see a Yank!"

McPherson came forward, a clean-cut youth with a fine Celtic face—smooth, sun-browned complexion, high cheek bones, full red lips—he might have been either Highland-Scotch or Irish, I thought, but certainly Celtic.

I saw more of him at dinner that night, where he spoke with much youthful wisdom concerning aëroplanes and air-fighting, but said little of his own adventures except to remark that you got a brush, now, almost every time you went over; in fact, he had fought a drawn battle in the air during that very patrol from which he came home to do stunts for the visitors. The major, on the other side, put in his word now and then; he was keen to see Americans in the flying service, he said. We were sportsmen, and to fly well takes a sportsman. The day before, a very great British authority on flying had spoken to the same effect. Being a Briton, he had arranged his world by classes.

"In the upper classes it is the horseman or the big-game hunter who makes a practical flyer," he had said; "and in the lower class, what we call a bicycle hog. You know the term? The little fellow who goes out on a bicycle or a motorcycle and delights in desperate speed and close chances. When anything goes wrong you see him beside the road with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, making his own repairs!"

In addition to being sportsmen, the major said now, we were inventive and self-reliant. The Canadians were an example of what our continent could do; and he grew epic on that subject.

The senior officers withdrew for an evening over their military papers. Alone with the youngsters, Buck, the American, began to slang me in our own argot; and I slanged him back—to the bewilderment, and sometimes the joy, of the English. Now and then we had to translate—as when Buck accused me of pulling a bonehead play. How could you explain to people who do not know baseball? Also, there was song; and we taught them the riotous Western ditty, Hallelujah, I'm a Bum.

A Man Hunt in Paris

The sound of a gun, then of many guns, stopped the singing. We ran out. One edge of the moonlit sky was aquiver; now and then the horizon was streaked with the course of a tracer shell. Our antiaircraft guns were at work. A bomb raid? But the Germans at whom the British gunners were sniping must have been on a business more secret than that, for no bombs fell, and presently the guns stopped.

The British Army has arrived; after two years of a magnificent struggle against unpreparedness, the tendency toward muddle, and hard circumstance, it is reaching its pinnacle of efficiency. Such is the general impression one brings back now from that temporarily transplanted England that occupies Northwestern France. This, the manliest race in the world, has made its manliness efficient. The machinelike efficiency of the German Army, which so overawed and alarmed us Americans who saw Von Kluck pass through Belgium, is matched and overmatched now by a less formal, less machinelike efficiency, all the more effective because it gives more play for individual intelligence. Above all, there is magnificent morale—a universal resolution, animating all ranks, to see this hard, distressing business through to a victorious end.

Britain the imperturbable, Britain who knows how to wait without nervousness, to endure defeat without fluster, has found herself.

PARIS, JUNE 11.

I was walking this morning in that unromantic district of wholesale business houses that lies behind the Palais Royal, when I heard shouts. I looked up and caught a panorama of a thief chase that reminded me, at first glimpse, of a comic drawing. A short thickset man, very fast on his feet, was running away. Far behind him ran two policemen, holding their stocky little swords straight up and shouting at the top of their voices. Behind them toiled the populace, mostly soldiers. Responsive to the shouts, the men along the sidewalks darted out and snatched at the fugitive. He dodged like a running half back. A good stiff football tackle might have stopped him, but these assistants of the law merely clutched at his arms, and he evaded them easily. He had come now to the rear of a truck. The truckman jumped down and confronted him. As he dodged to one side a soldier who had rushed out from a café caught him by the collar. He was wrenching away, when the truck driver tripped him up. Down they went, all three together. An instant later the two policemen had fallen on top of the pile.

I had been tagging along, doing the best I could to keep up. When I arrived the policemen were just snapping the handcuffs onto his wrists. He was a young, vigorous man, very dark of hair and eyes. His skin at this moment was of a waxy pallor.

(Concluded on Page 44)

Your Home
Is Not Completely Furnished
Without a

KROEHLER
Bed Davenport

THE *Kroehler* kind—made for large or small rooms—cannot be excelled. Luxurious Upholstery—Rich Covers—Handsome Period Designs—Elegantly finished. Made by skilled craftsmen. Every part of construction keenly inspected.

Provides additional comfortable sleeping room—enables you to live in a smaller home and save rent.

Full size—sanitary—all steel—*sagless* spring bed. Thick, removable cotton felt mattress and all bedding entirely concealed by day. Bed folds and unfolds with slightest effort. Patented folding mechanism is perfect. Bed frame and springs entirely independent of upholstering. Room for circulation of air all around.

Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition

Kroehler Bed Davenports are sold by reliable furniture dealers everywhere. Prices ranging from $40.00 to $150.00, including 35-pound cotton felt mattress. Large variety of coverings in tapestries, damasks, velours, imitation leather and genuine leather to select from.

In imitation leather we recommend only O'Bannon's Moleskin which looks like, and wears better than, genuine leather

Do Not Accept a Substitute

It is to your interest to buy furniture made by a firm of well-known reputation. Our trade-mark, the name "Kroehler," is on every davenport. Ask to see it before you buy.

Write for interesting booklet and name of dealer.

Kodav No. 480

Kroehler Manufacturing Co.
NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS
Other factories at
Binghamton, N.Y. Grand Rapids, Mich. Cleveland, Ohio
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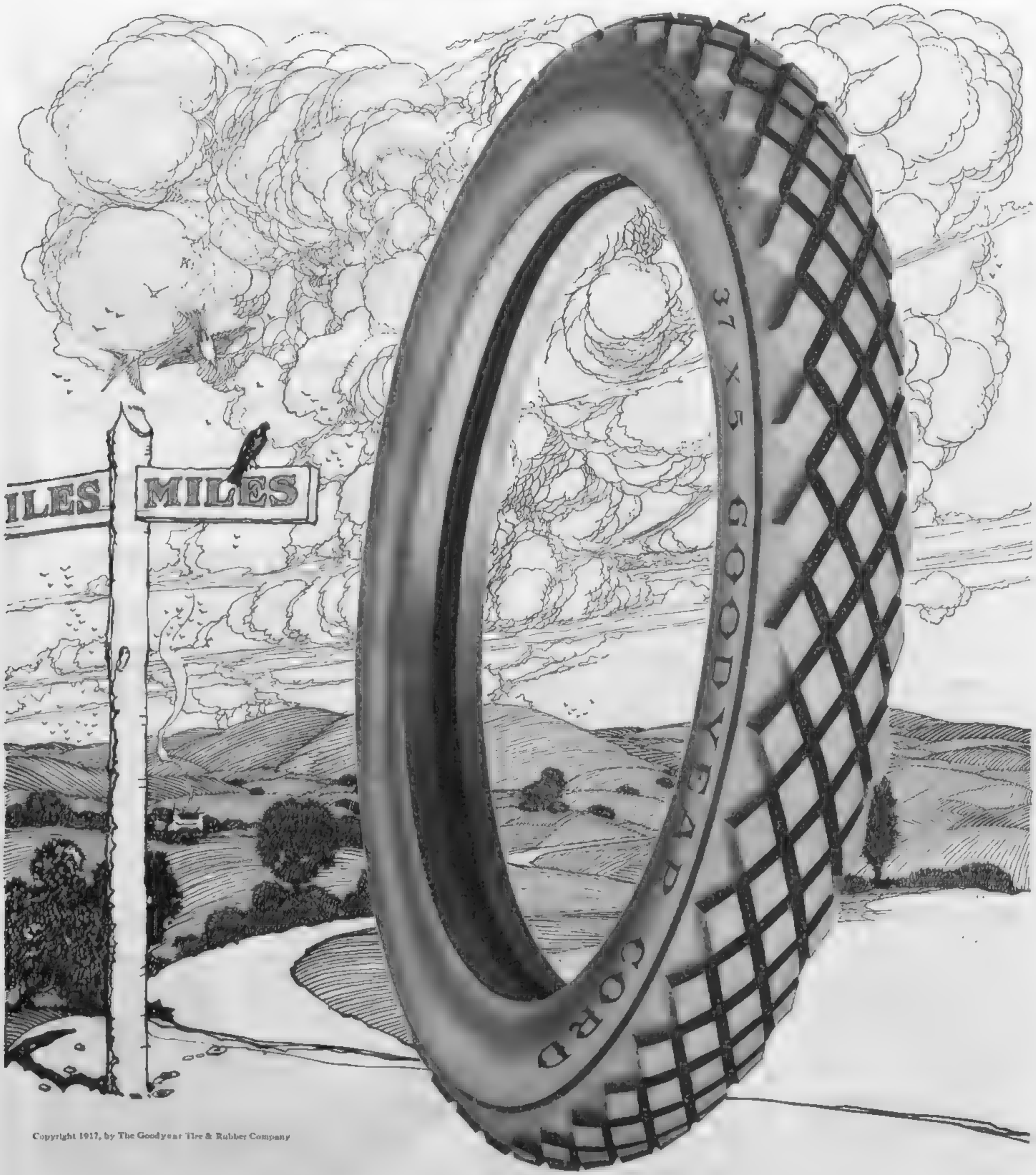

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

WHAT GOODYEAR TIRES HAVE DONE

WE have frequently employed these pages to point out to you what Goodyear Cord Tires will do.

We have said that they would deliver you longer mileage, more comfort, greater gasoline saving and larger freedom from trouble.

Now we wish to verify our statements by showing you what Goodyear Cords have done.

We know of no better way than to print these few letters as typical of thousands received by us from Goodyear Cord users:

"More Than Justified Our Expectations"

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:

Exhaustive tests made by us showed the great desirability of Goodyear Cord Tires, because of their long life and the reduction of road friction.

The results of more than a year's use of these tires as standard equipment for the Peerless Model-56 have more than justified our expectations.

We have received letters from a large number of Peerless owners reporting from 8,000 to 13,000 miles on the original set of tires; many of which letters assure us that the tires are still in use, and are apparently good for much greater distances.

Our customers, generally, are highly pleased with the performance of the Goodyear Cord Tires on the Peerless Model-56. We are very glad that we were one of the first to adopt them as standard equipment.

Yours very truly,
The Peerless Motor Car Company,
(Signed) L. H. Kittridge, President

Nothing but Goodyear Cords for Him

William E. Burnham
Bridgeport, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I thought you might be interested in the doings of some of the Goodyear All-Weather tread, also Rib tread, Cord Tires that I have been using on my 1916 Locomobile.

In September, 1916, after spending ten weeks at my camps in the Adirondacks, just before leaving for home, two of the Rib tread tires on the front of my automobile died a natural death, one having turned off 11,173 miles, the other 12,230. I thought so much of the record that I had my chauffeur express the tires back to Bridgeport, and they have been on exhibition at your agency in this city.

The All-Weather treads have also given excellent satisfaction; have one on the rear of my Cadillac car and at this writing it has turned off 13,000 miles. The mate to this one has done 9,500 miles.

I have instructed my chauffeur, when purchasing tires, to always buy Goodyear's.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. E. Burnham

"19,000 Miles Without Tire Trouble"

Dear Sirs:

Early in 1916 I purchased a set of Goodyear Cord Tires from the James A. Travers Co., of Boston. These tires have been on my Mercer touring car and up to date I have covered 19,000 miles without the least bit of tire trouble.

I find a considerable saving on my gasoline consumption, car rides easier, picks up quicker and coasts farther with Goodyear Cord Tires than on any other tires that I have ever used.

I have no hesitation recommending Goodyear Cord Tires to any motorist who wishes low cost per tire mile and freedom from tire troubles.

Wishing you all the success you deserve, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. B. (Dutch) Leonard,
Member the World's Champion Red Sox

High Mileage on Packards

The Blue Ribbon Garage, Inc.
Waterbury, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I have to compliment you on the high quality of your Cord Tires. We have used them for the past two years on Packard cars and have gotten especially high mileage. Some of our customers have called our attention to the fact that they are getting over 10,000 miles; and one customer in particular ran his Packard car 13,000 miles before changing his front tires. Our own Packard demonstrator has been run 8,000 miles, and the Cord Tires which came with the car are still in good condition.

Very truly yours,
Blue Ribbon Garage,
(Signed) C. L. Hollister,
Manager Waterbury Branch

"The Best Tire I Ever Saw or Sold"

Hotchkiss & Templeton, Inc.,
Waterbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

It gives me great pleasure to say that I thoroughly believe that the Goodyear Cord Tire is the best Tire that I ever saw or sold, and the best Tire that I have ever used on my own cars. I have had five years experience with it and thoroughly believe that it is made on honor and made to last and is bang-up in every particular. I am selling it to quite a few tire users, whom I am sure I would never be able to reach with any other Tire but with the Goodyear Cord.

Very truly yours,
Hotchkiss & Templeton, Inc.,
(Signed) W. B. Hotchkiss

Goodyear Cord Tires certainly do give more mileage, more comfort, greater gasoline economy and more freedom from trouble than common tires.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

Every ad writer *owns a dictionary*

—and most of them can use it a lot better than I can—

I'm not counting on what I *say* to you to make you a user of Mennen's Shaving Cream—

All I want to do is to get you to *try* it.

I'll let the *lather* do the talking. Your *face* can understand it.

There's a small coupon at the bottom of this column. It's put there for just one purpose—to give me a chance to demonstrate.

Jim Henry

(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S

SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry
Home of Mennen
1438 Orange St.
Newark, N. J

Dear Jim —
I figure it's worth a dime to try that Shaving Cream you've been talking so much about. Send me along free some Mennen's Talcum for Men too!

Name_____

Address _____

(Concluded from Page 41)

The policemen never addressed him as they tested out the handcuffs and led him away. I was struck, too, by the silence of the crowd; they did not chatter and bubble as Parisian crowds usually do in excitement; they were grave and grim. I turned to a little *poilu* beside me.

"What has he done?" I asked.

"A German spy! A *Boche!*" said the soldier.

I smiled to myself, putting this down to spy madness. Nevertheless, I noticed a moment later that two officers had joined the policemen and were walking on either side of the group. The procession, still very grave, passed on to a police station, disappeared.

A group of women stood on the pavement outside of the station, and one was talking in low, tense tones, appropriate to the drama of the situation.

"Through that window there," she said, pointing to a window some six feet above the pavement, "I saw him jump. They were examining him; they had confronted him with the proofs, and he leaped. I saw him—leaped like a cat, *mesdames*—ah, it is the end of him!"

And I have no doubt that I witnessed this morning the act that sealed a death warrant.

PARIS, JUNE 12.

Mrs. L——, an American volunteer nurse, came in late and laughing, this evening, to the restaurant where she had a dinner appointment with us.

"I was delayed," she said when she caught her breath, "because I've been in the jolliest Parisian row! Listen!"

A noise like the mob in Julius Cæsar proceeded from without.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"They've been measuring the petrol!" said Mrs. L——; and she fell to laughing again.

It appears that she drove up in a taxicab to the door of the restaurant, and found a crowd surrounding another cab. In its center were the aged chauffeur—all chauffeurs are aged now and a *poilu* loaded with haversack, knapsack, helmet, gas mask and little home comforts, together with his wife and mother. The *poilu* had demanded that the chauffeur take him at once to the North Station, for it was near train time, and the chauffeur had refused on the ground that he wanted his dinner.

"But if you don't, I lose the train, and I shall be arrested for exceeding my leave!" shouted the *poilu*.

"My husband will be disgraced!" cried the wife.

"My son will be ruined!" wailed the mother.

"But I cannot—I am out of gasoline," said the chauffeur.

"Why didn't you tell me that at first?" said the *poilu*, transfixing him with cold French suspicion.

"Yes! He is right! The chauffeur has deceived him! To prison with him! What a shame—and he is a soldier!" roared the mob.

"But I have no gasoline," said the chauffeur in weak defense, backing up against his machine.

At this moment Mrs. L——, with her own special tact and readiness, came through the crowd.

"Monsieur," she said. "I solicit the pleasure of offering you my taxicab."

Independent Chauffeurs

"A thousand thanks," said the *poilu*, taking advantage of her offer at once. "As for that variety of an onion, that sort of a camel, that species of a pig—I leave him to the justice of Frenchmen!"

The *poilu*, his kit and his family, drove away, waving thanks to their rescuer. The crowd, much reenforced now, backed the chauffeur against his tonneau, while a boy, who claimed to be expert in such things, opened the tank and measured with a stick.

"He has twice enough to take him to the Gare du Nord," he announced, holding up the stick.

At this point the police arrived, squelched the disturbance with that mysteriously effective tact that the Parisian policeman has to learn, and sent the chauffeur, pale, shaking and chastened, on his way.

The independence of the chauffeur is one of the minor irritations nowadays. With the present restrictions on rapid transit, even people in very moderate circumstances must take taxicabs now and then, in order to keep engagements. And the Parisian taxicab, with its minimum charge of fifteen cents, is not a great strain on the purse. But at present there are not nearly enough taxicabs to go round—or rather, there is not nearly enough gasoline. Consequently the chauffeur is a very independent person, especially at about mealtime, just when there is the greatest general demand for taxicabs.

When you signal a taxi with the vacant sign up on its meter, between twelve and one or between half past six and half past seven, the chauffeur makes a gesture that conveys "In which direction do you want to go?" You signal the direction. If the address happens to lie in the neighborhood of the restaurant where the chauffeur eats, he graciously slows down and lets you aboard. But Paris is a large city, with many addresses and many chauffeurs' restaurants, so the chances are that your intentions do not coincide. In that case he lets out his speed and points genially to his mouth to show that he is going to luncheon. He does this pleasantly, but firmly. Standing on the Rue de Rivoli last week, with a procession of vacant taxicabs whirling by, I signaled seventeen before the eighteenth kindly consented to favor.

Pershing in Paris

The hit of a current Boulevard review is a taxicab turn, with the low comedian as the chauffeur. He is signaled by a dude.

"Where does Monsieur wish to go?" asks the comedian.

"To Montmartre," said the fare.

"Ah, no!" responds the comedian. "It is always necessary for the client to have an engagement at the place where the chauffeur lives!"

PARIS, JUNE 13.

Pershing came yesterday. The American newspapers must be full of his welcome, so I shall not describe it except to say that I have never seen the like for spontaneous, unstimulated enthusiasm. However, the Frenchman, even in his most serious moments, must have his joke; and a little episode of that really glorious occasion may have been missed by the other reporters.

As Pershing's automobile ran slowly down the Boulevard des Capucines, with a dense crowd going mad along the pavement, a *poilu*, in a worn trench uniform turning from horizon blue to a kind of rusty green, leaped onto the running board. He was a little gamin of a *poilu*, a natural comedian; the kind of soldier who keeps his company laughing in the face of death. Standing on the running board he took all the applause unto himself. He bowed; he raised his cap; he threw kisses at the pretty girls; he made pantomime of addressing the multitude in impassioned oratory. Somewhere near the Madeleine a shocked policeman removed him—still good-natured, still pretending that this was part of the honor conferred upon him by the adoring multitude.

Joffre shared honors with Pershing—one of the few occasions when the people have had a chance to acclaim the splendid old victor of the Marne. We used to say here, when America was making such a fuss over him, that we'd like a chance to see him ourselves.

The truth is that Joffre, for diplomatic purposes, keeps himself as much as possible in the background. France, after its experience with the Bonaparte family, fears always the Man on Horseback—the military victor whose popularity shall overthrow the Republic. Now only one man in France could possibly occupy such a position to-day—that same likable old victor of the Marne. Joffre, fortunately, is as plain as an old shoe. He does not care for glory; he has no political ambition; he is only a soldier, deeply interested in his profession, burning with zeal to get victory for France. If he sought the acclaim of the populace the whisper might circulate that he wanted to be the Man on Horseback; and so he keeps to himself and to his work.

The selfish and personal reason why the French welcome American aid with such enthusiasm came out in a little remark of a Parisian girl standing beside her mother and waving her handkerchief at Pershing, who was bowing from a balcony of the Hotel de Crillon: "Ah, now perhaps we'll have papa back!"

It seems generally understood—on what ground of reality I do not know—that the American units, as they go to the Front, will replace the older men of the French Army—the last line of Territorials. When France entered the war she mobilized every man up to forty-five years old. In the military plans of that period these old fellows—old at least for soldiers—were expected to do merely auxiliary work, such as guarding bridges and bases of supplies. But the war brought an unprecedented drain on man power; before long some of them were holding front trenches. A body of these Territorials sustained and repelled the first shock attack at Verdun.

The war is nearly three years old, and those who entered the army at forty-five are now reaching forty-eight—and still they fight on. One feels a peculiar pathos in the sight of these old fellows at the Front—pleasant, gray-haired Frenchmen, a little thick in the waistline, looking like anything but soldiers. Fighting age being athletic age, they serve only in default of better. A Parisian newspaper, discussing this phase of the man-power problem, declared the other day that a whole company of these older Territorials, put at the job of road making in the districts where German shells are constantly tearing up the military highways, will do the work of twenty professional road makers—and no more.

On the other hand, these old fellows, experienced mechanics or commercial men or farmers, would be of greater value in the civilian activities of France than almost any men who could take their places. A peasant forty-seven years old, with his experience on that home acre which he has cultivated all his life, can get more out of the soil than any newcomer, no matter how young and vigorous. And in certain districts of fertile France a weed-choked soil cries out for cultivators. Already the young camion drivers of the American Field Sections have replaced hundreds of old farmers—too old to do satisfactorily the work of bucking a five-ton truck up to the guns—and the army has sent them back to their farms.

PARIS, JUNE 16.

Meatless days, tealess days—and now comes the bathless day! Henceforth, we are informed by the management of this hotel, we shall have hot water only on Saturdays and Sundays. This measure is not only a law but also a matter of agreement between the hotel keepers, who thereby save coal for France and money for themselves. The rest of the week the chambermaid will bring a small pitcher of hot water for monsieur's shaving or madame's morning wash; but one must bathe, if bathe he will, in cold water, consoling himself by that exploded hygienic fake which holds that the cold plunge is healthful.

Monday and Tuesday are meatless days; Tuesday and Wednesday are tealess days; all days except Saturday and Sunday are bathless days; on all days except Sunday, Thursday and Saturday, the trains in the Metro—the Paris subway—stop at half past nine. Of all the days of all the week, therefore, Tuesday is the worst. It is meatless, tealess, bathless and Metro-less.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Irwin. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

HENRY REUTERDAHL—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 25)

Reuterdahl pictured the Spanish sea war until he landed in the hospital with the rest of the "heroes." Then came Sims and the Navy's renaissance. There were things to write to explain to the people why we needed a real navy and why it should be powerful and efficient and young. So the artist picked up the pen and became a writer at intervals. He helped to fight the battle of the younger naval officers for better and more ships; he explained the meaning of sea power to the people inland.

Curiously enough, "Reut" has always regretted that he could not be a naval officer. But modern war is many sided and there are other things to do besides fighting; and now he holds a lieutenant's job in the Naval Reserve and has dropped his own things to aid in Navy Publicity.

Besides, history must also be recorded with pencil and brush. Muirhead Bone, the great English draftsman, has pictured the work of the British Grand Fleet. Reuterdahl, abroad with our naval forces, could above all depict the Navy's part in the world war, a pictorial record of our sea history.

A bushelful of sketches and canvases of fights and of sinking U-boats for the archives at the Naval Academy to be had for a lieutenant's pay!

The New

Pennsylvania AUTO TUBE

"TON TESTED"

1½ Tons per Square Inch! Guaranteed Tensile Strength

2900 Lbs.

THIS new tube—a typical Pennsylvania accomplishment—does away with all serious forms of tube deterioration.

It is constructed on a distinctly new process developed in the Pennsylvania factory.

It is positively unaffected by friction and the wear and tear of prolonged service in the casing.

Long continued extremes of heating up and cooling down do not deteriorate its service qualities. The stock is full-floating and tear-resisting.

It can be carried as a "spare" *indefinitely* without crazing, checking, cracking or weakening.

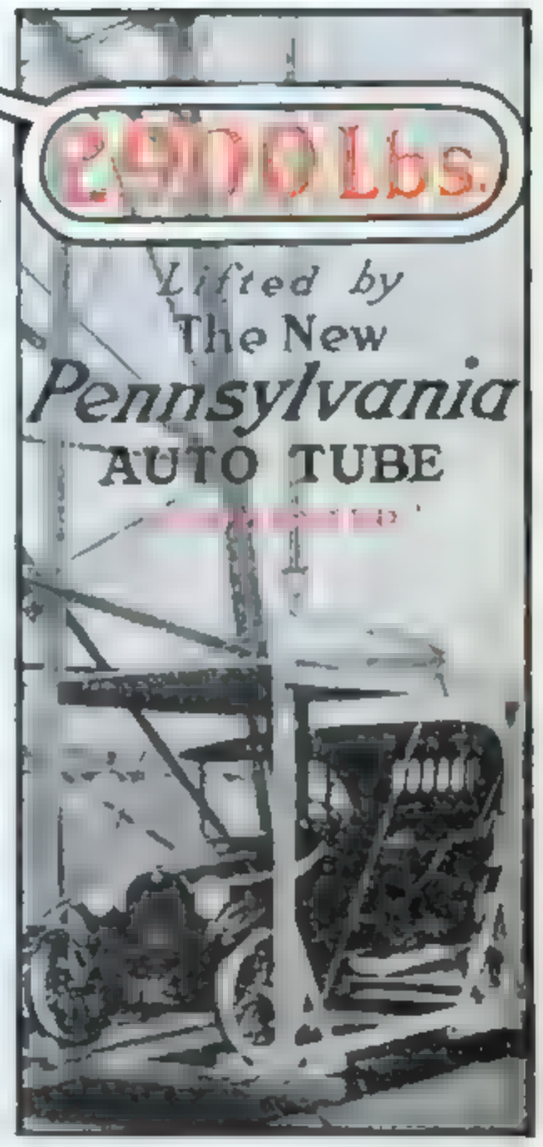
In actual tests of strength, elasticity, and heat-resistance, it has shown results no other tubes have been found capable of meeting.

With all its remarkable *guaranteed* strength and test-proven wearing qualities, the "Ton Tested" Tube is priced on a parity with the prevailing Pennsylvania Tube schedules.

Now being distributed to the trade. If not yet stocked by your dealer, write direct.

FREE Sample Section
To Dealers

Send for the above free sample of Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested" and test for yourself its great elasticity and tear-resisting qualities. Also write for price list.



Reproduction from actual moving picture, showing Pennsylvania "Ton Tested" Tube holding crated touring car in complete suspension. Following this severe test the tube showed no mark or evidence of the unusual strain.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout the United States and Canada

The Leading Face Powder *for* over half a century—

AFTER all, the best judges of a face powder are the women who use it.

And their preference is unmistakably indicated by the increasing demand for Henry Tetlow's Swan Down.

Ever since 1866 millions of women have used Swan Down and the modern women of today are making this the largest selling face powder in the world.

More women are using Swan Down every year because of its softness, transparency, pleasing odor and adherent qualities.

While Swan Down is primarily a face powder, it is so inexpensive that a great many women use it also on the neck, shoulders and arms in place of toilet powders made of coarser materials.

A sun-burned skin is easily irritated by toilet powders that lack the velvety softness of Swan Down.

Try a box of Swan Down if you have never used it and you'll quickly learn why its soothing softness is appreciated by millions of women throughout the world.

Whether you are at home, at the seashore or in the mountains, you can get Swan Down from the nearest druggist.

Your choice of five tints—white, flesh, pink, cream and brunette.

Buy the white box with the red seal.

Write for free sample

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Established 1849
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Copyright 1917
Henry Tetlow Co.

Henry Tetlow's

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF.

For the Complexion

N. BROWN

(Continued from Page 17)

mighty bombardment. He sought out in that huge arsenal, the library, the guns wrought of past forensic battles and tested their modern power. He acquainted himself diligently with the life histories of the judges who were to hear the appeal. He cultivated them in their moments of relaxation. He delivered himself at opportune junctures of well-thought-out, carelessly brilliant paradoxes.

The judges frankly enjoyed Jackson's society. He was popular in the offices, from the awe-struck office boy to the relaxing senior partner. And he was the idol of little N. Brown's idolatrous heart.

One morning, just on the eve of the hearing on appeal, he encountered N. Brown in a remote corner of the library.

"Say, have you seen my brief in the Kuffler case?" he demanded triumphantly.

"Why—no," stammered N. Brown. "I haven't had an opportunity. It—it must be a corker!"

The little man was tickled with his expression. He was achieving a man-among-men freedom of phrase. He was getting out of that wretched past. He reckoned that he was already well on into the sixteenth century. Perhaps after a while, with patient effort, he would be able to throw off all this archaic fogginess and, even in a dim, negative sense, grow a little like unto Jackson himself. He blushed at the thought. He had certainly developed in audacity!

"Well, it is a corker!" admitted Jackson. "And the judges will find it a damned knotty cork to jam into the wrong bottle!" He smiled in broad complacence. "And what are you digging up? Something interesting, I'll wager."

N. Brown glowed with the warmth of this camaraderie. Then he flushed as he became conscious of the book he still held lovingly in his hand. He shut it hastily and thrust it into its place on the shelf.

"Oh, just a little matter of practice."

"And how are the verses getting along? And the essays? Gad! They're clever! Brown, you're a genius!"

"Thank you," sighed N. Brown.

His face twitched painfully. He turned from his big friend in shame. He was a failure.

Jackson's corker of a brief was duly filed and served. The flow of forceful phrases strode through its typed pages much as Jackson himself strode through the offices. The stenographer who had been chosen to type it got to taking more care of her hair and teeth, and her sister's night-school dues became overdues. Bradshaw was jubilant.

"Look at that work!" he shrilled at his heavy partner. "That's the kind of hot shot that's going to reach the enemy's trenches."

Then one day gloom slunk into the offices of Rhodes, McCormack, Woodard & Bradshaw: gloom profound and astounding. Jackson had lost on appeal.

Little imps of gloom squatted about the rosewood desks, on the platens of shining typewriters; hung about the corridors; perched atop the rows of books in the great library. Jackson had lost? It was incredible! It was as though the court had trampled under its ruthless foot the scales of justice and fiendishly loosed clouds of poison gas upon the strutting firm. They choked; they sputtered; they coughed; they yelled!

Bradshaw made for Jackson. He exploded like an impatient bomb as he came:

"What in hell does this mean?"

Jackson drew himself up, flung his arms vigorously about and shouted:

"We'll apply for a rehearing at once. We'll argue the case again. My brief is all right—that's certain. The points were not sufficiently impressed upon the court. This matter must be pounded into them. We must hurl the cases at them—hand-grenade them! They've got to surrender!"

Bradshaw stood biting his thin lips. He hated to admit defeat. And he dreaded the gibes of Dan Rhodes. Then, too, his faith in the ultimate victory of Jackson was curiously persistent.

"Go ahead, then. Go as far as you like; as far as you can."

Jackson flinched slightly; then buoyantly recovered.

"Why, lots of cases are won on rehearing," he encouraged. "The books are full of them. We're all right! Just let me at 'em!"

Bradshaw became persuaded that no legal Verdun could withstand Jackson's second onslaught. Again the offices clicked and hummed and throbbed to the tune of Kuffler-Haskall.

N. Brown, at work among his land titles, was sobered by the astonishing spectacle of his idol's defeat. It seemed incredible that the court could have withstood the splendid lawyer's persuasions. He conceived the judges to be in the position of sordidly chained delegates at a convention, guarded against all lofty appeals.

Timidly he approached Jackson. He was eager to be of some obscure assistance to his big friend.

"I know that—that you—you know——"

"What's that, man?" snapped the idol; he was losing flesh over the protracted fight.

"I mean—I meant that you know I would do what I could ——"

Jackson eyed him in cold surprise.

"Thanks!" he said; then, his garment of professional geniality returning, clothing his speech with some slight warmth:

"Thank you, Brown. I'll certainly avail myself of your offer—when I find that I need you."

"And I would have said the same thing!" excused N. Brown that evening, alone in the great library.

He blushed painfully over his impertinence. He had grown into the habit of wasting two or three hours every evening in his beloved abode, from which, indeed, he had been evicted, but had returned like a tenant to the deserted heritage. His time was his own, at any rate, and he delved into the books, shamelessly indulging his weakness, now that his meanderings had led him to the extreme of disaster. And he even took a perverse delight in flaunting his sin to his aching soul.

"I'm a confirmed law fiend!" he chuckled to his black jimmy pipe as he reached for his briefing pad. "And I'm proud of it!" N. Brown had become depraved.

Petition for rehearing was granted, and the new strenuous brief was prepared. The whole office clamored and clicked and buzzed, persuaded anew that Jackson would make good. Jackson had, against the cold fact of the previous failure, made it clear to all whom it did in any wise concern that anything short of overwhelming victory was humanly unthinkable. Little N. Brown literally held his breath.

Then one splendid morning he expelled it again, with little tremulous sighs of intense personal gratification. The last vestiges of the imps of gloom were dispelled from the offices as by magic; and open-mouthed, jubilant little creatures of joy danced along the shiny nickel typewriters, pirouetted atop the sunny bookshelves, balanced jauntily on the tips of pens, and straddled the wire baskets on the rosewood desks. Jackson had won on rehearing!

Bradshaw, hurrying into the offices in the afternoon, after the court rose, found Rhodes still jubilating with Woodbury, of the Woodbury Light and Water Company. The two fat old men were smoking big cigars and occasionally indulging in rib pokings and similar gleeful antics befitting their sedate age. Victory meant a big thing for Woodbury and meant an equally big thing for the law firm.

Bradshaw, frowning, snatched the telephone and got N. Brown.

"Want to see you at once, in Rhodes' room!" he snapped.

Woodbury waddled away, whistling.

"Now what's the trouble?" remonstrated Rhodes.

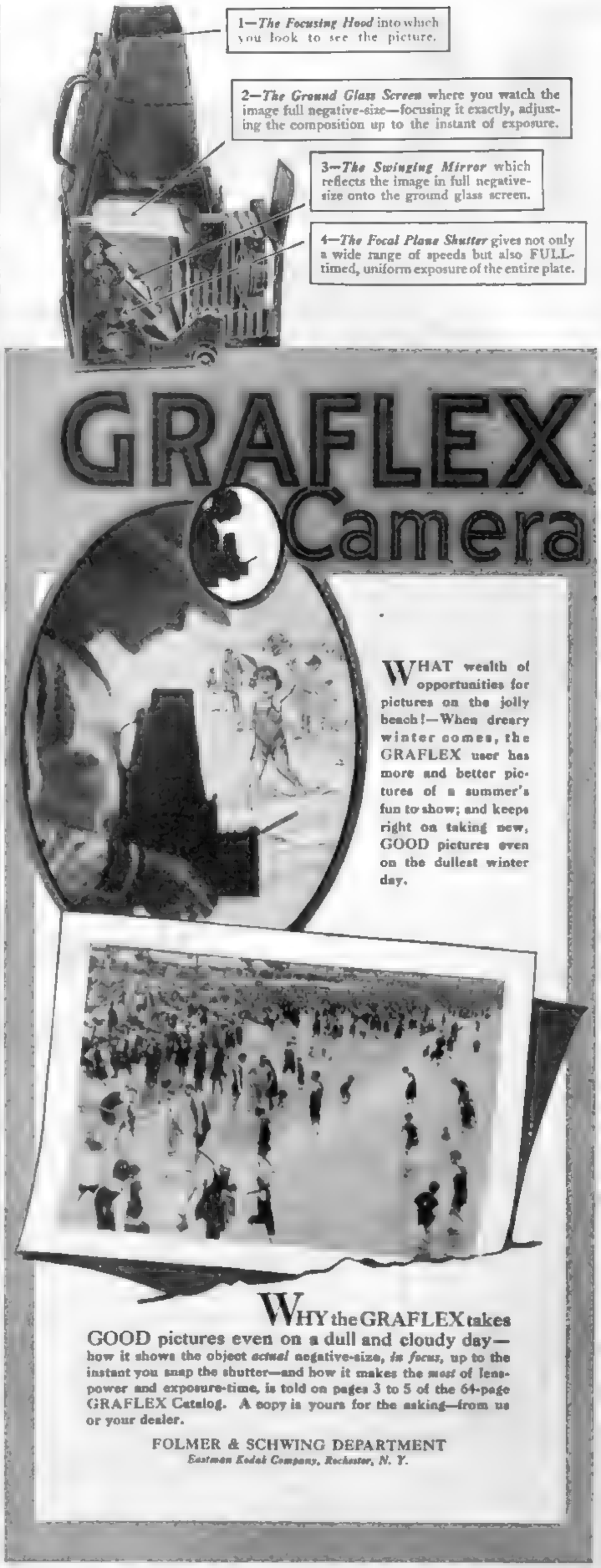
Bradshaw grunted, avoiding Rhodes' inquiring eyes. He started to explain; then paused, the blood mounting into his nervous face. Then he sat stolidly waiting.

Brown slipped into the room diffidently. Yet he could scarcely sober down the creases of sheer delight that kept crinkling into his benign face as he stood at Bradshaw's desk, awaiting instructions. He sought in vain to repress the triumphant "Well, we've won!" It burst all barriers and squawked through the room's decorum:

"Jackson's a corker!"

"It's you I want to talk to, Brown. Sit down, man! And I want Rhodes to hear this too. . . . I made a change that concerned you, Brown, a while ago. Now I find that there's got to be a further change." And Bradshaw smiled grimly.

(Concluded on Page 50)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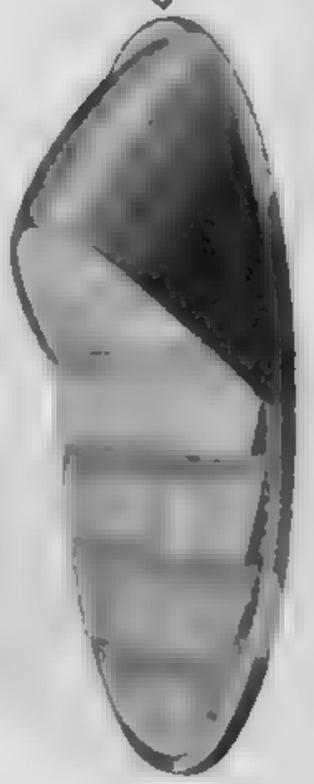

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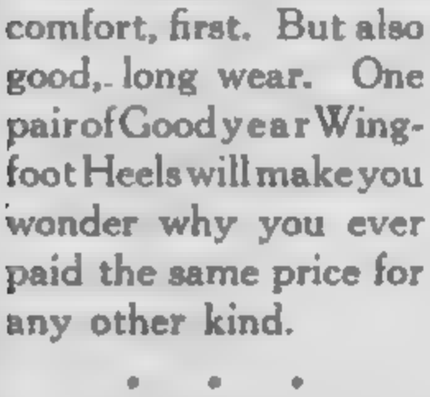

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GOOD YEAR AKRON

(Concluded from Page 47)

N. Brown stiffened to meet this final rebuke. He had been kept on by a wise general until the river had been safely crossed. Now that Kuffler-Haskall had been won, Bradshaw's open hostility spelled dismissal. Well, it was the avenging Nemesis.

He noted how the junior partner's lean, hawklike face screwed itself into a derisive grin as he caught Rhodes' uneasy eye and went on:

"I was chatting with Judge Bliss, of the Court of Appeal, after the judgments today. He spoke, Brown, of your—your great ability"—Bradshaw paused uncertainly, glancing with a curious look at Rhodes; and at the phrase Brown brightened wistfully. Then Bradshaw finished his sentence—"ability for writing verses!"

N. Brown did not flinch this time. He was past mere flinching. He whitened to the lips. He had not realized that Nemesis could be so wantonly cruel, though he knew that, in the nature of things, there could be no human escape from the deity's remorselessness. He stood dumbly against the wall, like a court-martialed soldier, waiting.

N. Brown saw himself sundered from this haven wherein he had passed so many happy tranquil years. He saw himself drifting, always less efficient, from one sordid law office to another; drudging through subordinate, menial tasks, laxing inevitably into the full tyrannical sway of his miserable hobbies. In the vision of the grim reality his acute fancy presented, he loomed a grotesque caricature aimlessly puttering about; an odd, inefficient, erudite dodderer.

Brisk, efficient Jacksons, keeping in the middle of the road, flung careless pitying glances at the little creature as they hurried about their important duties. . . . Bradshaw's words came to him as though he were wretchedly recalling the memory of them from out the dim vista of intervening horrible years. . . .

"And the judge informed me that a reviewer in one of the magazines said, in reference to your new book, that nothing quite so good had been done since the late Eugene Field's Second Book of Verse!"

And how different things might have been! If he had been but faithful, Bradshaw might even now be recounting to him the judge's honest praise for some high achievement in law. Then perhaps the taste of this wretched poetry would conceivably be sweet, as a toothsome morsel after the day's work manfully done. As it was, the judge's inopportune praise of his verse must have been the final straw to the scornful Bradshaw.

The publication of that puerile book was the deathblow to all hope of success; to all hope even of reinstatement. And he had meant to work so hard to win back a little of the firm's good opinion! Now he had by his own act deprived himself of even that chance. How these two big efficient men despised him! Well, his self-abasement was more profound.

He stumbled toward the door, blinking. He was crushed. This was the end. . . . Bradshaw laughed shrilly:

"Eh? I believe that our N. Brown is sensitive about his verses. . . . Wait, Brown!"

Brown paused. After all, Bradshaw may have meant to convey this wretched praise as a sort of sop to take the sting off his final blow. Bradshaw could not know that the thing had no savor when his passion for law had failed of success. Brown listened listlessly.

"I want to speak of another matter," explained Bradshaw. Rhodes' pink face sagged in uncomfortable sympathy. He growled:

"Well, time's valuable, Bradshaw. I've got to get to work. If you want me to wait you'd better hustle up. Say it, man; say it!"

Bradshaw glanced curiously at his partner.

"You'd think that—that —— Oh, never mind!"

Then his restless eyes became fixed on Brown's face.

"There's just one thing I've simply got to get off my chest."

He took up a pen and bit savagely at the tip.

"Yes?" said Brown. "Well, sir?"

There is a stage in desperation wherein a man, especially a timid man, numbs into a cold defiance of disaster. He even frantically bares his breast to the blow. The sooner, the better.

"It's just this!" snapped Bradshaw. Then he sat hesitating. Brown saw that it was hard for the man—this final word.

Finally, after a glance at Rhodes, Bradshaw went on with a rush:

"In spite of the fact, Brown, that you well knew that Jackson had sole charge of the briefing in the Kuffler case, how came it that you prepared a long brief in that case—just for your own erudite satisfaction? Is that your idea of employing the firm's time?"

Rhodes raised a protesting arm.

"Easy, Bradshaw! Easy—easy!"

N. Brown flushed. He started to reply, stammered, gulped hard, his eye on the yet open avenue of physical escape.

"We-ell, it—it wasn't the firm's time—exactly. How did you know about —— I did it in the library, evenings. I was naturally concerned—I just found that I had got the habit ——"

"And where is that brief now?"

"I think it—it must be in my room."

"You think! It is often said, Brown—in fact, Jackson says that absent-mindedness is a crime."

Brown replied slowly:

"Yes, Mr. Bradshaw; I know that too well! And especially" a little bitterly—"when the absent mind is in the past"

"Now, let's see," went on Bradshaw, "just where it landed us in this case: You left that brief, typed with your usual fussiness, tucked away in one of the law books in the library. That's a custom of yours, I believe. Well, that book happened naturally to be one which Jackson's brief called for; so the volume was passed up to Judge Bliss, who had been assigned by the court to make up the judgment on rehearing ——"

"Heavens!" exclaimed N. Brown apprehensively. "The judge might have got the briefs mixed!"

His folly, then, had even jeopardized the success of the appeal! Not content with ruining his own career, he had endangered Jackson's. His hobbies had become a menace. No wonder Bradshaw had decided that he must rid the firm of him.

Bradshaw jerked a paper from a bundle on his desk and tossed it to him.

"Ever see Jackson's brief?" he asked.

"No," said Brown.

Without heart for it, he consented to glance through the corker. As he read, an amazed look crept into his pulsing face. Swiftly he fluttered the typed sheets back and forth.

"Is this—all of it?" he asked quietly.

Bradshaw reddened distressfully, hesitated, then demanded:

"Isn't it enough?"

N. Brown placed the document, with the exaggerated precision of abstraction, upon the edge of the desk and lifted a startled face.

"I—I don't care to express an opinion," he stammered politely.

"That's just how Judge Bliss answered me!" admitted Bradshaw, glancing uneasily into Rhodes' appraising eyes.

"But, anyhow," persisted Brown, "it must have—it did win the appeal for us."

Bradshaw flinched; then faced Brown manfully. Shame for his own big blunder struggled with a great pride for the firm's old brief maker in Bradshaw's shrill voice.

"Don't you see, Brown? It was your brief that won! See here!" Bradshaw snatched a paper from the bundle on the desk. "It was this point of yours in your brief about the exception to the law of estoppel in that old Yearbook, as the judge explained to me, which won our case for us! . . . Maybe I didn't squirm when the judge complimented me on having the best briefing lawyer in the state! . . . Yes; as I say, there's got to be another change in this office. Forget your land titles; and let's revise your salary—upward!"

Bradshaw paused and glanced swiftly, half defiantly, at Rhodes, dreading his partner's deserved gibe upon his stupendous folly. But Rhodes' eyes had suddenly sought the ceiling mistily, after a scrutiny of N. Brown's face.

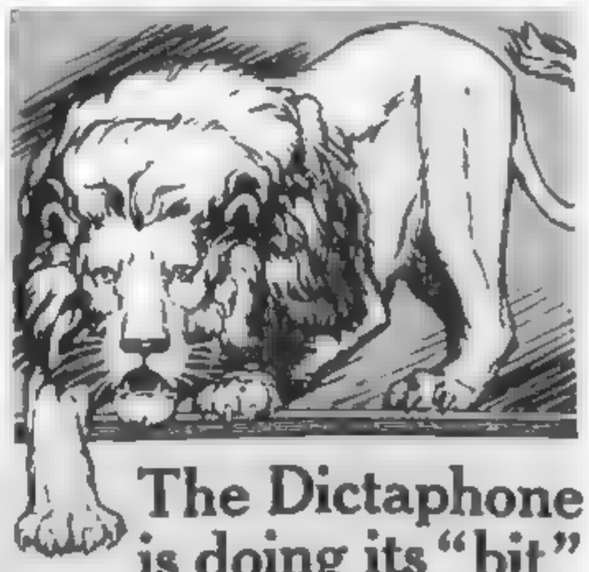
Little N. Brown had experienced in one swift moment that purest of all joys—the conviction that wisdom justifies her loving children. The absurd little man stood blinking. A flutter of words helped some:

"I really—I ——"

His mind was frantically busy for some word to hide his weakness. He recalled the phrase of his despairing nights in the library:

"It's—it's because I'm—I'm just naturally a law fiend."

THE DICTAPHONE



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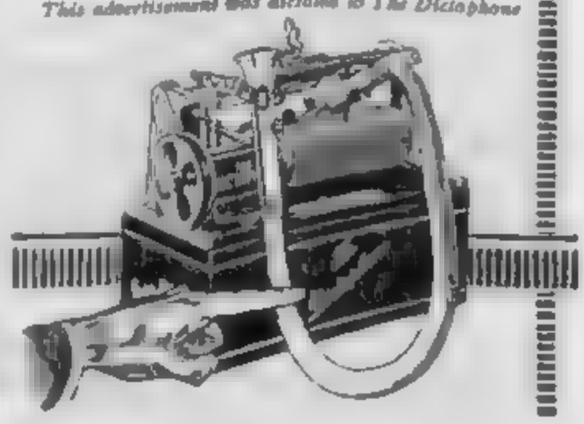

THE FIFTH REEL

(Continued from Page 8)

"The Alta people! I was wondering why you asked Jerry if they had made him an offer. So that's the size of it, eh? What makes you think she'll quit us?"

"She'd be foolish not to. They can do for her what I'd like to do if I had a chance—make her a star and pay her a real salary.

"How much, Davy?"

"A hundred and fifty a week."

Gabby whistled enviously.

"That's a lot of money!" said he with due reverence. "A lot of money! I been in this business for five years, and I'll let you say whether I'm a good man or not; but they don't pay me any such dough as that. And they never will. Heavens! Why wasn't I born a girl—and beautiful? . . . Think there's any chance that the G. M. will see any part of that raise?"

MacWade shook his head.

"Saw him out in front as I came in," said he. "Nothing doing. 'Let 'em have her. The bigger salaries the other people pay, the sooner they'll go broke. Get another girl and train her.' That's what he said. As if you could pick up a girl like Jean every day!" David snorted contemptuously. "He reminded me that I should have persuaded her to sign a contract," said he in conclusion.

"Well," said Gabby, "you might have done that."

"And they would have had her tied up for the rest of her life!" growled MacWade. "As it stands now, she's free. She can take this outside offer."

"You talk like a man that wants her to quit us," accused Gabby.

"I want to be fair to the little girl," said David. "She's got a future in this business—as long as she keeps her looks. If she's going anywhere it might as well be the Alta outfit.

"They treat their people well—it's a decent studio; and she won't be bothered by a lot of fakers who want to prove to her that a woman can't act until she's had a violent love affair—with them! I won't stand in her way."

"Suppose she doesn't want to go?" suggested Gabby.

"That would be up to her; but Jean's got a lot of sound common sense, and a salary of that size is a thing which must be considered. Why, confound it, she owes it to herself not to overlook it!"

"Have they made this offer to Jean yet?" asked Gabby.

"Don't know. Shouldn't wonder. The Alta folks are lightning strikers when they're after anybody."

"But you don't know for sure?"

"I only know that Joe Meredith was authorized to make the offer."

"H'm-m. What are you doing this afternoon, Davy?"

"Nothing much. I was going to work on the next script; but I suppose I'll have to help get that shot at the mountain lion."

"Forget it!" ordered Gabby. "I'll get that scene if I have to drag Lena in by the tail. You hop into your car and run over to Jean's house. Have a little talk with her and find out what she wants to do. She may not care to work for the Alta people; you never can tell."

"She owes it to herself ——" began MacWade monotonously.

"Yes, yes! And she owes something to you, old dear. Drive over and see her. Find out what has happened and all about it. Seen Jerry yet?"

"Couldn't locate him."

"Well, I'll look him up if he's still on the lot; and I'll tell him not to close with anybody till he hears from you. You go and see Jean—understand? Let's find out where we stand."

But David MacWade went to his office instead and locked the door behind him. The new script was on his desk, mutely demanding expert attention—a chronic condition with new scripts everywhere—but the plump little director lacked heart and inclination for the task. For many months he had been building pictures under the inspiration of Jean Campbell's personality, seeing her in each scene as it left his willing hands.

It had been a labor of love. He dreaded to think what this next picture would be like without her—what his future would be like without the frank comradeship that had come to mean so much to him. He forced himself to glance at the summary, condemned the script as utter rubbish—which more than likely it was—and hurled it into the top drawer of his desk.

Slowly and with painstaking care he began to indite a letter, the first paragraph of which ran as follows:

"*My dear Jean:* When you read what I have to say I trust you will remember that I am & hope always to be your sincere friend"—and so on.

His thoughts were many, but the words that came to him were few and, it seemed to David, inadequate. Armed with a fountain pen, he was not at his best. There were many long pauses, during which he took his chin in his hands and stared at the wall. He recalled that he was a fat man, past forty, and he asked himself bitterly what business such a person could have with love.

Out in the animal arena Gabby was also asking bitter questions; for he too was in trouble, and of a female's making. Lena's temper had not improved since morning. She was, if anything, uglier than before and more determined to circumvent her tormentors.

Thus the weary hours wore on; and at the precise instant when Gabby abandoned caution—also, his camera—and started to prod Lena out of a corner, David tore fifteen closely written pages very fine and sifted the bits into the waste-paper basket.

"Oh, what's the use!" he muttered. "Maybe, if I could see her and talk it over ——"

Five minutes later the gateman at the main entrance of the Mammoth plant saved a precious human life by leaping nimbly out of the path of a roaring blue runabout, weighing in the neighborhood of two tons. A small plump man, chin elevated and eyes fixed, hurled that gasoline juggernaut into the paved highway at a speed only a little less than double the legal limit, grazed a truck loaded with scenery, frightened a jitneur half out of his wits, and went humming away in the direction of Hollywood. No one observing the strained expression on David's face would have believed that his errand involved nothing more dangerous than a chat with a blond young woman.

Gradually the speed of the runabout diminished; the stern expression gave way to one of indecision; David's nerve was oozing out at his finger tips. He was experiencing all the sensations of a man on the way to a dentist's office.

"What am I going to say when I get there?" he thought. "Might only make a fool out of myself ——"

He looked about him, as if hunting an excuse for his cowardice; and the sun gave him one. It was swinging low toward the west. Directorlike, David estimated the amount of daylight remaining.

"I wonder if Gabby got that shot?" he mused. "Maybe I ought to go back there and see. If I want anything done in this joint I've got to do it myself. . . . Quitter!"

The epithet, however, was not meant for Gabby.

When a man is thoroughly out of patience with himself he is in no condition to exercise patience in the handling of wild animals. David found Gabby and the Baron damp and disheveled, worn to the wire edge of exasperation and ready to confess themselves beaten. The wicked Lena was crouching in a far corner of the big cage, panting like a lizard on a hot rock, but still very much in command of the situation.

"Well?" demanded MacWade as he closed the gate behind him. "Haven't you got that shot yet?"

"Does it look as if we had?" countered Gabby.

"That Lena," supplemented the Baron—"she is full of the Old Scratch to-day. Just now she tried to bite me."

"And you're the man that handles elephants and tigers!" was the scornful response.

"But, Davy!" pleaded the camera expert. "Be reasonable, won't you?"

"I'm always reasonable. That's why I'm imposed on so much. Both of you—afraid of a little bit of a cat like that! You make me sick! I'll get her ——"

"You didn't get her this morning," reminded Gabby; "and she's worse now

(Concluded on Page 54)

Columbia Batteries

Travel where you will—stop at largest city or smallest way-station—you'll find Columbias ringing bells; lighting lanterns; operating buzzers, phones, signals; running autos, engines, motor-boats, trucks and toys. Because they're the same high-powered batteries wherever you buy them.

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Cleveland, Ohio

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Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co. Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

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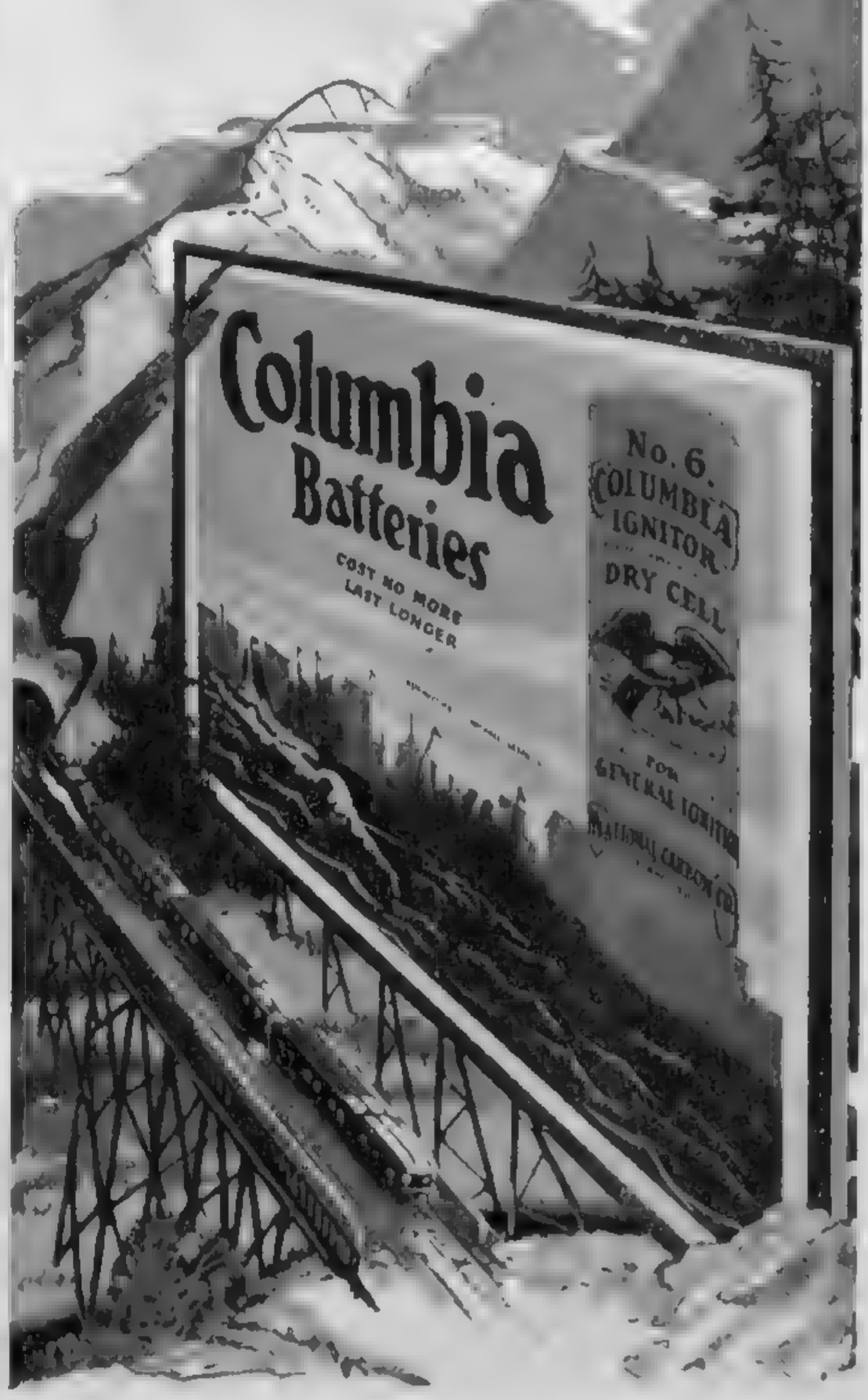


After Two Years' Performance on 35,000 Cars we announce this Still Better Willard Battery

For the past two years 35,000 cars have been equipped with a Still Better Willard Battery, which represents a marked advance over anything heretofore achieved in the *vitally important matter of proper insulation.*

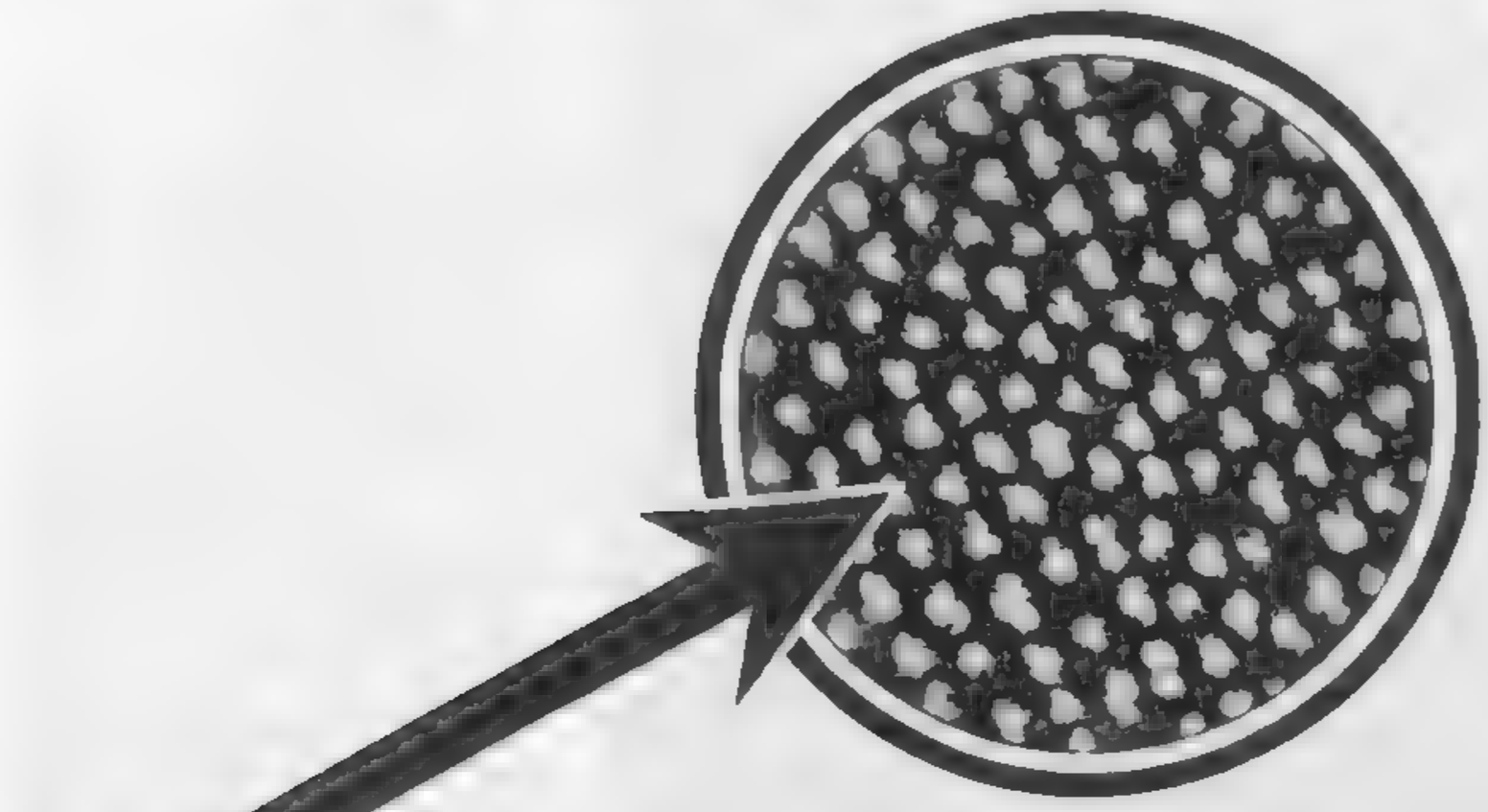
Now after every test of service—dependable starting in cold weather, long running in hot summers, two whole years without lowered efficiency—the results of months of laboratory research and factory labor have been thoroughly proven.

The Still Better Willard is offered to the motoring public by the same Willard organization whose product has been year after year specified as standard equipment by over 150 of America's car builders and is giving satisfaction to over a million and a half car owners.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, used between the positive and negative plates of the "Still Better" Willard Battery. Magnified section shown on the opposite page.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation



How 196,000 Little Threads Solve a Big Problem

Magnify Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, and you'll see that its surface is covered with little dots.

Each is the end of a tiny thread, only 1-32 of an inch long.

They have made possible something that battery engineers have wanted for years, an automobile starting and lighting battery with *satisfactory rubber insulation between plates.*

The two most important elements in a battery are, the plates which must deliver the current when you need it, and the proper insulation of these plates, on which their life and usefulness depend.

No battery will last forever, some day it wears out, and the first sign of that wear *has always come with the breaking down of the insulation.*

Anything, therefore, that gives *better, longer-lasting insulation* means a better battery.

Rubber is the ideal material in resistance and durability, but for years no one was able to find a practical way to use it for insulating the plates of automobile starting and lighting batteries without either decreasing the voltage necessary to turn over your motor in cold weather, or increasing the size of the battery beyond the usual limits.

The threads have turned the trick. The solution passes through them by capillary attraction, but the destructive short-circuit is barred.

The Still Better Willard costs more, but it is truly the most economical battery you can buy.

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Motz Permits Greater Speed

Trucks run at high speed go to pieces quickly unless they are shod with tires *designed* for fast running.

Yet, in some kinds of cartage, speed is a tremendous economy. In delivery service, particularly, low cost is maintained only by making each truck cover a wide territory.

As the saving power of speed becomes more and more generally recognized the use of the Goodyear Motz Cushion Tire becomes more and more common.

This tire, because of its unique extra-resilient construction, permits greater speed than other solid tires and yet is thoroughly trouble-proof.

Probably it will pay you to try Motz in your delivery service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Concluded from Page 51)

than she was then—meaner—more liable to hurt you. Have a little sense—do!"

"She can't bluff me," was the obdurate rejoiner; "and neither can you. Which corner is she in? . . . All right! Be ready to round her up when I get her out of there."

"Here's a good sharp meat hook," said Gabby; "and mind you don't take your eye off her for a second. She'll make a swipe at you if you do."

"And what'll I be doing all that time?" snapped David. "You, Lena! Think we can waste the whole day on you?"

He disappeared into the brush; and the Baron, with one dubious glance at Gabby, followed the director. Lena was coiled up against the wire netting, and as David approached she spat at him and showed her ugly yellow fangs.

"Come out of that!" commanded David sternly. "You've delayed the game long enough. Out, you brute!"

The hair on Lena's spine bristled; she snarled and lashed the ground with her long tail.

"Oh, you would, would you?" said David; and he jabbed her none too gently with the two-tined instrument of authority.

That was his last definite recollection—merely that he drove the meat hook into Lena's ribs. The same instant the iron bar was dashed from his hands and a yellowish thunderbolt launched itself straight into his face. The force of the blow knocked David sprawling. He was conscious of a stinging pain in his left cheek, and a rending and tearing at his arms as he raised them to cover his head. As if from a great distance he heard the Baron's voice, and Gabby's shrill yell as he plunged to the rescue.

"Stay with her, Davy! We're coming!"

David stayed with her, because he could not do anything else. A blind instinct caused him to protect his eyes and throat, but swift padded hammers were striking at him and one of the blows caught him fairly on the temple. After that everything slipped suddenly into darkness and oblivion.

IV

THE Campbell family lived in a bungalow just outside Hollywood, which is a suburb of Los Angeles largely made up of bungalows of a size convenient for climbing rosebushes.

Jean was sitting on the porch, enjoying a day off; and her lap was full of knitting needles and bright-colored worsteds, the latter in course of construction into a sweater. The Mammoth's publicity expert could have "placed" a picture of the young woman thus employed, and he would have written on the back of the same: "Noted Mammoth film star in hours of ease knits for soldiers in the trenches."

A big blue runabout dashed into the narrow street, slithered to the curb, and a breathless young man ran up the walk. Jean met him almost halfway.

"Gabby! What's the matter? Has anything happened? Why are you driving David's car?"

"It's the little boss!" panted the camera man. "Got fooling with a mountain lion and she chewed him all up. Thought you'd like to know about it."

"A mountain lion!" gasped the girl, turning pale. "Is he badly hurt? Where is he? Have they taken him to a hospital?"

"They dressed his wounds at the Mammoth hospital," said Gabby; "but he wouldn't stay there—said the smell of the place made him sick. He's over home now—with the Baron and a nurse. It may not be serious—unless blood poisoning sets in. Never can tell about these cats, you know. His arms are in pretty bad shape, he's got a big rip in his chest, and his scalp is all clawed up."

"But he's conscious?"

"Sure, he's conscious; but you should have heard him rave before he came to! Seems he'd been wanting to see you this afternoon about a little matter of business—an offer, I think, from the Alta people—and he's worried about it."

"How did he find out about that offer?" asked Jean. "I haven't mentioned it to a soul."

"Davy knows everything. Yes; he'd been wanting to see you—to have a talk with you before you decided what you'd do—and now that he's laid up——"

"I'll get my hat and you can drive me over," said the girl.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," said Gabby. "He'd get it off his chest and it would make him rest easier. A nurse is a good chaperon—in a pinch. And then there's the Baron. . . . I mean, dear, that it would be perfectly proper, and everything."

"Silly!" cried the girl. "Of course it would be proper! Wait till I tell my mother."

The old Baron sat in a darkened room and listened to the ravings of the late animal tamer, David MacWade.

"A swell time for me to get put out of business!" mumbled the little director through his bandages.

"Here I've got a whole company to build over again—a new leading woman on my hands—everything shot to pieces! I say, Baron, do you think these scars will show—much?"

"Just enough, my son, so you will remember Lena in the future. You know, a wild animal—a female ——"

"Yes, yes," groaned MacWade. "Turn off your phonograph! The next time you give me some advice I won't be such a blithering idiot. . . . Is that a car outside? Sounds like mine."

The Baron rose and went to the window.

"Yes," said he; "it is your car and your camera man and your leading woman. You are going to have a visit."

"Jean!" ejaculated the little director. "She mustn't see me—like this!"

"I think, my son," said the old man, "that with real friends appearances do not count for much. I think, also, that she would not have come if she had not wanted to see you just as you are. And now I shall have a little talk with this nurse of yours. She seems to be an intelligent woman, and ——"

"Don't leave me!" cried David in a panic.

"I will be where I can hear you if you call," said the Baron gently. "It is not every stubborn person, my son, who can have such a visitor as this young lady. It is not every person who deserves such a visitor. Remember that!"

He creaked out through one door as Jean and Gabby entered at the other. The girl ran forward and, kneeling at the side of the bed, took one of the bandaged hands in her own.

"You shouldn't have done this," whispered David. "I wouldn't have asked it of you—even if I had been a lot worse hurt than I am."

"But I wanted to come!" cried Jean. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Can't see much of anything," grumbled MacWade. "The bandages are in my way. I suppose Gabby told you all about it?"

"Yes; and what in the world made you so foolish?"

"Born that way, most likely. Oh, Gabby?"

"He's gone out on the porch."

"What did he do that for?"

"Perhaps," said the girl, "he thought there was something you wanted to say to me."

"There is," said David, remembering. "A little matter of business."

"That can wait."

"No. I'd like to have it off my mind. Jean, have you had an offer from the Alta people?"

"Why must we talk about that now, David?"

"Because I want to talk about it," was the petulant reply. "Because, in a way, I'm responsible for your being in this motion-picture game. Because I'm interested in your future. How much did they offer you?"

"Does that matter?"

"Money always matters. Was it one hundred a week?"

"More than that."

David grunted.

"So you didn't jump at the first offer, eh? Well, that was sensible."

"I didn't jump at all," said the girl. "I wanted to talk it over with you. I wanted your advice, David."

There was a long silence. When MacWade spoke he weighed each word carefully.

"I think you should accept," said he. "It is a very fine offer."

"Oh!" cried Jean. "You don't really mean that!"

"You expect the truth from me, don't you?" continued David dully, in the manner of one who set himself a hard task and will shirk no part of it. "Jean, I couldn't be your friend and advise you any other way. You must believe that I would rather be your friend than—than anything else in the world. As a general thing, I'm a selfish brute—thinking about my own pictures first.

"This time I must think of you. The Mammoth will never meet that raise. The G. M. doesn't believe in high salaries."

"But I haven't been thinking of the money," argued Jean.

"Take the other angle of it, then. There's success—fame—all that sort of thing—I used to have a few dreams myself; but they've got me in a rut and I'll never get out now. . . . No reason why you should stay in one, though. It's a real chance you're getting. The Alta people will feature you—take you out of the cheap melodrama class."

"David! You wouldn't let anybody else call your pictures cheap melodrama!"

"That's all they are," said the director stubbornly. "Playing in thrillers will never get you anywhere, dear. You might as well face the situation now as later. With your ability—your natural gifts—you can go a long way in this business. I've done all I can for you, Jean, and now ——"

"Now you want to get rid of me?"

"The Lord help me!" cried David. "I don't! But it isn't what I want, Jean. It's what is best for you."

"Perhaps," said the girl softly, "I know what is best for me. At least I know what I want. I don't want to be a star. I know what motion-picture fame is like; it doesn't attract me in the least. As for the money, my family doesn't need it. I wish you would listen and try to understand my point of view. Do you remember the first time you ever saw me?"

"Do I remember! I can take you to the very spot on the big stage! I remember everything."

"Well," said Jean, "I went out there that day just for the fun of the thing. I had no idea of becoming an actress—no ambition to be one. Then I helped you out with the railroad picture; and before I knew it I was playing leads for you. It was all made so easy for me, and so pleasant, that I've never regarded it as work, or art, or bothered my head about a career. It has all been fun.

"I've enjoyed every minute of it. Under another director, working with strange people, subjected to annoyance—you know what the conditions are, David—I shouldn't have kept on. And oh, I don't want to go anywhere else, or be a star, or anything! Don't you believe me? Do you want to send me away?"

"Send you away!" groaned MacWade. "And I've been half crazy all day, wondering how I'm ever going to get along without you! You've been such a dear, good pal; and—but never mind that part of it. Forget it!

"I'm past forty years of age—and I'm fat. You know what they say about a fat man, don't you? So just let me be square with you, dear, and advise you for the best ——"

"Advise me to stay, David," whispered the girl. "Advise me to stay, because—because I intend to refuse that Alta offer!"

"To refuse it!"

"Yes. And the only way to get rid of me is to send me away."

"But—why? Why?"

The voice came closer and the hands tightened on the bandages. There was just a suspicion of tears in Jean's eyes—and behind them the glint of mischief; but David could not see these things.

"I've told you as much as any girl could, Davy," she whispered; "but—perhaps you're wrong about the fat man. And you're really not fat at all! Don't you think you might tell me something—now? Oh, such a dear, blind old stupid!"

It was not exactly a call—it was more like a yell of amazed delight—but the Baron heard it; and soon a queer tableau formed in the doorway. Gabby was first to find his tongue.

"What is the meaning of this?" he inquired. "Davy, I'm surprised at you!"

"I'm surprised at myself," was the meek reply that filtered through the bandages. "Terribly surprised—and happy; but listen, everybody—they'll never take my leading woman away from me now!"

"Curious!" murmured the old Baron, blinking at the ceiling. "I could have told him that a long time ago!"

"And I owe it all to that blessed mountain lion!" said David.

And the nurse, being a practical soul, thought he was beginning to rave again, and insisted that he had talked quite enough for one day.

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ANNA CASE *of the Metropolitan Opera*

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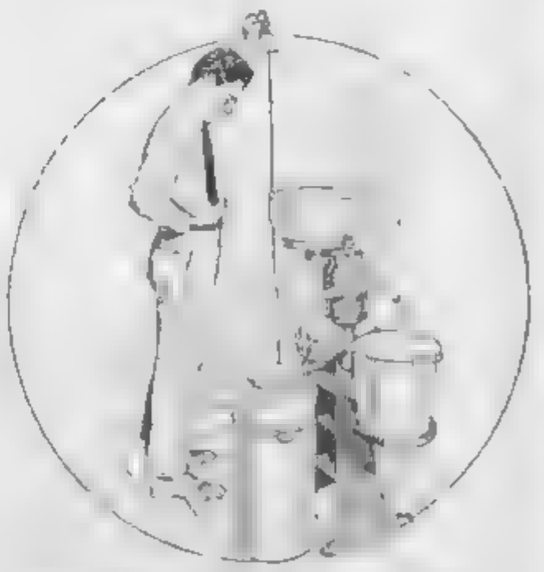

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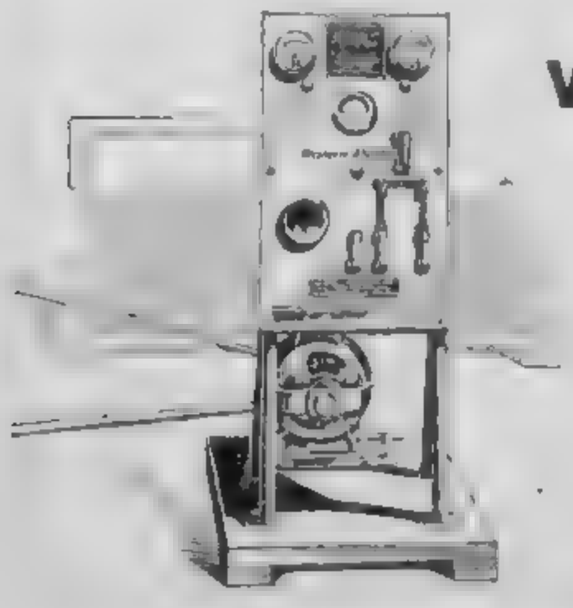

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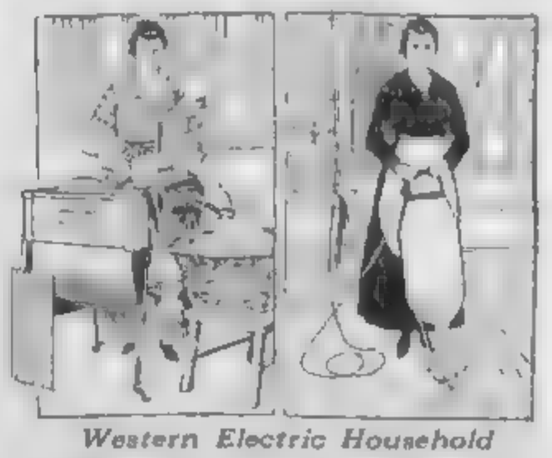

Western Electric Household Helps will end the drudgery of the farmer's wife.

TRELAWNEY LEARNS

(Continued from Page 15)

presence of thousands. Yet not a single human being showed himself.

Then, on the evening of the third day, a wrinkled old hag crept into the open and approached the spot where the two white men were sitting. She knelt humbly before them, and, fumbling beneath her goatskin robe, she produced a little half-gourd, containing a few ounces of *m'wembe* meal.

"Take, *bwana!*" she said.

Kingozi drew a deep breath of relief.

"It is to be peace," he said.

V

FOR a month nothing much happened. Trelawney began to become impatient at the slowness with which affairs moved. The white men seemed to be tolerated, but not accepted. In their own little circle they were supreme; but outside of it moved a swarming life, the meaning of which was concealed from them. The native women brought in food and firewood, for which they were paid in beads. Men lounged about curiously, or squatted by the hour. If, on the other hand, Trelawney cared to visit any of the villages, he could do so, wandering as he pleased among the huts, unmolested—but unwelcomed.

"I don't see what we are accomplishing here," he said impatiently to Kingozi. "We are supposed to administer justice and establish the *pax Britannica;* but they could all cut their throats out there, and we'd be none the wiser."

"What do you want to do?" inquired Kingozi.

"I don't know. But I feel useless."

"They are getting accustomed to us; that's enough. Meantime you're getting some shooting; you're getting quite a bit of Swahili; and I suppose you're learning at least a little something. What?"

"There are ten different tribes in this mess; and that's all I know. They have chiefs or kings or sultans of their own; but not one has come in, and I shouldn't know where to find them. I feel helpless. I wish I had some hold on them."

"Like hostages in wartime?"

"Precisely. But we're not at war."

"Some scheme to make being a hostage a desirable thing?"

"Might feed and pay a few select ones."

"Perhaps adding to that a little nigger glory to make the job especially attractive? Of course a real hostage must be of the better class."

And in half an hour Trelawney was possessed of a fully developed idea, which he was honestly convinced was original with himself. In time it was carried into effect.

Trelawney organized for the majesty of the British Empire, as represented in his person, a bodyguard composed of the eldest son of each of the *sultanis* of the Suka nation. These youths were given separate quarters. Never did Trelawney stir abroad without his escort. Each young man was encouraged to panoply himself as elaborately as possible; and emulation was skillfully encouraged by wise old Cazi Moto. Each, for the honor of his tribe, got himself up with the utmost in ostrich plume, keen and glittering spear, gaudily painted buffalo-hide shield, wealth of jewelry and ornament, and imaginative pictorial treatment of his own cuticle. Probably ten more picturesquely gorgeous savages were never before gathered together in one band. They trailed Trelawney two by two, looking tremendously haughty and aloof.

In Trelawney's mind the original idea rapidly developed. He added small details. The bodyguard paraded solemnly, morning and evening, to raise and lower the flag; and when the flag was down they zealously cleared the natives out. Their duties were made light, but very showy and important. One of them was the bearing of messages, either to the natives round about or to the seat of government.

In order to distinguish them in the performance of this task, Trelawney told them to wind a narrow band of red cloth about halfway up the spear blade. This was the badge of the messenger, and all the people were instructed to feed him and to otherwise expedite his journey. This and a dozen other similar bits of ostentation Trelawney invented with the secret zest of a small boy.

"Seems silly," he told Kingozi in half apology; "awful lot of side! But side gets these beggars. And it holds them all together. Any of these tribes is bound to back up its crown prince—now, isn't it?"

But, though indubitably this diplomacy was effective in obtaining tolerance for the little community, it accomplished nothing toward closer relations. Again guided by Kingozi's skillful and apparently casual suggestions, Trelawney had formulated his immediate needs as three:

The first, that of peaceful relations, was already accomplished. On the second, that of administration of justice, not even a start had been made. The third, that of voluntary labor, was so far in the future as to remain completely below the mental horizon.

The only work done anywhere was by the women; and they seemed fully occupied. The whole subject seemed ungraspable, like a smooth ball too large for the hand. Nothing was to be done save await what chance might bring. Trelawney fretted; but Kingozi, knowing his Africa, smoked his little pipe philosophically.

"Something always turns up in this country," he said. "It's the only generalization that is worth anything out here."

Something did turn up. From time past the memory of man—which in Africa does not mean so long as it sounds—the Somalis with horses for sale had traveled across Jubaland to East Africa. This led them through one corner of the Suka country. It was a lower corner in an arid region, not inhabited; so nobody cared. But in the third month of Trelawney's occupancy, owing to a freak rain that turned the arid belt into a mire, a Somali caravan swung north. It camped overnight at the edge of the forest. Then it moved on. The following morning, investigating the cause of much drum-banging excitement, Trelawney was told eight different tales. They had only one common basis, and that was outrage by Somalis. The outrage varied from simple loot to arson, kidnaping and rape.

"Probably stole a dozen chickens," said Kingozi. "But that is not the point. The real point is that this lot is arming to attack those Somalis. What are you going to do about it?"

"Aren't you going to advise?"

"No; but I'll tell you this much: I see here the big opportunity. Think it over five minutes, and I'll go break out a little ammunition—for one purpose or another."

Pondering the last phrase, Trelawney came to the proper conclusion with a celerity that would have been impossible to his former insularity.

He ordered out his gorgeous bodyguard and his six *askaris* with their Snider muskets. He armed Cazi Moto and the two gunbearers—even the personal boys and the cook. At the head of this small army he went in search of Kingozi. The latter looked up from his cartridge cases.

"Going to smash the entire Suka nation?" he inquired.

"No; but I am going to arrest a small portion of the Somali nation," Trelawney replied.

"Good boy!" cried Kingozi. "I apologize for the Percy."

VI

THEY debouched from the forest to find M'Booley's village a seething turmoil. Armed men were rushing here and there; voluble women were shrieking. There was inextricable confusion. But at the appearance of Trelawney's little force the women precipitately disappeared. The men, seizing their shields, followed. The village clearing was empty, but in the edge of the forest weapons glittered and dark bodies glided. In vain Trelawney shouted encouraging words. No voice answered.

He looked perplexedly at his followers. This was something he had not anticipated. Kingozi was watching him keenly.

From the ranks of the bodyguard a young man stepped forward. He was a very ugly young man; but something engaging, straightforward and honest shone from his uncomely face.

"*Bwana* would have *shauri* [council or talk] with M'Booley?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Trelawney.

Without further speech the young man turned, walked steadily across the opening, and disappeared into the forest.

"By Jove!" cried Kingozi. "I didn't suppose any raw native had it in him!"

"What?" asked Trelawney.

"Pluck; sheer pluck!"

"What do you mean?"

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Built
As a Tube Should Be

INSTEAD of being made of a single sheet of heavy gauge rubber, Goodyear Tubes are built up of many thin sheets placed one upon the other and vulcanized together.

This laminated construction guards against porosity, pin leaks, sand particles, defects of any kind.

It offers a protection against air seepage which is not approximated in any other type of construction.

Goodyear Tubes are built *thicker* and of better material than ordinary tubes, that they may last longer and serve more ably.

Even their valve patches are vulcanized *in*, not stuck *on*—they do not leak or seep.

It will pay you to ask for Goodyear Tubes by *name* and insist upon getting Goodyears—lower tire bills will reward you.

We particularly recommend the Heavy Tourist type for severe service. They are especially thick and vigorous, a trifle higher-priced than common tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting

Aluminum sheets are welded into the cowl of this automobile body, enabling the manufacturer to utilize small pieces of valuable material which would otherwise become scrap.

Combating higher material costs by saving waste

In practically every line of metal manufacture and repair work—oxy-acetylene welding means the conservation of time and material. Its savings are offsetting the increased cost of materials in many great factories.

In thousands of instances, such as the making of aluminum bodies, this process has opened new possibilities in the design and manufacture of higher quality products at lower cost.

In the manufacture of practically every metal product—oxy-acetylene welding makes the finished product stronger and neater—simplifies production—cuts costs—*minimizes material waste*. There are thousands of oxy-acetylene economies, each just as important as the one illustrated above.

From the manufacture of massive machinery to the making of delicate surgical instruments, this process is, in many instances, supplanting the bolt and rivet wherever two pieces of metal are to be joined.

Prest-O-Lite PROCESS

Provides a simple, inexpensive, portable process of welding for all classes of work. Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene is furnished in convenient cylinders, making the welding outfit portable for use inside or outside the shop. The Prest-O-Lite System of exchanging empty cylinders for full ones insures universal, perpetual service. Avoids the initial investment and depreciation incurred in making crude acetylene in carbide generators. Insures better welds, quicker work and lower operating costs.

In thousands of shops and factories, in almost every line of industry, this process is reclaiming valuable materials and parts from the scrap pile. By avoiding costly tie-ups and delays in production through the breakdown of an important machine, and also by saving the cost of a new part, one Prest-O-Lite welding repair can easily save the entire cost of the outfit. Railroads, foundries, mines, factories, machine shops and garages are realizing big returns in oxy-acetylene welding for repairs alone.

Our literature describes hundreds of profitable uses for the Prest-O-Lite Process in manufacturing, construction and repair work. Valuable welding data sent on request—write for it.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.

U. S. Main Office & Factory, 810 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian General Office, Department I, Toronto, Ontario, Can.

59 Branches and Charging Plants

World's Largest Makers of Dissolved Acetylene

"There's about nine chances out of ten he's speared before he opens his face."

"Oh, surely not! One of their own people—a chief's son!"

"I know natives," said Kingozi curtly.

A long period of uneasiness, during which Kingozi, his rifle across the crook of his elbow, half turned to keep his eyes on the rest of the ornate bodyguard. At last figures appeared. M'Booley was discovered, accompanied by half a hundred of his warriors—and the bold messenger.

M'Booley was sullen and suspicious; but Trelawney plunged at once into his subject.

"O King," he said, "I go with my men to take these Somali robbers for punishment. From you I need assistance. Select of your bravest men one hundred to come with me; and tell them they must obey my orders—and mine only."

At the first sentence M'Booley's sullenness vanished. After that the only difficulty was to make selection from the swarms of volunteers.

But Trelawney was firm. Never did he relinquish the upper hand. When finally the expedition was ready there was no doubt that it was the white man's expedition—and the white man's only.

They followed immediately on the Somalis' footsteps; and, since the Somalis were in considerable force, and are a cheeky lot anyhow, they were soon overtaken. It must be remembered that the caravan thought it had to do with Sukas only. White men and white men's arms were unexpected and disconcerting.

By way of didactic parenthesis, the Somali comes from Northeastern Africa. He is chocolate color; his features are as regular and clean-cut as those of a Greek god; he wears a gorgeous, gold-embroidered turban, a long gown and an ornamental overvest. His manners are courtly; he rides like a Cossack; he has never been subdued; he is contemptuous of fear; he is thoroughly unreliable; and his opinion of himself is only equaled by his contempt of everybody else. Altogether he is the handsomest, most splendid, independent, rascally barbarian in the world; and his pride is as the pride of Lucifer.

Trelawney entered into his campaign with the zest of a small boy playing soldier. He selected a narrow defile for his ambush, managed to compress his ebullient, undisciplined troops to watchful waiting, with his own *kiboko* thrashing soundly a number of too eager spirits; and at the proper moment they hopped out so suddenly and unanimously that the twenty-odd Somalis were dragged from their horses before they could fire a shot.

This was not to the discredit of Somali alertness. As has been pointed out, they thought they had to do with natives only; and they knew that natives were incapable of a daylight surprise attack. Someone would surely give the show away.

And then you are to imagine the howling, extravagant joy of that return; the Sukas dancing wildly; the *askaris* very rigid and dignified; the ornate guard doing its best to imitate them. And then the women; the men who had been left behind; a horde of children running out to meet them; the sudden production of the long narrow dance shields; the roaring of drums; the syncopated snatches of rhythm from a dozen impromptu *n'gomas*; the sullen captives, in their turbans and long robes; and Trelawney, proud as proud, but outwardly bored almost to extinction, riding a captured horse at the head of it all!

He led the way directly to the government clearing—known as the *Boma*. There, in preparation for such an occasion, he had long since caused to be built a big corral, facing a small shed with three walls. In the shed had been placed a rough table and two chairs. Straightway he marched to this throne; and, standing, he brought his *kiboko* smartly down on the table.

"*Angalia!*" He commanded attention; then, with a flicker of his eye in Kingozi's direction, he announced gravely in English:

"Oyez! Oyez! Court is opened!"

VII

ALL that was necessary was to question witnesses, find out what crime had been committed, give judgment and enforce punishment. That was all.

At the end of four solid hours of close questioning, Trelawney, his brain reeling, turned to his amused and silent companion.

"I can't make head or tail of it!" he cried. "Can you?"

"Don't try," replied Kingozi. "Don't go too much into particulars. Just make up your mind in a broad, general way. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Of what?" asked Trelawney despairingly.

"Oh, of raising hell!"

"Guilty, then—by all means, guilty!"

"Punishment?"

"I suppose *kiboko*."

Kingozi leaned forward.

"I don't often advise," he said; "but you don't know Somalis. You can't flog them. It does no good; and sooner or later they'll have a knife in you."

Trelawney rose and again struck on the table with his whip. He now talked Swahili with fair fluency; so made his address direct.

"Listen," he said. "This is my judgment. These men have acted as enemies, and so now they are prisoners of war. It is in my power to keep them prisoners or have them killed. That I shall not do. It is my will that they shall be given one horse each, and one gun for all of them, that they may get meat; and water bottles; and all their other horses and guns and property are mine; and that my young men take them to the Guaso Narok and turn their faces to their own country. And when they come to their own country they must give this message to their own people: That here is now the White Man's Law and the White Man's Peace. Those who come by this way must come quietly.

"The White Man's Law is here," he repeated. "Each morning, at the third hour [nine o'clock]. I shall be here at this place. And those who wish justice shall come here. I have spoken. *Bassi!*"

"*Bassi! Bassi! Bassi!*" the troops repeated, hurrying the people forth.

In a few minutes the place was cleared. There remained only the prisoners and the white men's escort. Trelawney covered a sudden embarrassment behind a cigarette.

"Fearful lot of side, of course!" he muttered, as though in apology. "Feel like a bally ass actin' up like a little tin king. Thought it might buck up the beggars——"

But Kingozi cut him short.

"You couldn't have done better," he said.

Trelawney flushed with genuine pleasure. Kingozi at once shifted the subject.

"Where's the sportsman who carried the message to Garcia?" he demanded. "Oh, there you are. *N'jo!*"

The ugly but attractive young savage stepped from the ranks of the bodyguard.

"The Bwana M'Kubwa wishes to thank you," said Kingozi.

"*Asanti, bwana.*"

"What you did was good. Did you not know that these people would think you an enemy and kill you?"

"That thought came to me, *bwana*."

"Were you not afraid?"

"A long time ago, *bwana*, it happened that you yourself cut from a dead lion a piece of fat, and with it you touched my forehead and my heart; and you said these words: 'The lion—*simba*—is bravest among beasts. Remember that this magic will make it possible for you to be the bravest among your companions'; and so it comes that I feel no fear."

Kingozi's brow knit, then cleared.

"You were then a child," he said. "I remember. You stood before the lion with your spear. Your name is Simba."

"Simba, *bwana*."

"*Bassi!*" said Kingozi, and the young man stepped back. "That chap will be worth watching," he told Trelawney. "He's unusual. Well, your court is opened."

"If only they'll bring me their complaints!"

"Bring you their complaints! You'll be swamped with them. No; you can rest easy on that score."

"Only remains to get them to work," said Trelawney. "That promises to be the most difficult of all. What couldn't a man do with labor here!"

"What, for example?"

"Why," replied Trelawney dreamily, stretching his hand over the immediate foreground—"just think—with a hundred men and a little irrigation, and a flock of sheep, what a wonderful eighteen holes a man could put in there!"

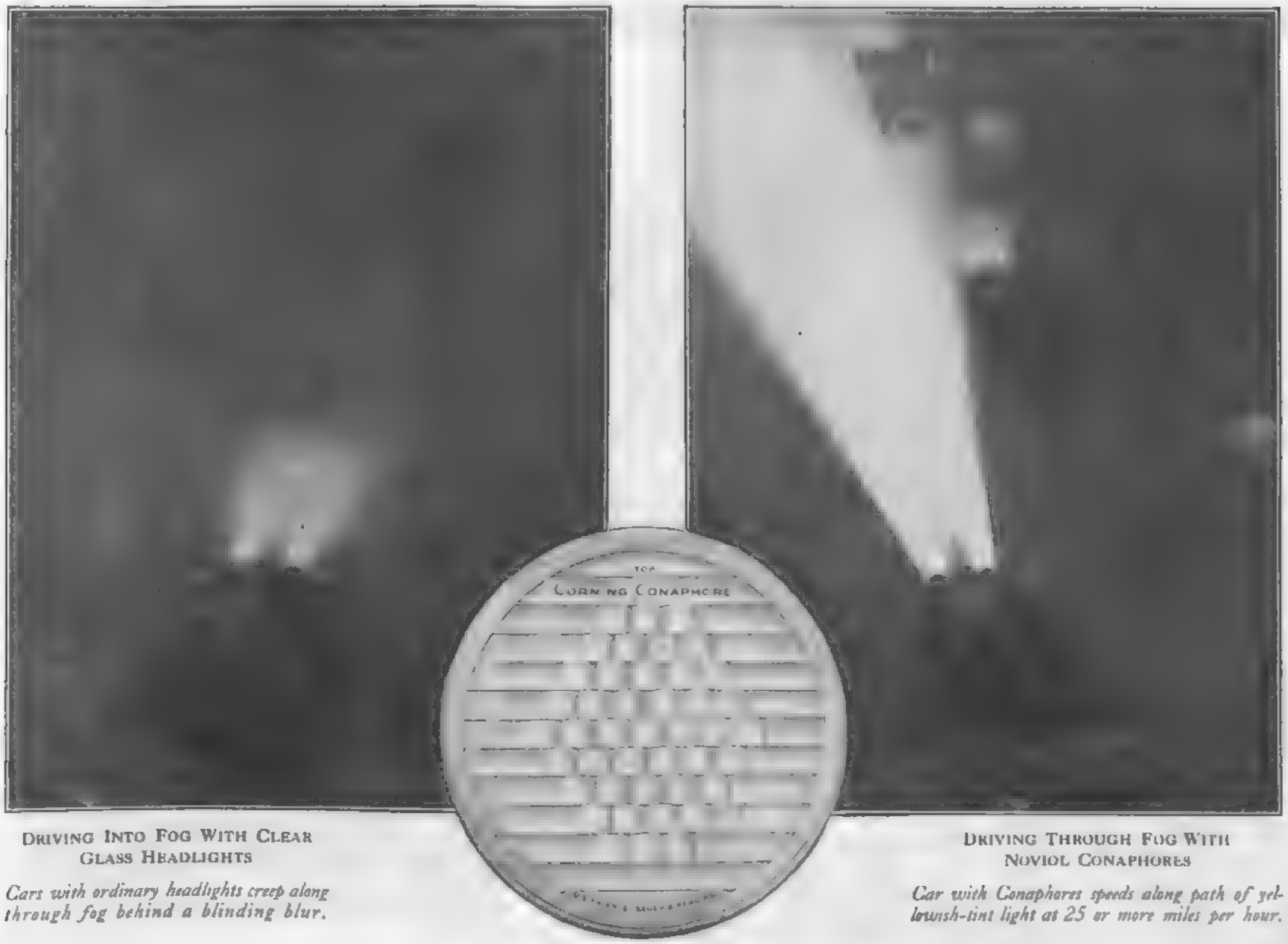
Kingozi laughed aloud.

"You certainly do please me!" he cried.

"Are you keen on golf?" asked Trelawney, surprised. "I didn't know it!"

"Never played in my life!" replied Kingozi, gazing with delight on his companion's puzzled face.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of seven stories by Stewart Edward White



DRIVING INTO FOG WITH CLEAR GLASS HEADLIGHTS

Cars with ordinary headlights creep along through fog behind a blinding blur.

DRIVING THROUGH FOG WITH NOVIOL CONAPHORES

Car with Conaphores speeds along path of yellowish-tint light at 25 or more miles per hour.

THE CONAPHORE

Smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust or mud.

Shoots Right Through Fog

How yellowish-tint Noviol Glass pierces fog and dust

Notice the difference the headlight glass makes.

On the left you see a car equipped with ordinary headlight glasses. It is a foggy night. The car has to creep along behind a *blinding blur*. The driver is nervous. He cannot see through the fog. All he can see is his own light, reflected back into his eyes. He is in constant danger of hitting something.

The car on the right is equipped with *Conaphores*—made of Noviol Glass. The yellowish-tint light from these new automobile headlight glasses shoots right through the fog. The Noviol Glass makes a bright path along which you can drive safely at 25 miles per hour or faster if you wish.

Fog-piercing feature exclusive

No other headlight glass has this fog-piercing feature. It is due to the Noviol Glass *(patented)* of which the Conaphore is made. This remarkable glass was developed in the laboratories of the Corning Glass Works, makers of the Conaphore

The Noviol Conaphores cause light to pierce fog and dust because they absorb the short blue and violet light-rays that blur your vision.

Only those who have ridden behind Conaphores can realize fully what this advantage means.

In clear weather the yellowish-tint light from the Conaphore gives the motorist more than 500 feet of brilliant road illumination. This range makes night driving a fascinating sport—and a safe one.

Absolutely no glare

Yet there is absolutely no glare. The light is bent down by the patented design of the Conaphore, and shot out in a long, low beam. Road and roadside get all the light. The eyes of pedestrians and other motorists get none of it. So all state and city no-glare ordinances are complied with. Indeed, several state legislatures are so impressed with the efficiency of the Conaphore that they are considering making yellowish-tint glass the standard headlight glass for all cars.

Conaphores are also made in clear glass. Clear glass Conaphores comply with all no-glare laws, and give wonderful range but lack the ability to pierce fog.

Easy to install

You will find the Conaphore easy to install on your car. Sizes are made to fit all cars. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Be sure the lamp bulbs are in focus. In ordering give name, model and year of your car and diameter of your present headlight glass.

For sale by jobbers and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Put a pair on your car today. You will then find night motoring a new and wonderful experience.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4¼ inches incl.	$1.30	3 to 4¼ inches incl.	$0.80
5 to 6⅝ inches incl.	2.40	5 to 6⅝ inches incl.	1.60
7 to 8½ inches incl.	3.50	7 to 8½ inches incl.	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches incl.	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches incl.	3.00
10⅛ to 11⅝ inches incl.	6.00	10¼ to 11⅝ inches incl.	4.00

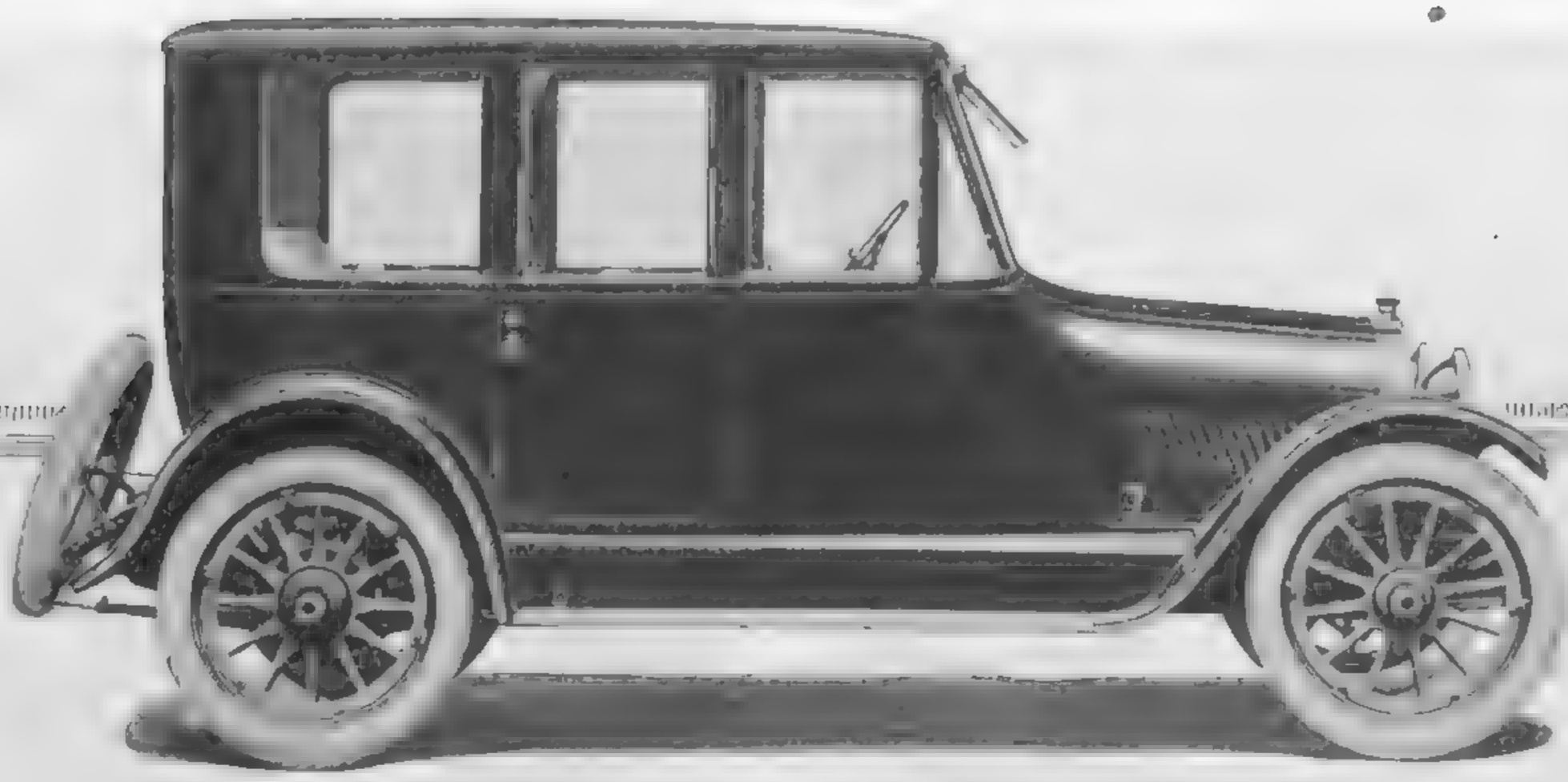
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch above 6½ inch size
Prices 25c more per pair west of Rocky Mountains

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
280 Madison Avenue, New York City
CORNING GLASS WORKS

NO GLARE
RANGE 500 FT.

CONAPHORE

PIERCES FOG
AND DUST



OLDSMOBILE ALL-SEASON CARS

THE new Oldsmobile All-season Cars—Sedan and Coupé—combine many points of superiority in style and equipment. The bodies are designed and built especially for Oldsmobiles and will not be found on any other car. Tops are built in and made part of the bodies—complete and permanent. They are instantly converted into open summer cars or closed winter cars by lowering or raising the plate windows.

New convenience is offered in the staggered position of the wide doors. The right or curb door opens to rear compartment. The left door is well forward, opening directly to driver's seat. The upholstery is of high quality material of pleasing appearance. The seats are broad and restful—supported by Marshall Cushion Comfort springs. Front seats are of the individual chair type.

In the sedan the driver's seat is adjustable forward and back for either long or short reach. The deep lounge-back rear seat has *ample* room for three. Each model is equipped with automatic car heater and foot warmer, electric dome and dash lights and other accessories for comfort and beauty.

Both sedan and coupé are built on the famous Oldsmobile Model 37 Six chassis, which excels in tire and fuel economy. 54-inch underslung rear springs give exceptionally easy riding quality.

Sedan, $1695. Coupé, $1595. Literature on request.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Michigan

Oldsmobile

Sets the Pace

20TH YEAR

OUT OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 12)

showed sand; you couldn't withhold a growing admiration for the steady stride of those Britishers; but France—France, the glorious, the silent! That, after all, was the thing they adored her for—her proud, unasking silence!

France was the biggest thing in the world to-day. They were firmly persuaded they had always held these sentiments, always recognized in her a sister republic and the savior of their own. Willis would have been shocked if anyone had spoken of the *poilus* as Johnnies; and it would not have been safe to remind any of them that they had once cherished the certain knowledge of her degeneracy. France, sublime in her agony, had become a sacred passion.

One thing at least could be said of all this—that life had ceased to be monotonous. Even the walk down streets that had once stretched before one like interminable destiny became anything but monotonous when you were uncertain how many more times you might take it. There were moments when Willis shivered with the dread that he might be called, and hours when he knew a dread lest he might not be—lest the big, dangerous, splendid thing should pass him by and leave him to walk down those streets for the rest of his days. On the one hand, there was a sense that one would be dreadfully out of it if one didn't get *in* it; on the other, a natural distaste for wounds or an early death. An early death may be a very fine and stirring thing, but you cannot enjoy your own. And the notion of going through life with a diminished outfit of limbs appalled him.

And yet—all the world that was worth while was taking these chances; and not to go was like being absent from the big Event, like missing the match game of life. You took chances everywhere and things happened everywhere—all to no purpose. Here was the great Chance for the biggest purpose the world had ever seen. Even so near as it had come now, life was more like living than it had ever been before; everybody and everything was more interesting since we had become suddenly a part of the world instead of an outlying, sizable island. Far-off things had become near; even the past—at best a shadowy affair—had for the first time a justified relation to the present; he knew now why, how and for what his ancestors had fought their fights. He had never heard of Liberty as the *éternelle blessée*, but he could make out for himself that her troubles were not yet over. And had not every true American special obligations toward this lady?

Brooding these and kindred questions he shut his books that noon, preparatory to going up to the doctor's, but Destiny, in the remarkable shape of Angus Mack, intervened. He came in upon them as he had never come before—a fashion plate transformed into a man, only his cigarette unchanged. Willis remembered Addie's remark and knew a swift and jealous pang. Angus Mack did look well in khaki. They all paid him the tribute of admiring silence.

"Well," Latham got it out at last, "what are you posing for now?"

"American Ambulance—Field Section," replied Angus tersely, sitting down on the corner of a table and lighting the cigarette. "Only I'm not posing. Come to say good-by, boys. We are sailing Saturday."

The silence this time was really eloquent. Angus smoked tranquilly. Casey slapped him on the back. "Fine! How did you come to think of it?"

Angus blew a wreath; he seemed strangely indisposed to speech.

"Oh, I guess I've been thinking some time."

"I thought you had a cigarette heart," said Latham.

Angus considered him a moment.

"I may not carry a life insurance," he said with slight emphasis, "but I guess that needn't prevent my carrying a gun."

"Bully for you!" murmured Casey.

"This gets me over"—Angus touched the uniform sleeve—"and, once over, I bet they're not so all-fired particular. Anyway, if I can't carry a gun I can carry their wounded."

The silence now fairly talked and, as if in response, Angus suddenly found abundant speech:

"I was in N'York the other day—business trip—and I ran up against the French Mission."

Casey nodded. "We know."

"You think you do; that's your mistake. You weren't there."

"What was it like?" Willis asked abruptly.

"Oh, nothing much. Just a billion people or so—or maybe it was a milliard—stuck like flies everywhere, just clinging to any old thing; and one little old great Frenchman, and a few more." He stopped a moment contemplatively, then went on quickly: "But it wasn't any of them that got me; it was something else—it was what they were saying or shouting, just one single word, and nobody had taught it to them either. They weren't shouting for Joffre or Vivyanny, they weren't doing a thing—all those billions, men, women and children—but just saying that one word over and over again: 'France! France!'—from one end of New York to the other. You'd think it was the only word there was left in the world. They were saying it and shouting it, and some of them were groaning it, down at the Battery; and up at the City Hall they just stood aside and made lanes to let them through, and said 'France!' And up on Fifth Avenue another milliard of them jammed in rows, saying the same thing and nothing else: 'France! France!'"

Angus got up suddenly, flinging his cigarette end into space. "It's nothing to tell—but I'll hear it the rest of my life—or until I hear another milliard people somewhere in the world saying 'America!' like that. I made up my mind that's what I want to hear; and if there's any other way than this *I* don't know it. Well, so long, you chaps! I hope to see you over there!"

There was a somewhat silent handshaking, nobody seeming to have very much to say, but they all gathered in the doorway to watch Angus Mack—the perfect figure of a soldier—pass down the street, attracting a battery of glances.

"Well, I won't be much behind," Latham sighed with satisfaction; "I'm enlisting next week."

"Wish you luck," remarked Matthews, a sandy person. "Here is where I get off—getting married this week!" he airily explained.

Latham looked hard at him. "I envy your wife!"

"Well, it's more than she will yours," Matthews retorted. "A woman has a right to a whole man, in my opinion."

"That," said Latham, "is exactly what I was trying, in my feeble manner, to express." He clapped on his hat and strode away. Willis watched him, too, disappear down the street. Latham and Angus Mack. Then he put on his own hat thoughtfully and walked in the opposite direction.

Addie was surprised when he appeared at an unusual hour that evening.

"Have you had supper already?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "I just thought I'd stop in a moment on my way up."

She had a moment of wonder, but dropped into one of the chairs on the vine-shaded porch, tacitly inviting him to do as much. Her own day had been full of excitement. "Did Angus Mackenzie call on you boys?" she inquired.

"Yes, he did!"

Addie's eyes brightened with an odd expression—for a pacificist.

"Well—I guess some of you who have called him a fashion plate will call him a man now!"

"Yes," Willis answered her unexpectedly, "that's just what we do call him—a man!"

At this admission, and still more at the tone in which it was made, Addie stared at him. She took in something strange in his gaze at her.

"Look here; what's the matter?" she asked with sudden anxiety. "Aren't you feeling well?" And by sudden association of ideas: "Did you go to see the doctor?"

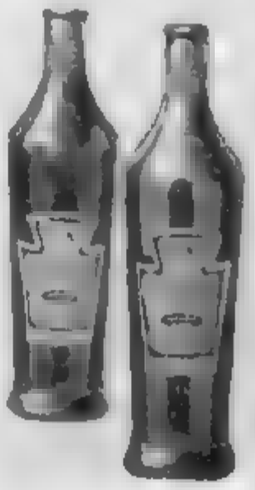
Willis shook his head. He turned his hat—a hat she had never liked—two or three times in his hands and seemed embarrassed for words. Addie watched him keenly, the woman in her suddenly alert. Finally he seemed to have made up his mind; he threw back his shoulders—a too rare gesture with him—and looked her squarely in the face; but somehow they did not seem to be Willis' eyes.

"No; I haven't been to the doctor and I'm not going! My eyes are good enough—for what I want of them."

As if to prove it he fixed them steadily on hers. It occurred to the startled girl that

Two things have had much to do with making Heinz foods taste so good. One is to raise all fruits and vegetables where they grow best. The other is to "put them up" just as near the place of growing as possible.

These methods give Heinz Olive Oil its wonderful quality. The best olives grow in Seville, Spain. So Heinz has a plant in Seville, and there procures the choicest, best flavored olives direct from the orchards. Heinz employees superintend harvesting the crop and press the oil in a plant where Heinz methods insure cleanliness and purity.



HEINZ Vinegars

All Heinz Vinegars are aged in wood. They are mellow and fragrant. There are five Heinz Vinegars. Those especially adapted to salad making are Malt, Cider and White Vinegars in full pint, quart and half-gallon bottles. Also Tarragon and spiced salad vinegar in pint bottles.

The Chief Cause of Automobile Engine Troubles

How black sediment in ordinary oil ruins engine efficiency

"Knocks" and "slaps" in the engine. Loose Bearings.

"Bucking" or jerky firing.

Excess carbon. Dirty spark plugs. Gummed up valves. Overheating.

Low gasoline mileage and weak power.

Have you had these troubles with your automobile?

Do you know how leading automobile engineers explain them—what they find to be the *chief* cause of engine troubles?

The damage caused by sediment in oil

The chief source of engine trouble is poor lubrication. Experts say 90% of all troubles is due to that cause.

Ordinary oil *breaks down* under the terrific heat of your automobile engine after a few hours' use. *A large part of it forms black sediment and loses all lubricating value.* Notice the sediment in ordinary oil in the center bottle.

That sediment increases metal to metal friction because it crowds out a large part of the liquid oil. Then the metal surfaces grind against each other and the microscopic metal teeth grab and cut.

That means friction, wear and loss of power. It means that worn parts must eventually be replaced.

The sediment also tends to clog the working parts of the engine and to increase carbon deposits. It is the greatest enemy of engine efficiency.

How to reduce sediment 86%

The test bottles show how Veedol prevents rapid formation of sediment.

Notice that the ordinary oil in the middle bottle contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol. Both samples taken after 500 miles of running. Veedol reduces sediment by 86%.

Veedol is unlike ordinary oil because it is made by the Faulkner Process—a recent discovery used exclusively by this Company.

Ordinary oil *cannot* be made like Veedol and *cannot* have the same heat-resisting and wear-resisting qualities.

Make this road test today

Clean out your crank case. Fill with kerosene. Run your motor slowly about thirty seconds under its own power. Drain out all kerosene and refill with Veedol. Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability. It will vibrate less. It will be more silent than before. It will give greater gasoline mileage. That is all due to saving of friction and wear because of Veedol.

Users of Veedol find that their car not only runs better than ever before, but the cost of upkeep is reduced $50 to $115 a year.

Try Veedol today

Veedol is distributed through the accessory jobbers and dealers. Over 12,000 dealers are selling it. If you cannot get Veedol, write for name of dealer who can supply you.

Each dealer has a Veedol lubrication Chart which specifies the correct grade of Veedol for your automobile or tractor, for both summer and winter use. Buy a can of Veedol today.

Begin now to get full efficiency from your automobile.

Send 10c for new 80 page book

Send 10c for our new 80-page book on the construction and lubrication of automobiles, motor boats, tractors, and stationary engines. It is profusely illustrated. No other book at any price contains so much information on this subject.

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Use Grease of Tested Quality

The Sediment Test shows you how far Veedol excels ordinary oil. Veedol grease is equally superior to ordinary grease. There is a special grade of Veedol grease for every purpose.

Try Keal, the New Soap

For washing you can try Keal—the new pure-potash soap. Cleanses easily Preserves lustre Speed brew Saves Bag that saves soap supplied at cost. Uses only half as much soap. Ask your dealer.

they were remarkably good eyes when he did that, and that he was holding himself unusually straight. She gave him frightened attention.

"I've come to tell you," said Willis—"I thought you'd a right to know it first—that I've been thinking things over and I've made up my mind if I can carry a life insurance I can carry a gun." It was out; and he felt an immense sense of liberation all at once.

Addie was staring at him with that new half-frightened look.

"Carry a gun!" she repeated. "Of course you can carry a gun—if you have to! They haven't called you, have they? They haven't called anybody yet. What do you mean?"

She was thoroughly frightened now, and finished with a little gasp.

"No," said Willis, feeling somehow strangely in command of himself and the situation; "they haven't called me—but I'm going! I'm going if they call me, and I'm going if they don't. I have to go! If I can't carry a gun I can carry their wounded." He wished he didn't have to keep repeating Angus Mack's phrases, but he couldn't seem to find any of his own; the feelings, anyhow, were his, he consoled himself. And such as they were the phrases perfectly served; Addie was looking at him with bright, strange eyes.

"You mean it—you really mean it!" she repeated.

"Yes!"

It was somehow more effective than protestations. Addie drew a long gasping breath.

"Of course," said Willis, "this—this puts an end to our—our engagement." This sounded funny to both, for they never spoke of it by that term. "They'll hold my place for me, but, of course, it—it'll put everything back; it wouldn't be fair to you. I—I wouldn't think of asking you—— Something might happen——"

He felt he was making very bad work of this, but no phrases concerning a similar situation had come his way; he had to deal with it by unaided inspiration, and it was harder because never, since she was a wonder with her hair tied up in a yard or two of ribbons, had he seen Adelaide look so beautiful as at this moment; her hair, in the sunlight, was like a gloriole or an oriole or whatever you called it.

"So you're free!" he wound up with that abruptness which characterizes the marriage service, for instance.

"Free!" exclaimed Adelaide. "Free! Free from what, I'd like to know?"

"From me," said Willis' lips, while his eyes held on to her prayerfully. "From—from our engagement!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" She sprang from her chair; Willis sprang from his; the next moment his face was buried in the glorious mass of her hair, and a body full of quivering life, wonderful beyond imagining, was in his arms. Neither of them could speak. Why should they, when everything in them had spoken so well?

Adelaide—a beautiful name—tried gently at last to pretend she was the same Adelaide as before. She only succeeded in substituting her cheek for her hair against his cheek—such a firm cheek his was, such a soft one, hers; her hands covertly caressed his coat sleeve—such a dear sleeve.

"I—I think you are splendid!" she said.

Willis, holding her close and wondering how life with her any farther away was going to be possible after this, had a sudden remembrance.

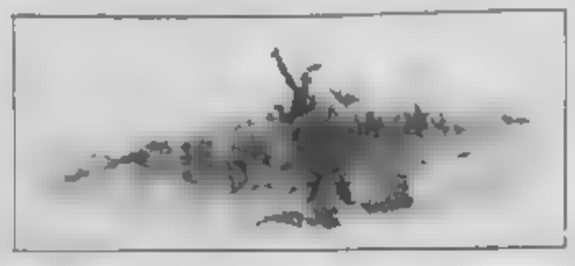
"That little cur, Matthews," he said in a queer voice, "he's marrying—marrying to escape serving!"

The outrage struck him like a discovery. It struck the girl, the woman in his arms, far deeper. She freed herself with one swift movement and turned a glowing face on him.

"If *I* marry," she said, "it will be because you are going to serve!" She stopped short, breathless, before his eyes.

"Will you?" he asked. "Oh, Adelaide—will you? Can we—ought we for such a little time—three months? I'll wait for the conscription—then I'll go anyhow!"

"It would be—three months!" said Addie, speaking low. She lifted her eyes to him. "Yes, we can. We've a right to that, whatever comes."



Willis looked at her. They seemed to be two new beings, endowed with all the sweetness of their past, mysterious and beautiful to each other. He was suddenly born to all a man's responsibilities.

"It is you who take all the chances," he said in a troubled voice.

"I'd rather take them," proclaimed the girl. "I want to take them. I have the same right to them that you have to the others!"

And he argued no more. They made their simple arrangements, cheek to cheek, thrilling with the greatness of each other; they parted almost solemnly, so wonderful was their future. Her hand lingered caressingly again on his sleeve—oh, that it might never be an empty one, she prayed—and she looked lovingly at the detested hat. How had she failed to notice how straight he had become? How had he failed to realize how perfect she was? Adelaide not exciting! Why, there was nothing else in the world that was—except, indeed, all life, all this glorious unknown life to which he had been given the privileged passport.

He entered the house lightly; his parents were just finishing the evening meal.

"We'd given you up," said his mother. "Susie's gone to her Red Cross class."

Susie was a burning patriot, but he was glad she was away just now; he could speak without delay.

"I thought maybe the doctor had kept you," said his mother.

"I didn't see him." Willis spoke with a new blitheness.

His father looked up impatiently.

"Don't you realize the possible importance to yourself ——" he began, but his son stopped him short.

"If I can carry a life insurance, father, I can carry a gun," he said, skipping all the context.

His father sat dumb. Willis turned to his mother.

"Mother, I've something to tell you: Addie and I are thinking of getting married right off." He could not conceal the trembling exultation in his voice. He had expected to surprise them—but he was amazed at the effect he had produced.

Both of his parents glanced quickly at him; then both as suddenly looked away.

"Oh!" said his mother in an odd voice. His father looked at the paper. Suddenly Willis understood. He flushed scarlet.

"Yes," he said; "Addie thinks she would rather have three months—— I don't know if I've a right to let her. Mother, you can tell me perhaps."

"Oh," said his mother. "Oh, that's different!" as if to herself. His father had laid down the paper. Willis could look at them both with almost pathetic understanding; but there were things that could not be said.

His mother spoke:

"I always knew you'd go! About Addie—of course you've a right. She has a right too; my God, yes!" He had never in his life heard his mother take the name of Deity before. "Can't you see she'd rather anyway take the chance ——"

Willis went round the table and kissed his mother's cheek—another miracle.

"Thank you, mother; I'm coming back all right. But I'm glad to know you think it's right."

"Of course you're coming back all right!" It was his father who spoke now, clear and heartily; cheerfully, it seemed to his son, almost with a note of exultation in his voice. "You'll come back just as I did, and be mighty glad you went! But your mother's right about Addie; she—she'd rather have it that way. And you don't need to worry—anyhow." He had risen and stood facing his son. As he spoke the last words he looked him squarely in the eye. For the first time in their lives, Willis realized, he and his father were meeting as equals.

"I'm glad you're going," said his father only; but Willis, who had seen so many things of late, could still see with startled wonder the quick glance that passed between his father and his mother. His heart was too full for words; he went out into the soft spring evening, hatless, and looked up at the stars.

"It doesn't matter what happens to me now!" he thought. "Nothing does. Everything is all right—forever!"

For right there, in Waring, Adelaide, his parents and himself—all had passed beyond the fear of things into the possession of immortal substances.

Don't Move Your Family into a Fire-Trap

Will your home really shelter your wife and little ones? Or are you building a house of tinder which one day may crumple into a blackened heap of ruins?

Don't throw open your doors to red destruction. Build a home that you can leave in the morning with the feeling that everything will be all right when you return at night.

Build a stucco house—with both the stucco and interior plaster held together and reinforced with Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath. Then you will have a safe home as well as a handsome one.

Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath

In 1912, the Building Department of Cleveland proved beyond dispute the wonderful fire-resisting power of metal lath and plaster. A metal lath partition was subjected for over two hours to an average heat of more than 1700 degrees. Then a stream of water was turned on. Yet throughout the terrific test—a test that your walls and ceilings never will have to undergo—the partition barred the flames and water.

Herringbone Metal Lath, because of the heavy lengthwise ribs set at an angle of 45 degrees to the plane of the lath, is the most rigid of metal laths. Outside stucco and interior plaster over this lath offer nothing to feed the flames. And the gnawing teeth of mice, rats and vermin, time and decay make poor headway against the walls and ceilings of a Herringbone Home. There, cracking and falling plaster is unknown. For the plaster clinches the Herringbone and the Herringbone clinches the plaster in an unbreakable grip.

The Herringbone Home is comparatively cheap to build and permanently cheap to live in. It needs practically no repairs or repainting. Inside and outside, it lasts almost forever. It is cool in summer, warm in winter. And there is no type of residence more beautiful or artistic. Many fine residential sections are built up almost entirely of stucco and Herringbone.

Wherever plaster is used, Herringbone Lath should be used—in apartments, churches, schools, hospitals, offices, and stores, as well as in homes. Always make sure that your architect specifies Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath, and that your builder uses it on the job. In unusually damp climates, the type of Herringbone known as Herringbone "Armco" Rust-Resisting Iron Lath gives utmost satisfaction.

If you'd like to look at the pictures of some fine Herringbone Homes, send for our free booklet, "Herringbone Homes." It contains a wide variety of types.

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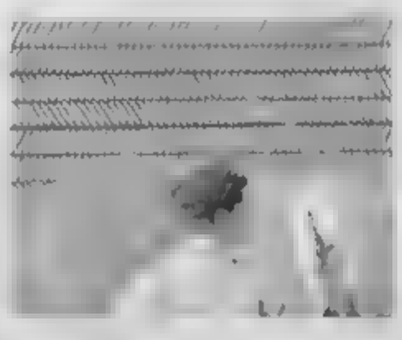


Where Accuracy is VITAL

It is as necessary to the health of a druggist's business as it is to the health of his customers.

"Nine-tenths of the druggists in the country," says W. P. Pipkin of Waco, Texas, "handle drugs with scales that a hair will tip—but more of them than you'd think handle money with a shovel.

"When they fill a prescription, they check and re-check every item—for they know that life itself may depend upon perfect accuracy.

"But when they pay a bill, they'll take a perfunctory glance at the items and shovel out the cash.

"I reckon they don't realize that accuracy at the cash drawer and in the bookkeeping is as much a matter of life and death as at the prescription counter—that in the long run, it makes the difference between a dead business and a live one."

"A Good Drug Store"

That's Mr. Pipkin's slogan—and his ideal.

And he holds that the first principle of good business is accuracy.

He had been in business a good many years before he decided that 100% accuracy in figure matters was *humanly* impossible.

He knew, though, that it was *mechanically* possible, and he put a Burroughs Machine to work on his figuring.

Stopping the Leaks

With the Machine always at hand, figuring became almost a pleasure—and in a very short time the Burroughs was being used for everything.

The Burroughs checks the invoices—and here alone it has caught errors enough to pay for itself.

It makes the deposit slips, it balances the cash every night, it adds the charges, it takes inventory.

Mr. Pipkin knows more about the business—for he has records, built up on the averages which the Burroughs gets for him.

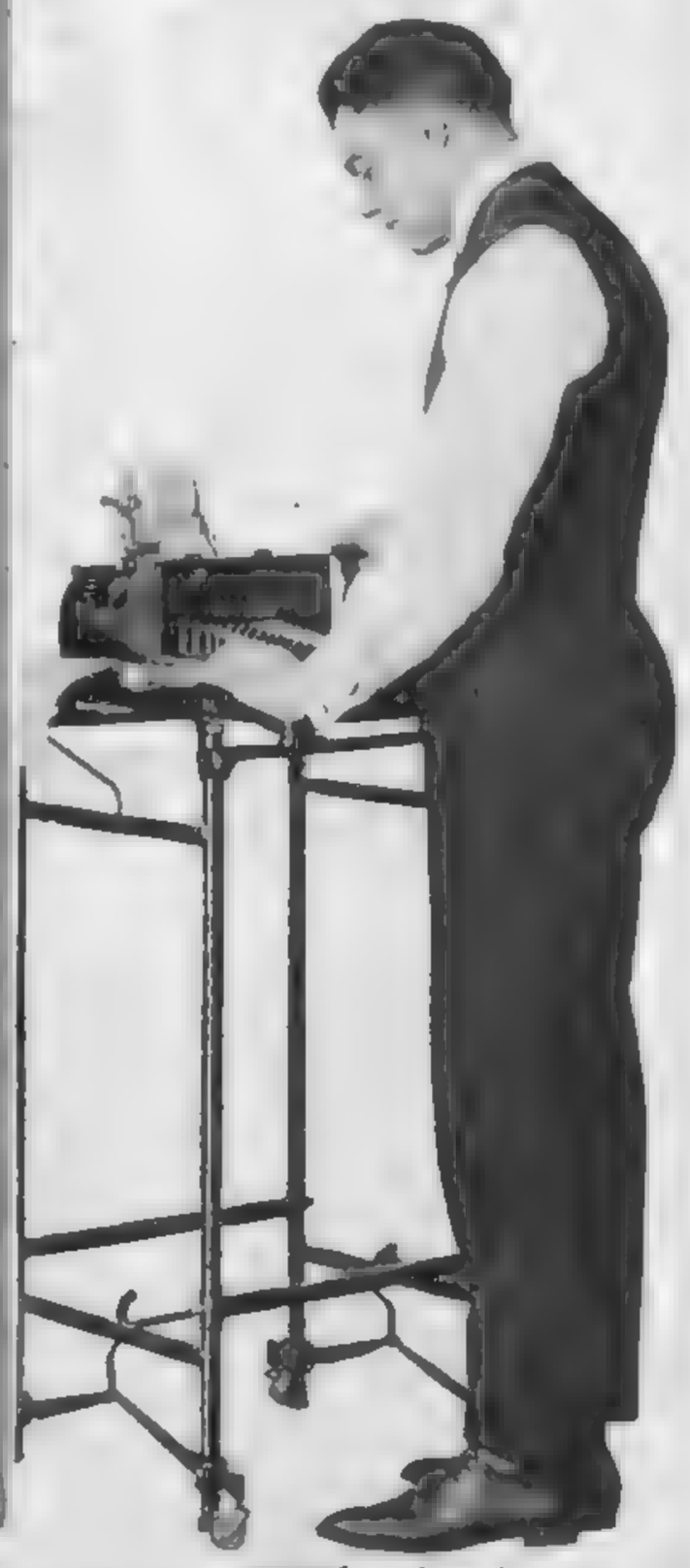
He knows, for instance, how many ice-cream orders he averages out of a gallon of cream. At the end of each day, he runs over the soda fountain slips with the Machine—finds how many orders were sold, their price, the gross cost, and so forth—and with these data in hand he is able to check any tendency to carelessness in the clerks.

"If I did it all the old way," says Mr. Pipkin, "I'd need another clerk out in the store to take my place, and then I shouldn't be sure my figuring was accurate."

98 Burroughs Models

Whether a business be large or small, one of the 98 Burroughs Models will fit it.

Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 170 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada.



FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125

PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

PROPHETS OF THE FIELDS

(Continued from Page 20)

town where an interpreter was unobtainable. There was not, at the moment, a resident who could understand the simplest English sentence. However, he hired a carriage and went out to the wheat fields nearest the town.

The sensational nature of his discoveries, as he drove from one field to another, were so absorbing that he failed to notice that his movements were being watched. On his return to the town, however, he found the plaza in front of the little hotel humming with excitement, of which he was the apparent center. Almost every citizen took a conversation shot at him; and, failing to make themselves understood individually, they tried the all-together method and made it a chorus.

The forecaster, who had heard no end of tales about the excitability of the Spanish temperament, saw that if the populace continued to warm up at the speed shown since his arrival from the fields the point of frenzy would soon be reached. He finally decided to attempt a sign-language explanation of what he had been doing in the wheat fields of his excited hosts. This was apparently accepted as an evidence of good intent—at least for the moment. His gestures were occasionally interrupted by volleys of language of which he understood only one word: Intendente.

Were they sending for the mayor to put him in jail for bewitching their crops? Or was he to receive a banquet in honor of his alarming discovery? He put in a bad half hour trying to forecast the action of the crowd. When it looked as if a riot was about to break loose before the Intendente could be found, the crop expert repeated, with variations, his calisthenic conversation with a handful of wheat straws. This created a temporary diversion and held the lid on until the mayor arrived.

To his immense relief he found that the chief official of the town could speak and understand a trifle more English than any of his people—though not much more. Finally the Intendente made the stranger understand that he was invited to remain another day and show the leading citizens, out in the fields, just what the trouble with their wheat was. As the invitation seemed to have the urgency of a command, he accepted.

In the morning he was followed to the fields by apparently every able-bodied male inhabitant. The foreign cars of the local aristocracy led, followed by humbler automobiles from America. Next came the carriages, with mounted citizens and pedestrians bringing up the rear.

This cavalcade made the distinguished forecaster feel quite at home, for, as an alderman, he had more than once been called upon to attend an Italian funeral. Of all the observations he had ever made, this was certainly the most observed. He carried his audience with him every moment from morning until night.

Local Hostility

When he left to resume his southward journey he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had made the Intendente understand that the rust-stricken fields would probably not yield more than five bushels to the acre, instead of the thirty they were expecting.

Two weeks later he stopped at this town on his return trip, and was met by the mayor, who sadly informed him that his forecast was too high and that the wheat was being burned in the field to save harvesting.

Earlier in his crop-reporting experience this forecaster found that some communities seriously objected to having the truth told about any shortage in their crops. Information of this sort was not considered good advertising by the local real-estate interests—and the land men are generally dominant in pioneer districts that are being opened to settlement.

Some years ago this expert made a tour of investigation throughout the great wheat-producing districts of Western Canada and found that the crop had been seriously damaged by both drought and frost. No sooner had his report announcing the condition been made public than a storm of protest swept the district. A leading newspaper of that section published an editorial suggesting that the Canadian Government deport the offending forecaster and see to it that he was never again allowed to set foot on Dominion soil.

This paper insisted that, irrespective of the truth, no man had a right to publish to the world the fact that their crops were not abundant and of the highest quality. Since then, however, this attitude has become obsolete and there is no more thought of restraining or suppressing an impartial crop report than there is of prohibiting or shading an official report of the prevailing weather.

This forecaster insists that it takes training to develop an observer who can really observe crop conditions, and that the Scriptural saying, "having eyes, see not," is descriptive of a large percentage of the men who live in grain-producing districts. He illustrates this lack of observation by the following incidents:

"Three years ago, when the Kansas corn crop was absolutely burning up, I drove into a town and at the hotel met the local elevator man and grain dealer. He assured me that their crop was all right; that they had a prospect for a tremendous yield. Finally, however, he admitted that he had not been out of town for ten days. I got him to drive with me that afternoon and he came back in a state of complete paralysis, believing that there was no corn left in his community—which proved to be a fact."

Money Well Spent

"Last year, at a certain point in the Northwest, when I made the discovery of a wide spread of black rust I was told by a man who drove with me that it would be a very serious mistake if I said there was anything wrong with that crop; that he had lived there twenty years and had grown crops all that time, and he had never seen a finer crop than he had seen from the same automobile I was using when I reported that the crop was badly damaged.

"I have had a letter from him since, in which he acknowledges that the fields we examined were practically all cleared by burning, because there was no wheat worth cutting."

This unofficial crop expert is employed by one of the largest commission houses in America. The public is not more than five or ten minutes behind its principals and its patrons in receiving his reports and forecasts. These are promptly given to the press, and wired and cabled to all the market centers of the world. As the records of this private bureau are as complete, since 1892, in regard to the leading grain crops, as are those of the government, the cost of operating this system runs high into the thousands of dollars each year. Not nearly so high, however, as that of the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture, which covers nearly every kind of important crop grown in this country and also gives elaborate statistical service.

For this bureau, which is one of the most useful of all maintained by the Federal Government, the people pay about a quarter of a million dollars a year. It is money well spent. Perhaps no other appropriation is more so.

Uncle Sam started in crop forecasting on a shoestring of a few hundred dollars, back in 1839, when Congress appropriated all of one thousand dollars for that purpose and "the collection and distribution of seeds." Of course the larger share of the sum went into seeds.

The first appropriation exclusively for crop information and reports was made in 1865, and was for twenty thousand dollars. To-day the Bureau of Crop Estimates has about one hundred and fifty paid employees and almost one hundred and sixty thousand voluntary correspondents or coöperators. Its system is to have substantially two distinct reporting organizations, each operating as a check on the other. The thirty thousand voluntary township correspondents and the twenty-eight hundred voluntary county correspondents report direct to the bureau in Washington. The other branch of the organization is composed of forty-two paid field men—one for each state, save where two or three small states are grouped together—and about eight crop specialists, who have their own little armies of correspondents, which they have personally recruited and drilled, and who report to them and have no dealings with the bureau headquarters in Washington.

The Fine Art of Making *Delicate Sandwiches*

WHAT is a perfect sandwich? It is a sandwich in which the flavor and the texture of good bread balance a filling of definite, decided flavor.

Cooks who are good sandwich makers have discovered an ideal sandwich filling in Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. A filling entirely different from anything else.

Why should not Beech-Nut Peanut Butter have a flavor which is different?

For it is a *blended* flavor, a carefully proportioned combination of choicest grown No. 1 quality, Spanish and Virginia peanuts, the first for richness, the second for flavor.

It is a flavor enhanced by *perfect roasting*—under North skylights, to insure the proper *color*, which alone indicates correctness in roasting.

It is a carefully seasoned flavor. The ingenious crushing machines add salt uniformly all the time they are crushing the nuts to a butter of absolute smoothness, free from lumps or inequalities.

It's a flavor that is fresh—never rancid. This is because of the careful sterilization of the jars, the careful filling—from the bottom first to exclude air—and the careful Beech-Nut vacuum-sealing.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is *absolutely free from grit.* Special Beech-Nut processes clean the nuts of all skins, defective kernels, the bitter little hearts and grit.

Are you surprised then that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter makes such delicious sandwiches?

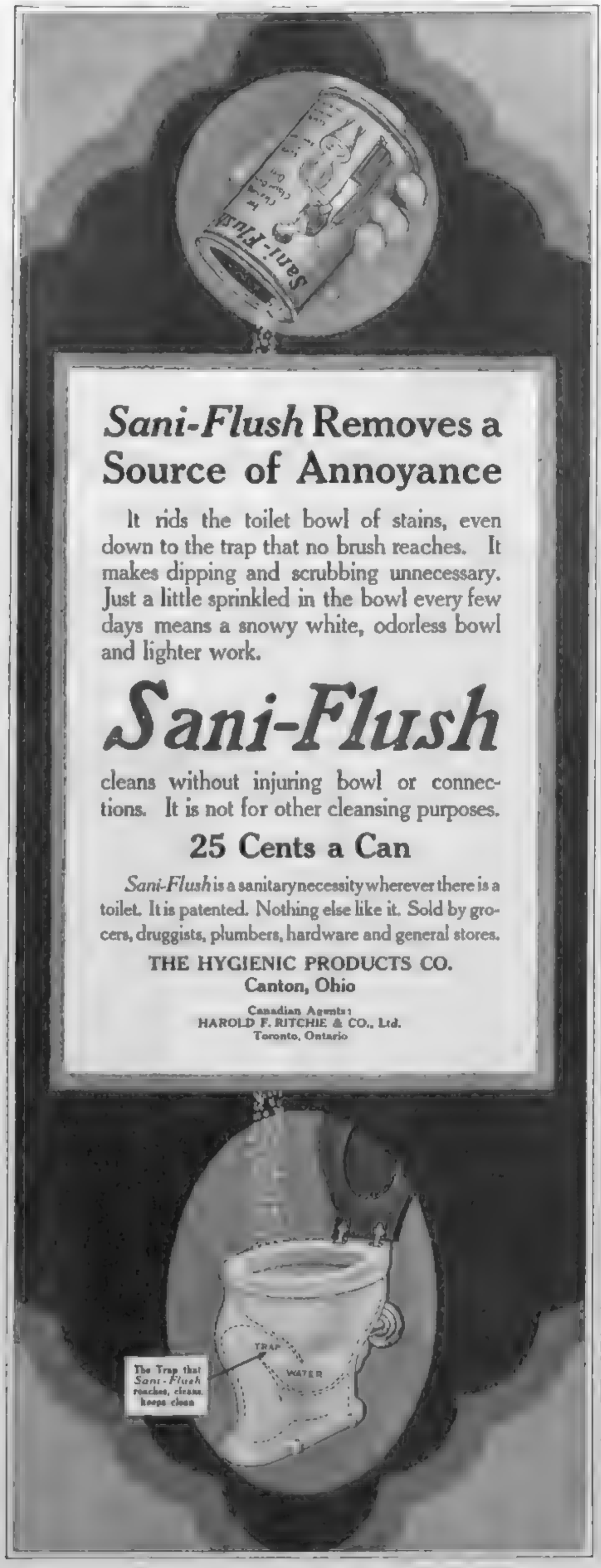
Are you surprised when we tell you, too, that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is *more than good tasting?* It is nutritious. A sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter equals in Strength, Heat and Energy a glass of rich milk. This is why it is a good food for children. They'll eat it in place of sweets.

Order a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter from your grocer *now.*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Ask Your Grocer About the Superior Quality of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



Sani-Flush Removes a Source of Annoyance

It rids the toilet bowl of stains, even down to the trap that no brush reaches. It makes dipping and scrubbing unnecessary. Just a little sprinkled in the bowl every few days means a snowy white, odorless bowl and lighter work.

Sani-Flush

cleans without injuring bowl or connections. It is not for other cleansing purposes.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is a sanitary necessity wherever there is a toilet. It is patented. Nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

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HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

Each state field agent and crop specialist, who is required to travel his territory industriously during the growing season, personally makes the estimate for his state or group of states from the reports of his correspondents and his personal observations; and when it concerns a speculative crop he mails it under seal, in a specially locked pouch, to the Secretary of Agriculture, who takes the envelopes, with their seals unbroken, and places them in a safe to which only he and the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture have the combination.

The reports from the voluntary county and township correspondents are sent to the chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates either by wire in cipher or by mail in specially sealed envelopes. These are handled under virtually as stringent precautions against leakage as are the reports from the state field agents and the crop specialists.

Especial care is taken in handling all figures relating to corn, wheat, oats, cotton, and other speculative crops, the computers handling the figures being kept in ignorance of the states they represent.

In these war days the meetings of the National Council of Defense or of the Cabinet are hardly surrounded with greater precautions than are taken at every session of the crop-reporting board, the personnel of which is changed—at least in part—from month to month. The bureau chief always presides; and he selects, from the members of his staff and from the field agents and crop specialists, the four members who are, with himself, to make up the estimate. They are detailed to this duty at the last practicable moment. The instant they enter the room, bearing the data delivered to them by the Secretary of Agriculture and the data from the Bureau of Crop Estimates, the doors are locked and all telephones and telegraph instruments in the bureau are disconnected. Guards are posted to prevent any person from entering or leaving the room until the session is closed and the report is approved by the entire board and is ready to be sent out over the department wires.

The penalty held over the head of every employee of the bureau for leaking information about any speculative crop, or for speculating in any crop, is a fine of not more than ten thousand dollars or imprisonment for not more than ten years, or both, for each offense.

At a moment previously announced on report days the forecast is handed to the telegraph companies, to the press associations, to the Washington correspondents of daily newspapers throughout the country, and to all other applicants. It is also telegraphed to the Weather Bureau station director of each state, who immediately prints and mails it to the local papers of his territory.

These provisions insure the immediate and simultaneous distribution of the information throughout the entire country. Of course the daily press is the principal and quickest agency by which the general public is able to get the official forecast, as the papers receive the report by wire.

Protection for Farmers

Later the forecast, together with other information, in well-analyzed form, is printed in the Monthly Crop Report, published by the bureau and sent free to correspondents, newspapers, and all other applicants. All that any farmer who wishes to have the best available information on the crop outlook need do is to ask the Bureau of Crop Estimates to send him this publication. At present its circulation is about two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

According to an official statement of the Bureau of Crop Estimates its service is primarily intended to protect the farmer. It says:

"In a sense the Bureau of Crop Estimates is a form of farmers' coöperation, wherein each farm-crop reporter gives information about his locality and in return receives information about the entire country, the bureau merely acting as a clearing house for such coöperative exchange."

This report also adds:

"Farmers are benefited by the government crop reports both directly and indirectly—directly by being kept informed of crop prospects outside their own immediate districts; and indirectly because the disinterested reports of the government tend to prevent the circulation of false or misleading reports by speculators who are interested in controlling or manipulating prices. The farmer cannot, by refusing to report the condition of crops for his locality, prevent buyers and speculators from knowing the condition of the crop. . . .

"The local buyers know the condition of crops in their own vicinity better, as a rule, than the average farmer, because it is their business to keep well informed. . . . Even the farmers who do not keep posted are indirectly benefited by the publication of government crop estimates, because these estimates automatically lend a check, and lessen the injurious effects of false reports sent out broadcast by interested speculators and their agents, in the same way that a police or constable force tends to check but not entirely prevent crime in a community."

This same report also points out that "few farmers realize how much is saved by an even distribution of manufactured articles according to crop prospects. If manufacturers avoid heavy losses from improper distribution they can afford to sell on better terms, with resulting benefit to farmers."

These statements are especially interesting as showing that the farmer—not the speculator—is the person first in the official mind in building up this elaborate system of crop forecasting. Officially he is held to be the primary beneficiary of the crop estimating service; and after him the manufacturer, the merchant, the common carrier and the banker.

The Scope of the Work

The scope of Uncle Sam's crop estimate is far more complete than that of any private forecaster. Elaborate reports, covering both quantity and quality, are prepared on the following crops:

Fruits. Apples, apricots, blackberries, cantaloupes, cranberries, grapefruit, grapes, lemons, limes, olives, oranges, peaches, pears, pineapples, prunes, raspberries, strawberries, watermelons.

Vegetables. Beans, dry; beans, lima; beans, velvet; cabbages, cauliflower, celery, onions, potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes.

Miscellaneous. Almonds, broom corn, cotton, flaxseed, hemp, honey, hops, peanuts, sorghum, sugar beets, sugar cane, tobacco, walnuts, wool.

Also, these official reports cover the condition of pastures, meadows, plowing and planting. In the field of livestock the following are made subjects of specific reports: Horses, mules, milch cows, other cattle, all cattle, sheep, lambs, swine, and honey-bee colonies.

Then there are monthly reports on the prices of butter, eggs, chickens, milk, veal calves, cottonseed, cottonseed meal and bran; for soy beans in January, February, October, November and December; for black walnuts, hickory nuts and turkeys in January, October, November and December; for turnips and pop corn in January, February, November and December; for maple sugar and maple sirup in March, April, May and June; for chestnuts in October, November and December; and for cane sirup and sorghum, in Florida, in December.

Even this list does not adequately suggest the range and completeness of the crop forecasts and crop information that Uncle Sam's remarkably efficient Bureau of Crop Estimates packs into its Monthly Crop Report. A glance through a dozen issues of this publication is calculated to impress the layman with the fact that there is hardly a phase of farm production of any moment that is not covered in its pages from almost every useful and illuminating angle. Its tables of farm values; its comparative reviews of prices and of yields for various periods; its graphic diagrams and maps visualizing crop acreage, production and distribution—all these are not only illuminating to the reader accustomed to dealing with statistics, but they are understandable by the ultimate consumer whose appetite for tabulated information has not been cultivated.

When one considers the practical information of solid business import crammed into this little monthly magazine, which is still circulated, like the ancient almanac, free of cost, despite the soaring cost of print paper, the wonder is that its circulation does not climb to several millions. And a very large share of its information is of the beforehand brand, which—when worthy of confidence, as this has been proved to be—commands so high a premium in the commercial world.

There is a general notion that the crop forecaster has a chance, after the harvest is

(Concluded on Page 69)

At New Hampshire

The unequivocal endorsement of domestic science instructors and classes at *New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts* exemplifies the common unity with which the foremost authorities of the country proclaim the

Standard There's a Maytag Washer of every type—hand, power-driven, electric all built to the enviable Maytag standard.

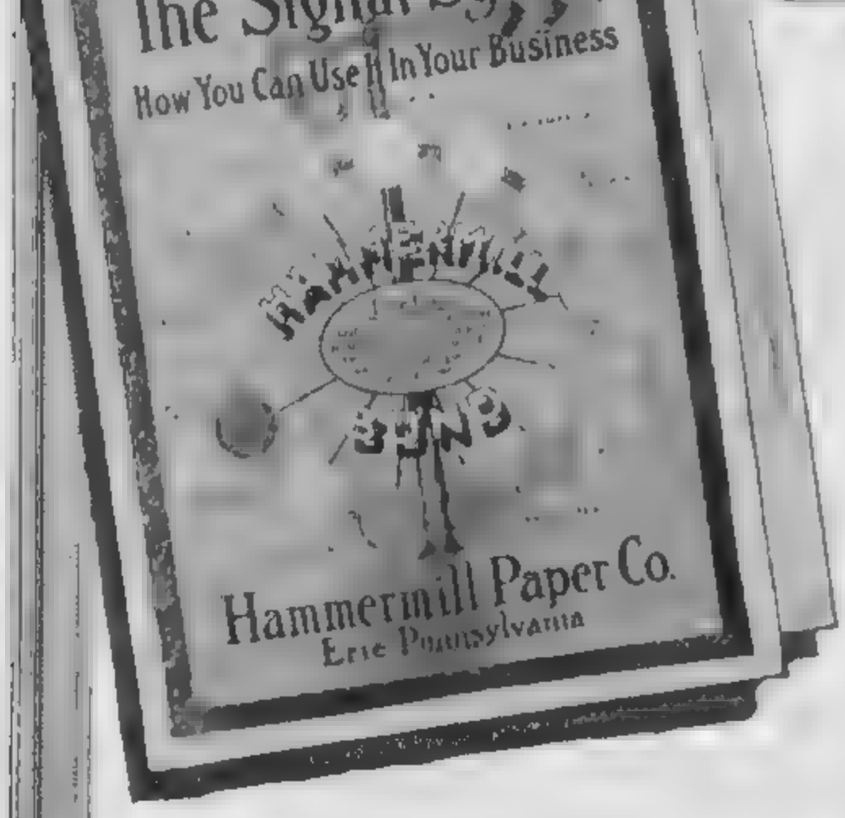
Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer
with
Swinging Reversible Wringer

FREE The Maytag Manual is an encyclopedia of home laundering economics. A post card brings your copy—send for it now.

the culminating achievement in power washer conception—a recognition shared also by the Maytag Electric Washer among modern city homes. The magnificence of Maytag supremacy finds being in its unique simplicity, efficiency of operation and unmistakable economy. Built on a common appreciation of the basic elements of service, beside which the cost is inconsequent.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY—Dept. 202—NEWTON, IOWA

BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL CITIES **DEALERS:—Maytag prestige means volumes to you—write!**



Ask your printer about Hammermill Bond, and write for "The Signal System" today.

"Here's another idea we can use, Simpson"

"That makes the fifth we got out of that 'Signal System,' doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir, and every last one of them is going to save time and money—and a lot of annoying details."

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(Concluded from Page 68)

in, to check his estimate against the actual yield. This is possible in connection with only one crop—cotton. Because the operators of cotton gins are required to make regular and exact reports of their ginnings to the Government, the cotton crop is a known quantity. This enables the forecasters of that crop to get a quick and exact check on their work. Concerning this test the bureau says:

"During the past fourteen years the Department of Agriculture has overestimated the crop six times and underestimated it eight times. In years of overestimates the average error was 1.8 per cent; in those of underestimates the average error was 3.5 per cent; for the entire fourteen years the average error was 2.8 per cent. Balancing the overestimates and the underestimates shows, for the entire period, a net underestimate of only 1.4 per cent."

There is a certain artistic fitness in the fact that a woman is the most famous forecaster of the world's most popular textile crop. Though this expert, whose forecasts have frequently sent the cotton market scurrying, has her office within sight and sound of the New York Cotton Exchange, few if any of the great operators know her by sight, for she is extremely reticent. The commander of the United States Army is quite as accessible to the public as is this feminine prophet of the cotton crop.

She was something of a novice in her calling back in 1903, when Sully was doing his great feats in depressing the market. But when her report appeared, estimating the crop at a million bales less than was commonly believed by the trade, the sudden jump of the market was a material testimonial to the faith the operators had already begun to place in her reports. She takes a keen sporting delight in the accuracy of her forecasts. There is no reason why she should hesitate to have her batting average compared with that of Uncle Sam when it comes to guessing the cotton crop.

The Bureau of Crop Estimates has many thousands of correspondents reporting on the cotton crop; this private forecaster has twenty-five hundred—but, like their cotton, they are hand-picked.

This woman statistician admits that she believes in feminine intuition and makes constant use of it in her forecasting work—mainly in weeding out the correspondents whose judgment is unsound and getting others who can hit the mark. One of her great elements of strength as a crop prophet is that she gets close to her correspondents and is able to take the human equation into consideration with regard to a large percentage of the reports which come to her desk. Again, she almost literally lives with the reports from her correspondents and does all her own work. From first to last there is not a step or a process in the making of a forecast that is not done by her own hand and mind. Naturally this means an intimate touch with every element entering into the computation that could not be obtained if others came into the work.

"When I have finished handling all the cards," she says, "I have usually made my deductions. I know what I am going to say. If I'm right I hear nothing about it. If I'm not, then I hear distinctly. If I'm ninety per cent right and ten per cent wrong, I hear of the ten per cent. That's human nature, however."

She places far greater reliance upon her correspondents than upon personal investigation, though she sometimes visits districts which are subject to scare rumors or which her reporters indicate should receive especial attention.

"My correspondents are mainly farmers, ginners and bankers—a very intelligent, observant and level-headed group of men. I hear from most of them three or four times a month for about eight months in the year. During the summer, when the plant is growing, the market here is very sensitive to the condition of the plant. It is hard for the layman to realize how sensitive it is. It reacts most delicately to weather conditions and to reports of other influences.

"During the months when I am getting these different reports out I keep my people—a select list of clients—in touch with every variation that seems likely to have a material bearing on the crop.

"Sometimes I'm told that I have a decided weather instinct. However, I study the weather maps and reports closely, and use my experience as well. Of course I have focused my weather studies on the South. Though I'm up here most of the time, I have perhaps a closer idea of what weather conditions are and are going to be there than do most of the residents of the South. This is simply because I have given intensive study and observation for years to this subject.

"Usually I am able to form a very fair estimate, from the forecasts and my weather sense, of how much damage a storm will do to the cotton crop. Then, in this calling, one is obliged to keep well up on the pests that assail the cotton plant, as well as on the means by which quick growth may be stimulated. In short, this job calls for a combination of statistician, botanist, entomologist and farmer. Though it has yielded a generous living, the money return has really been only a part of the compensation of this work. It is distinctly a useful service, for a large part of the textile industry depends for its success upon a foreknowledge of the cotton yield. Again, the farmers of the South are vitally affected by the conditions and prospects of the crop.

"Though it is true that speculation responds most sensitively to forecasts which have reputation behind them, their most substantial service is not to the speculators, but to industry and commerce."

If the business world were suddenly forced to make its plans and map its campaigns without the aid of the crop forecaster, it would feel that it had been plunged backward into an able imitation of chaos.

To-day, in view of our entrance into the great world war, these organizations, which are able to forecast the unharvested crops of foodstuffs, textile materials, and other basic products, are doubly useful. To know what the season will bring forth from the soil is an acute military necessity. Possibly our preparedness has been better along this line than along any other.

THE SOURCE

(Continued from Page 23)

drawn to your order by the Power Company." He was speaking gravely, without rancor or excitement. "Some time ago Mr. Beaumont gave me this letter of authority. Read it."

"What d'you mean?" roared Nord.

"I mean," said Van, lowering his voice lest it carry to Svea in the house, "that you've sold out to Ekstrom. I mean that I'm boss here. That letter makes me so."

"You carried that lie to Beaumont?"

"No, nobody knows it but myself. I've had the letter some time. I got it when it looked as if I might need it."

"It ain't so," snarled Nord. "You jest cooked up that yarn to get my job. I've seen you aimin' for it, and now, by Cripes! I'm goin' to take it out of your hide."

"If you've got a spark of sense or a grain of decency, you'll go easy. Do you want Svea to know what kind of man you are? Do you want it peddled all through the mountains that you're a crook and a bribe-taker? If you do, come ahead. If not, keep quiet and I'll see if there isn't some way of fixing this -to save Svea."

"Save hell!" shouted Nord.

"Nord," said Yard with steel in his voice, "if you're bent on making this mess as bad as you can I'll help you by putting you in the hospital. Stand still!"

Svea had come out of the door and was standing on the porch.

"Good morning, Miss Nord," said Yard, more as a warning to her father than as a greeting to her.

"Good morning," she said gravely.

Nord wheeled, and pointed a finger that shook in Yard's face.

"See him," he said, his voice choked with passion. "Know what he's done, this friend of yourn? Cooked up a lyin' yarn about me and got me fired, that's what! Took my job away from me and stole it himself—him that's set at our table! Lied your dad's character away from him. He's been after my job from the start, and now he's got it. Pretty kind of a sneak, hain't he?"

Svea's face was suddenly white. She closed her eyes an instant, and when she opened them Van saw they overflowed with misery. Could it be that she knew the truth? That her misery was caused by knowledge of her father's treachery? Or was he

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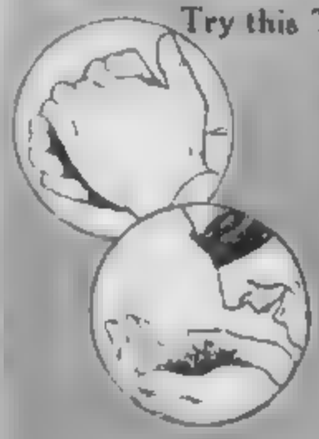

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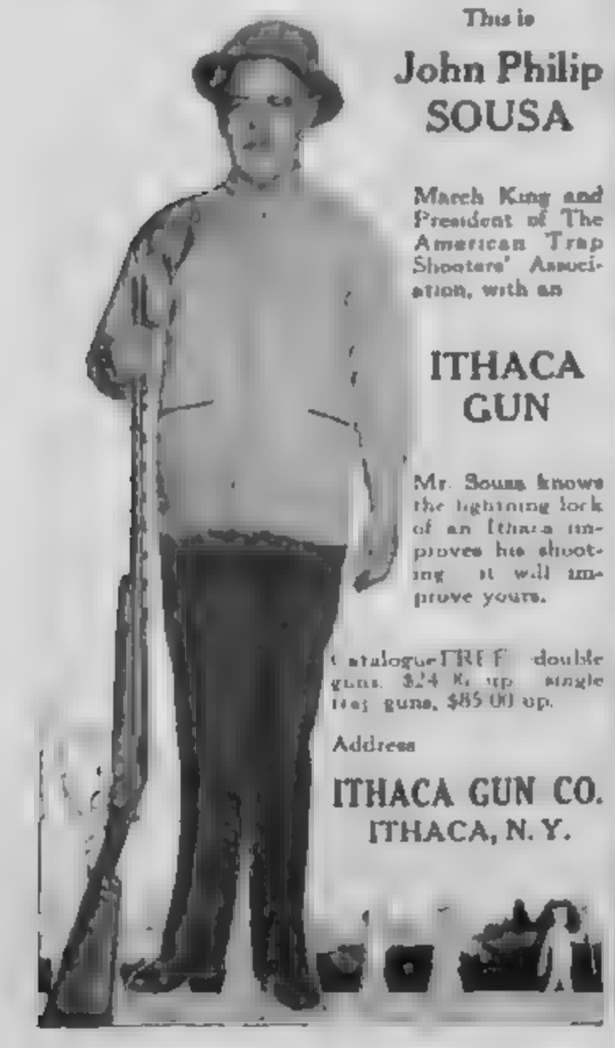

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the cause? Was it possible that her father's accusation of him had brought that look to her eyes?

"Is this true?" she said, her voice scarcely audible.

"It is not true that I have tried to steal your father's job," he said, "but matters have compelled me to exercise an authority I have held for some time. I have had temporarily to take charge. Your father is not discharged, but for a while it is necessary for me to have sole authority in these woods. It will mean no change to you. Your father's salary will continue and you will stay in this house. I hope very soon I will be able to allow him to take his old place."

"Did you tell Mr. Beaumont something about my father?"

"No."

"Has my father done any wrong?"

Van looked straight into her eyes when he replied, nor was there hesitation in his answer.

"No," he said.

"But Mr. Beaumont has given you his place?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it is necessary?"

"Who told him it was necessary?"

"I did."

"Oh!" she cried, as if she had received a physical hurt. "How could you do it when we trusted you? You must have done what father says. Couldn't you have waited? Couldn't you have played fair? Promotion would have come. It was such a cowardly thing to do!"

He stood looking into her face mutely, his eyes beseeching her not to pass judgment on him.

"Maybe," she said dully, "you're sorry now. It was just a temptation, and you did it. Maybe that was it. You'll go to Mr. Beaumont now, won't you, and fix things up? You'll do that, won't you?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Nord, but I can't do that."

She recognized the finality of his tone, and for a moment returned his gaze, almost curiously, as though she were looking upon something strange, unreal.

"I believed in you! I thought you true and trustworthy!"

Suddenly her voice was choked by a sob, and she turned and ran into the house. Yard turned to Nord, who was staring at him uncomprehendingly.

"Better me," he said, "than you."

"I don't get you," said Nord.

"Probably not," said Yard, and turning on his heel strode away.

Nord started to follow him, but apparently came to another mind about it, for he paused a moment looking after Yard with wrinkled brows. Then he wagged his head and went into the house.

Yard walked to the junction and took his motor car up the East Branch. It was snowing and he hoped the fall would be heavy, though the season was overearly for such a snow as would make lumbering operations what they should be. He noted with some satisfaction, as he progressed, that here and there through the woods were to be seen little piles of pulpwood, a cord to the pile, ready to be dumped into the river, when the time should come, and driven to the mills. It was a sign of progress, though none knew better than he how far the number of those woodpiles underran what was needed.

He ate dinner at four, where Sim-Sam had news for him.

"You know Langlois?" Sim-Sam commenced.

"I've heard of him," Yard said with perfect gravity.

"Well, he's gone to work for the Power Company. Up on the dam. Uh-huh! Boss of it. And what you think he done? Eh? Nothin' much 'ceptin' give that jumpin' Frenchman Pete a job in the gate house."

"Jumping Frenchman?" asked Yard. "Who's he?"

"Not who," corrected Sim-Sam—"what! Don't you know what a jumpin' Frenchman is?"

"Never heard of one."

"Lots of 'em in the woods. Got somethin' wrong with 'em somehow. Say, wait a minute and I'll show you." He called the length of the cook shanty: "Hey, Jean, come git acquainted with the big boss."

A stocky Frenchman, with lean dark face, aquiline nose, black mustache and twinkling beady black eyes shuffled forward. Yard rose to shake hands with him, but as the man came within reaching distance of him Sim-Sam suddenly seized his arm.

"Hit him, Jean!" he shouted vehemently.

"Hit him, Jean! Hit him, Jean!" repeated the man parrotlike, and struck Yard with all his might in the ribs.

The room burst into a roar of laughter. It was a joke they could relish. Sim-Sam had sprung a jumping Frenchman on the boss. Yard grinned back, though his ribs did not permit him to get the full humor of it for some time to come.

"That's a jumpin' Frenchman," grinned Sim-Sam. "I've knowed dozens of 'em. They're all like that. Yell at 'em sudden, and they'll do what you say, repeatin' it right after you. Hain't nothin' livelier'n a jumpin' Frenchman in camp."

"I should imagine not," said Yard, rubbing his ribs. "So Langlois took one with him, to help pass away the time?"

"Shouldn't be s'prised. You was goin' to look the dam over some a while back. Do it?"

"No."

"Huh! Calc'late you better let somebody else do it now. Langlois won't tap no keg to welcome you."

The snow was still falling thickly when Van started back to Woods' Headquarters. To go there was a necessity, but he promised himself he would move his office as soon as practicable to one of the camps, and so minimize the possibility of meeting Svea, for he did not care now to encounter her. He was reluctant to meet the look he knew would be in her eyes.

XIV

SNOW fell all that day and through the night; and Yard was hopeful; but toward morning warmer air swept over the mountains and the snow turned to rain, which came down in torrents and made it a matter of inhumanity to ask gangs to go into the woods.

Yard, bitterly disappointed, stood outside Camp Four unmindful of the rain that drove into his face and threatened to soak through his heavy mackinaw. Instead of being the help he expected the storm had turned upon him as though it were an agency of his enemies. He leaned his elbows on the railing of the bridge and stared down at the stream below.

He became conscious that a change had taken place; a bowlder which had lain just above the bridge had disappeared. A glance upstream showed him that other bowlders had vanished and that the river itself was not the river he knew. It was broader, more urgently on its way. Instead of gurgling over the stones in its course, or of parting musically to ripple round them, it now bore down upon them with a smooth, vindictive rush and tore at them savagely. It had altered its voice. No longer was its note dainty, musical, soothing; it had become, was momentarily becoming so in greater degree, bellicose, challenging. It no longer sang a lullaby, it shouted a war song.

"She's rising," Yard said to himself curiously.

He had never before seen a mountain stream in flood, and flood water was associated by him with the springtime and the departure of the snows. That was the time he waited and worked for, when the river should go lunging by with force and volume to bear whole forests downward with its rush. The spring and the drive were one to Yard.

Suddenly his sullen inaction became dynamic action. What was this but a false spring? Snows were going, swelling rill and stream and river. Flood water had come only for a brief stay, but it could be made useful. Yard's scowl became a look of eager determination, and he rushed to the door of the bunk house.

"All out! Teamsters out! All hands to dump pulpwood into the river. Out!"

He rushed to the telephone and called the other East Branch camps, giving orders to a similar end. And then, bearing in mind the great end of all strategy—to get the most men there first—he called the roundhouse, ordering out the trains with flat cars, then Camps Seven and Eight, telling his roughnecks to be ready for the drive.

Hundreds of cords of pulpwood stood in little piles throughout the woods, near to or distant from the river. The task was to transport these to the river's bank, dump them in and drive them to the millpond below before the water subsided and left the four-foot bolts high and dry on shoal or shore until spring.

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

Yard had that quality of leadership which inspires the followers with the spirit of the leader. There was no grumbling; on the contrary, there was eagerness.

"Cassidy," Yard phoned to the boss of Camp Three, "you're in charge of the river and the drive. Take what men you need and put them where they'll do most good."

And Cassidy was rejoiced at the choice of him, even though it meant for him and his men arduous labor in most unpleasant circumstances. For the day, perhaps far into the night, they would stand in icy rushing water to their waists, perhaps to their necks, in places where the bolts of pulpwood might swirl in with the pile on shore, or, finding lodgment against shoal or ledge, grow and increase until they formed a jam. It was Cassidy's job to see the drive kept ever on the move.

There was not a croaker to say to Yard "She'll go down on you." Even the nondescripts, the bums, the farmhands, caught for that time the fever of the lumberjack, and labored not for pay but for achievement.

All that day they strove, drenched with falling rain or, what was worse, with the icy water of the river. Nor did they stop for food. Steaming buckets of coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, were kept moving from cook shanties to the men, who gulped down hastily what they could snatch while they labored.

Then toward evening the rain ceased. Two-thirds of the cut and piled pulpwood was bobbing, plunging, racing down to the mills that stood so hungry for it. A third remained and darkness was upon them. But no one suggested a stop.

"She'll be goin' down soon," men shouted. "She's reached top mark. Rush 'em in. Got to git a move on."

So well into the night they worked, with lanterns where lanterns were available; by the sense of touch and with the eyes of cats where no lights were to be had.

At eleven o'clock Camp Three reported a clean-up. Camp Two was a quarter of an hour later. Four was next, then came One half an hour after midnight. Dog weary, drenched, the men piled into their bunks without removing clothes or shoes. It is a tradition of the camps that to take off wet clothes invites pneumonia; to sleep in them as they are insures immunity. It is a tradition with much evidence in support thereof. All were in their bunks and snoring—all but Cassidy and his men. Their toil was not over, nor would it be finished before dawn; and Yard was with them. Up and down the river's bank he strode; rushing now into the flood with pike pole, ready as any of his men to meet the conditions of the night; hurrying again from one point of danger to another. Always intense, smileless, driving. He did not urge on his men to-night with words of cheer, with jests, but rather with fierce, relentless urge of will. Men looked at him and wondered, but were inspired to add a little more to their utmost.

"He hain't human," one lumberjack shouted to another, after Yard's influence had been resting on them for half an hour. "What's ailin' him? 'Tain't the drive. 'Tain't drink. I'd hate to cross him to-night!"

It was true. Where before Yard had seemed wholly human, exchanging jest for jest, winning with a smile of rare entreaty, to-night he seemed hard. He was smileless, stern, a man driven by will unmitigated by heart; yet he did not show himself heartless. Joyless would be the better word.

No, the lumberjack was right, it was not the drive or drink that ailed him. The contempt he had seen in Svea Nord's eyes had dried up all the joy within him; the soul-searing events of the day just past had scarred him, scorched him, burned away the more youthful, hopeful part of him, and left bare the vista through which he looked into the years beyond. There had been a bright hope ever before his eyes, the hope of winning Svea Nord. When it departed it took with it the sweetness of him, the gayety, the gladness. It left a man with but one end, with but one hope, one refuge—work.

Henceforth his life was single; his purpose one; the urge of his will and his soul and loyalty all for one love—sulphate pulp.

When the drive was past Yard stumbled wearily into Camp Two.

"Big John, she's call for you," said the cook.

Yard went to the telephone, and presently Beaumont's voice came heartily over the wire to him.

"Good boy," said Big John, and hung up the receiver.

Yard thrilled at the words. It was good to work for a man who would sit up through the night to watch, and who thought it worth while to give a word of approbation with the coming of dawn. That word Yard sent broadcast through the woods when he awoke, to share it with the men who had helped him to earn it.

More than one thousand cords of pulpwood rested quietly in the pond that morning. The danger line had receded by so much. In a day and a night the river had done for sulphate pulp what man-invented contrivances could not have accomplished in weeks.

It was two weeks later, early in December, when Big John Beaumont summoned Yard to the office.

"Smoke," he said briefly, handing Yard a box of the rotund black cigars much favored by him.

"I don't know how I'll bear up under it," said Van. "I haven't smoked a cigar in weeks."

"Um! Why?"

"Can't afford it," said Van.

"Want a raise?"

"No," said Van. "Wait till the work's done."

"You ought to be able to afford a cigar or two on fifteen hundred a year, and found."

Van shook his head.

"You haven't given me any explanation of the Nord affair," said Big John, with the effect of suddenness.

"No. I understood I was responsible for the woods."

"You are, but a man has some natural curiosity, young fellow."

"I'm sorry," Van said.

"You mean you won't tell me about it?"

"I'd rather not."

"Suppose I asked it—not as your friend, but as the boss?"

"I should have to resign," said Van.

"Um! You ordered him off the pay roll, but he keeps on living at headquarters. Um! He doesn't get out after another job. Nord's not the man to lay around with no pay coming in."

Van remained stubbornly silent.

"And you can't afford cigars," said Big John, regarding the young man with eyes that were quizzical yet admiring, perhaps envious. "Youth and ideals are bully possessions, Yard. Even when they have a wad of nonsense mixed up in 'em. And to love a girl—to be young and to love like an idiot again, Yard, I'd swap places with any cookee in the camps. Idiotically, I said." He paused a moment. "So you're turning over your salary to Nord, eh?"

Yard flushed.

"You haven't told him he was off the pay roll," Big John continued, in a tone that left no reasonable man a chance to contradict. It was the tone born of knowing a fact.

"No, but that's a personal matter, Mr. Beaumont. My salary belongs to me."

"Um! For a bit of a girl that nine-tenths of the population of the earth wouldn't look at twice, but who manages to delude you into the notion that she's the sum total of all marvels plus an extra wonder or two of her own. And I suppose these things happen every day! Thirty years ago it might have happened to me! To every man—once. I knew a young woman myself, Van, and she got me about the way this Nord girl has you. Uh-huh! It hasn't faded a bit, young man. When I think about her to-day she seems just as almighty wonderful as she did thirty years ago. She died.

"That's why—one reason, anyhow—that Nord goes back on the pay roll. You get your salary from the date of the ruction. Now don't make a holler. Let an old fellow that hasn't any life outside of hardwood logs and sulphate pulp take his little fling. It's for her."

It was not a matter one could protest, put as Big John put it.

"And now to business," said Beaumont. "I think Ekstrom is gnawing at my side of the cheese. If you're to fight in the woods it's a good idea for you to know how I'm fighting in the office. I may want to call you in as reserve.

"When I tackled this pulp idea I had to borrow mighty heavily. Got notes in two banks in Boston for two hundred thousand. Put it all in the new mill. Understanding was they were to be renewed every three months for not less than eighteen months. By that time I figured we'd be high and dry

and safe, with money to jingle. And it's up to you to see we are. Think you can fetch it?"

"Yes," said Yard succinctly.

He would fetch it. It was all he had to hope for or work for. Surely Fate or Luck or Providence wouldn't knock that last support from under him.

"One of those banks is acting skittish. It has two new directors, and one of 'em's named Petersen. Doggone it, every time I see a Swede lately I dodge behind a tree! Now then, if that bank should refuse to renew I'd have to find a hundred thousand—and there ain't no sich animal."

"Surely some other bank would take the loan."

"Now listen. We're not playing a safe little game like a retail candy store. We're butting into an industry that has belonged to somebody else. We're the entering wedge. If we had nobody to fight but the Power Company we'd be up against it hard, for they're worth twenty-five millions, and can influence that much more. And fifty millions talk mighty loud in the banks of this fair land, you can bet. But we don't know who else we've got against us—enough, all right! Suppose we add a dozen more millions for good measure. What chance do you think I've got of borrowing money if sixty or seventy millions say I shan't have it?"

"But these banks are American. Can't they see what you're doing? That it's for the good of the country?"

"Money is impersonal—big money is. When millions are mixed up in the game, patriotism hasn't much show."

Van shook his head as though refusing to admit the point, but went on to the next logical step:

"If this bank does turn you [down—what?"

"Then I invade Boston—and you go along. I don't know what we'll do, but when we come away somebody'll know he's had a visitor. That's why I called you down. When you haven't anything else to do think what you'd do in my place, and think mighty darn careful about what you'd say if you were called on to stand on your hind legs in front of a board of directors in a mahogany-paneled bank. Jaw is about the only thing that'll save us, and when jaw fights money I'm laying my bet on the undefeated champion. Now beat it, young fellow; I'm going to be some busy."

Van studied the matter as he rode toward headquarters, not yet, by reason of press of work, moved to Camp Four. As he studied the matter it presented itself clothed in greater difficulties. To fight money with money he could understand, and perhaps there might have held his own; but there was no money with which to fight money. Indeed here was not a fight against money, but against something infinitely more subtle, more intangible, more impossible to grapple with. This thing was influence, the influence to be exerted by freebooting barons of finance. But one weapon could Van discern that would suffice against it: the influence of a prince, a king, an emperor of finance. Yet he knew what he needed was a rainbow—certainly it would be as easily obtainable.

What a spectacle that would be, Yard thought, to stand by and witness the freebooting barons spreading stealthily their influence like some deadly, all-pervading gas, and then to pour upon it suddenly, unexpectedly, the more subtle, many times more powerful influence of some benign emperor of finance. It would be the whiffing away of a morning mist before the terrible might of sudden hurricane.

But there was no emperor. There was nobody but Big John and Van Twiller Yard. Big John was but on the outer fringe of the financial order, and Yard was a serf.

As he stepped onto the porch at headquarters the door opened for Svea Nord to come out. Unavoidably they met face to face. That Svea saw him at all was testified only by a sudden departure of color from her cheeks. Her eyes did not seem to see him as he stood aside for her to pass, and she went by him without haste, without visible embarrassment.

The thing was unbearable. To a man organized as was Van Twiller Yard, sensitive, loving with the strength that was in him, it was not to be endured. Her name was wrung from him—a protest from the depths of his soul, his soul which knew itself misjudged.

"Svea!" he said in a voice not pleasant to hear.

She paused on the step, turned her head a trifle so that she could regard him, and then, her eyes schooled to coolness looking into his eyes, glittering with mental agony, she said in a dead, calm voice:

"Please do not speak to me again unless it is very necessary." She paused a moment. Her calm forsook her. "Oh," she cried, the anguish of her voice answering the anguish of his own, "how could you? How could you?"

She stumbled blindly down the steps and fled.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TEUTONIC LEMON BATHS

(Continued from Page 13)

reached the train with little difficulty. He was in his compartment reading when he heard the shrieks of a woman. Looking out of the car window he saw his wife emerging from the shed door, in a hysterical condition, supported by two German soldiers.

He brought her into the compartment. It was a painful experience to see this woman, who a little while before had been enthusiastic and cheerful, now in a state of collapse, hair down her back, dress partially buttoned, shoes untied, weeping and moaning. An American physician in the party gave her a narcotic, and she slept until we reached Berlin. For ten days afterward she was under the care of physicians.

The story that this American husband reported to the Embassy the next day is so revolting that decency forbids a publication of his entire report. It is one of many instances officially reported to the State Department where German government officials were indecent.

The woman had entered the searching room and was ordered to undress. Being thirsty she asked for a drink, but before she was permitted to touch the glass the huge woman official asked her to open her mouth. Every filling in her teeth was examined to see if any were loose. Her throat was probed! The inspector put her fingers in the woman's mouth and felt round the gums. Then the surprised American was told that she could drink!

As the traveler sat naked on the bench she watched the examiner rip the lining of her coat. She saw the roses that she wore pulled to pieces, petal by petal. Every inch of her clothing was held up before strong electric light and examined. Some parts of her hat were unsewed. Her silver wrist watch was taken apart and then the inspector couldn't get it together again. A lemon bath was given, and then the woman's scalp, toes and fingers were examined. The wives of three American consuls had this experience, according to data in possession of the State Department.

By this time it was quite evident the traveler was under suspicion, but she could not understand why.

In some instances the physical examination ended here—but not in all. This traveler was ordered to submit to an examination of such a nature that she refused. Then two other inspectors were called in, and the three of them, standing at the open door of the shed room, shouted at her, questioned her, criticized her, condemned her and abused her until she broke down and cried for help. She asked for her husband, but the inspector said men could not come in. She wanted the attention of a physician, but it was refused. For nearly an hour she sat there under the grueling fire and pitiless eyes of the three Prussians.

When she persisted in her refusal the inspectors closed the door for a conference. At last the woman was ordered to dress. The soldiers were called to help her to the train, where the frantic husband met her.

This is the sort of treatment that Germany gave certain American travelers several months before diplomatic relations were broken. An investigation by United States officials showed that these practices were directed against Americans. Ambassador Gerard cabled full details to the Secretary of State.

On December 30, 1916, Mr. Gerard was called to the Foreign Office and handed a note by Secretary of State Zimmermann, notifying the American Government officially that our consuls and their families

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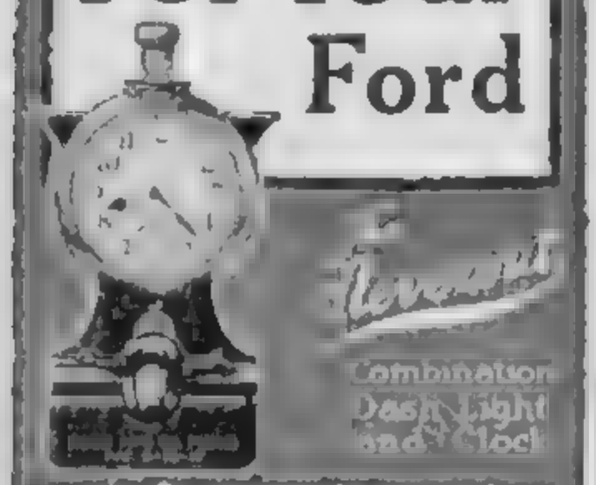

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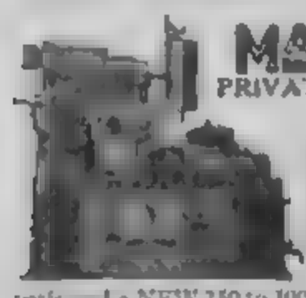

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would be granted no courtesies at the frontiers! Doctor Zimmermann stated that the General Staff had sent instructions to the border to search all American travelers. The Ambassador asked for a copy of the instructions as issued by the General Staff, but it was refused.

In the meantime Consul General Julius G. Lay, in Berlin, had been granted a vacation, but he telegraphed the department that he would not leave and then return later unless the Berlin Government assured him that he would not be subjected to border indignities. The department called the attention of the German Government, through Mr. Gerard, to the situation, but the Foreign Office replied that inasmuch as the instructions were given by the army they could not be changed!

In his official report Mr. Gerard said:

American consuls are being subjected to the most disgusting examination at the border, while some unofficial American travelers are being granted every courtesy, being exempted in many cases from search.

On January eighteenth Mr. Lansing sent the following note to Berlin. The communication was not published at the time because this Government was doing everything possible to prevent the German Government from forcing us into the war by breaking its pledge to warn all ships and save passengers and crews:

The indignities to which American consular officers and members of their families have been subjected by German officials at the frontier have caused the Department of State much concern for some time.

For instance, American Consul Pike, formerly of Coburg and Kiel, Germany, while en route to his post at St. Gall, Switzerland, his passport having been properly indorsed in New York and Copenhagen by officials of the German Government, was stopped at Warnemünde on the German frontier, November 26; and rather than submit to the removal of his clothing, search of his person, seizure of his official and personal reports or confidential and private documents and papers and their retention by the military authorities, returned and is believed still to be at Copenhagen.

The Department has also a complete report of the case of Dominic I. Murphy, Consul General at Sofia, and ———, who on two occasions were stopped at Warnemünde, stripped, searched and otherwise humiliated, no regard being shown to their official status, as indicated by the *laissez passers* from the Legations of Germany at Copenhagen and The Hague, with which they were provided.

Mr. Lansing's Instructions

A report of the facts had been awaited by the Department in order that it might decide whether these incidents were caused by failure to fulfill the terms of the agreement believed by the Department to have been arrived at by the Embassy with the Foreign Office, in accordance with which the latter would, when notified of the intended departure or arrival of American consuls, either under orders or on leave, provide that due courtesies be extended to them when crossing the frontier.

However, your dispatch of December thirtieth, transmitting an unofficial communication from the Foreign Office stating that courtesies incompatible with search cannot longer be extended to consuls at the frontier, makes it clear that even this provision has been withdrawn by the Foreign Office. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the Department's position should be made clear to the Imperial German Government.

The position of an American consular officer is one of responsibility and of dignity. The official status of American consuls stationed in Germany has been recognized by that country, and confidence in American consuls assigned to posts in other countries has been shown by Germany since the outbreak of the European war in availing herself of their assistance in protecting German interests.

For personal or official reasons it is necessary that consuls stationed at German posts should leave the country temporarily from time to time, and it is also necessary, by reason of the movement of military forces and the difficulties of transportation, that consuls en route to the United States or other points should in traveling from their posts in other countries occasionally pass through Germany.

It is difficult to understand, therefore, why American consuls should under these circumstances be examined at the frontier and searched, while private individuals are known to be allowed to cross constantly without interference. . . .

You are directed to present this matter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs for his consideration, calling his attention to the imperative necessity that instructions be issued to the proper authorities without delay which shall in the future relieve American consular officers from the inconvenience and humiliation visited upon the gentlemen referred to above and which were seemingly contemplated by the Foreign Office's unofficial statement, and which, on the contrary, shall assure to American consular officers full recognition of their official status. You will add that if arrangements cannot be made which will satisfy this Government, it will be obliged seriously to consider the recall of American consuls in Germany and the relief of American consuls in other countries from the duty of caring for German interests.

The nature of the reply made by the Foreign Office is to be telegraphed immediately upon its receipt.

[Signed] LANSING.

Ambassador Gerard delivered the note to the Foreign Office and conferred with Secretary of State Zimmermann, but could obtain no assurances from the Imperial Government that such practices would not continue. Before the United States Government could press its indictment against the German officials for the abusive treatment of American officials at the frontier the Kaiser announced his submarine blockade order, which was certain to bring about a break in diplomatic relations.

Consul Kent's Report

In December the American consul at Leipsic, Mr. William P. Kent, wrote a letter to Mr. Joseph Clark Grew, Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin during Mr. Gerard's absence, stating that Americans were being taxed to travel, even officials of the consulate.

In this letter Mr. Kent said:

Sir: I have the honor to report that the police of Leipsic, in keeping with an alleged decree of the Ministry of Interior, are imposing a tax, varying from one to twenty marks, as the cost of stamping a passport of an American citizen upon his application for a visé of his passport for the purpose of traveling from Leipsic to any other part of Germany.

The *Obersekretär* of the *Meldeamt*, upon being interrogated as to the rule governing the charge in its variations from one to twenty marks, replied that the financial ability of the applicant was the guiding principle, and of this he judged by the general appearance of the applicant. He stated that usually one mark was charged on all days of the week except Sunday, when the charge was two marks. . . . Recently both Mr. Harter and Mr. Seagle, vice consuls at this consulate, were charged two marks each for the privilege of going out of town with a stamped passport. . . .

If the Ministry of the Interior may arm the police of Leipsic with authority to impose a tax on me of twenty marks for the privilege of leaving the city of Leipsic there is no reason why this tax might not be fixed at one thousand marks or any other sum. I might thereby be held as a prisoner, notwithstanding the fact that official business might call me to Berlin.

[Signed] WILLIAM P. KENT,
American Consul.

Thus, even before President Wilson broke diplomatic relations with Germany, the Imperial Government, through the General Staff and the Ministry of the Interior, was withdrawing courtesies to American officials, insulting, abusing and taxing them to travel.

And still the Berlin Foreign Office declares that it will not declare war on the United States because it has no quarrel with this country. The Imperial Government maintains that Wall Street and the American Government forced this country into the war without any provocation on Germany's part. Doctor Kaempf, the long-whiskered, weak little President of the Reichstag, declared that President Wilson "would bite marble" before the war was over because he "made war on Germany."

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Sure, but you used California Citrus Cream this morning.

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When you say "all-lemon" do you mean, Mary, that there isn't a thing in it but lemon?

That's all, the juice and the rest of the lemon.

Well then, Mary if it has lemon juice in it I might use it to remove these blackheads and clear up my skin.

Yes, you should Jack, your skin is a little bit oily. When we come home tonight, just apply a thin coating of Citrus Cream—rub it in until it's thoroughly dry and tomorrow morning when you wash off the Cream with hot water, you will see how easily the blackheads are pressed out. And your skin will feel soft and clean all day.

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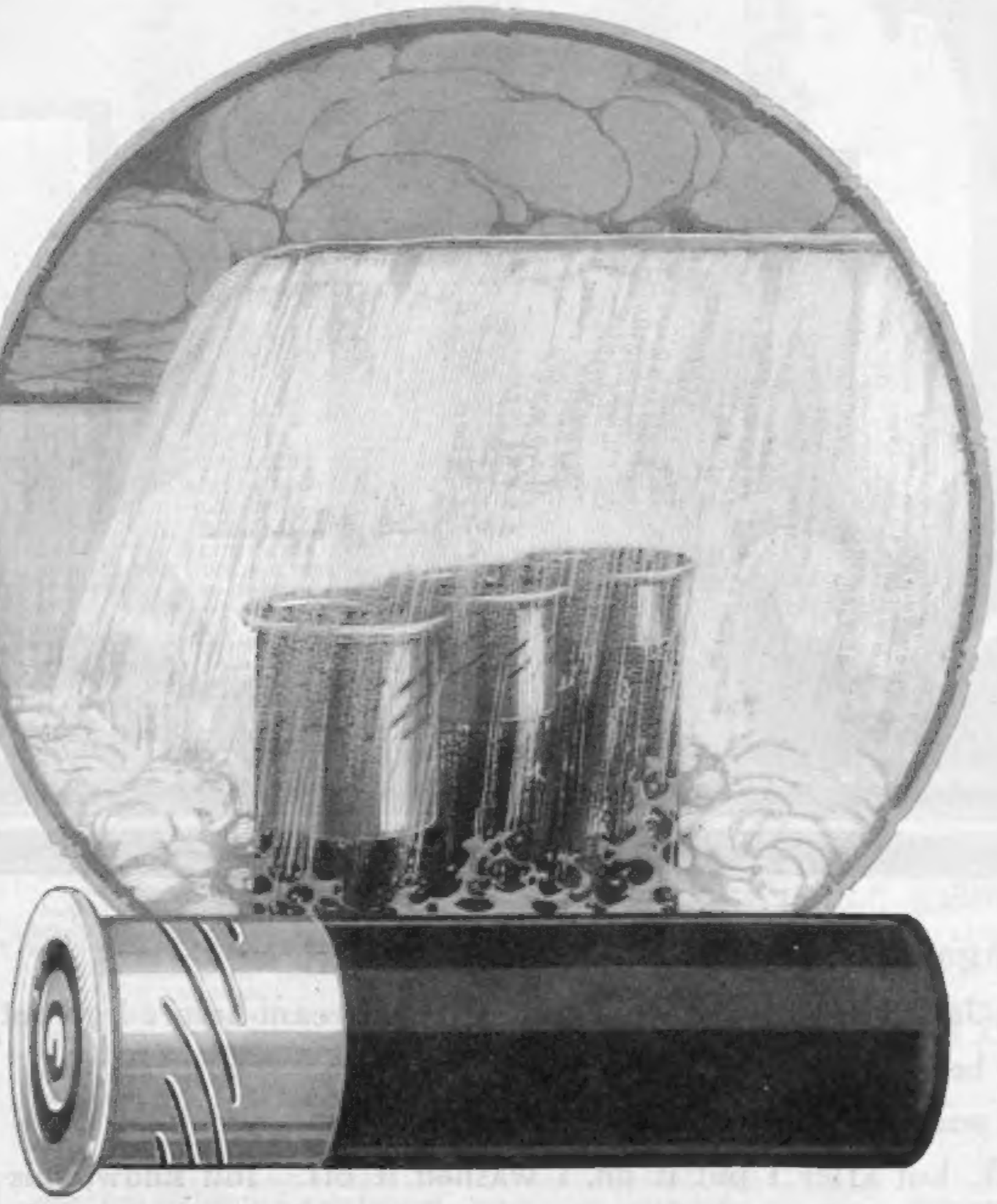

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MICHELIN

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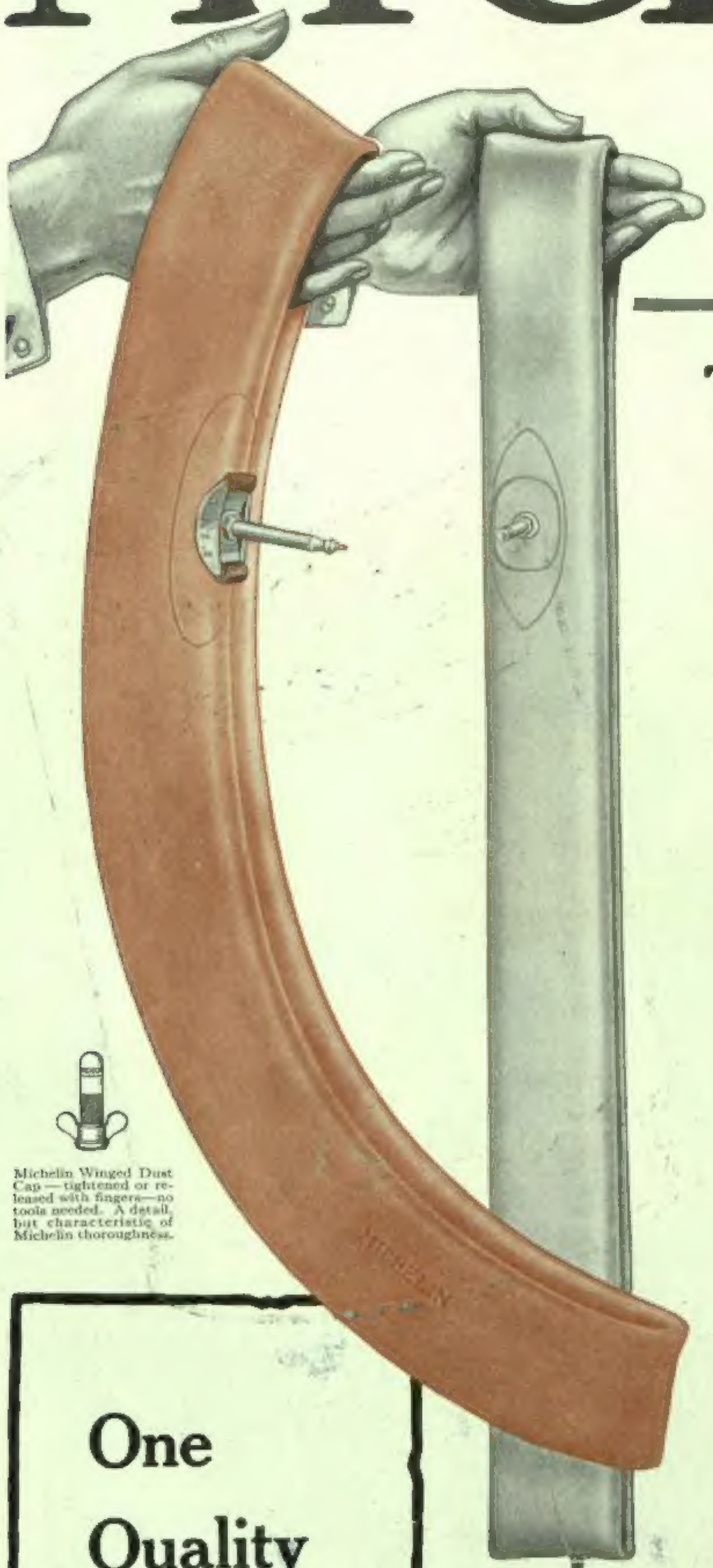

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The tube that hangs in a curve is a Michelin Red Inner Tube. The Michelin Tube has this shape because it was made by the ***exclusive*** Michelin process on a ***round*** or ***ring-shaped*** mandrel, so that it is curved like a tire at all times, whether inflated or not.

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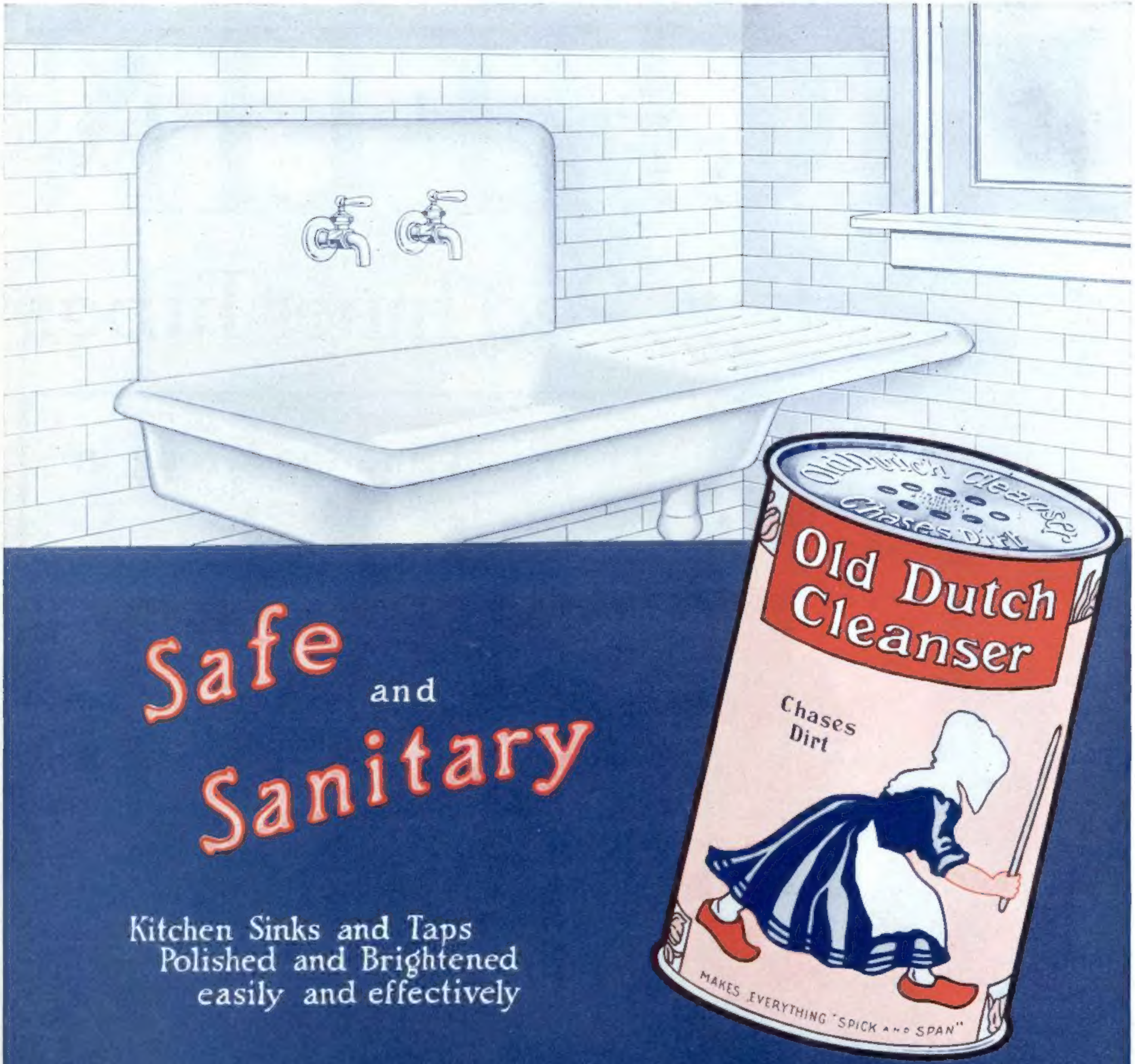

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